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THE CRAFTSMAN

an Illustrated Monthly Magazine in the Interest of Better Art, Better Work, and a Better and More Reasonable Way of Living.

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THE PHILOSOPHY OF GARDENS: BY WALTER A. DYER

THERE come times when one grows extremely weary of all this talk of economics, and sociology, and political corruption, and industrial crises, and national dangers, and all the big problems of nations and men in masses which perplex our great thinkers, create broad movements and inspire oratory. It is at such times that one wishes to steal away and walk in a quiet garden, between rows of sweet-scented box, and to sit in peace beneath the blossoming pear tree where none of the woes of men may enter. Someone must think of these things; they have to be worked out sometime. We must all think of them more or less, whether we will or no. But they can never possess the same power to soften the spirit and feed the soul that a quiet little garden has. There have always been big problems, since the world began; and always, since Eden, there have been gardens. The garden is the antithesis of war; it is the oasis in a desert of tribulation. Apparently God gave man gardens that his soul might not be consumed.

And yet there are plenty of people in this day and generation who see no sense in gardens—except, perhaps, for display. And many there are who make gardens with so little understanding that they might as well have none. There is a wealthy brewer who has his trade-mark done in foliage plants on the side of a smooth-clipped terrace, and who fatuously imagines that he has a garden. Doubtless he also fancies that his electric signs help to light the dark places of the earth.

What is a garden, anyway? It may be well to find out what we are talking about. A garden is an odd thing, when you think about it—simply growing things transplanted and arranged in a limited area. Why should it signify anything?

Many things seem odd when you come to analyze them. Have you ever tried reducing words to absurdities by repeating the syllables? Try it with home, or mother, or Galilee, or Hesperides. You can say the words over and over until they become mere sounds, and mean nothing; and yet you know that the words have always expressed something beautiful. It is so with music—merely sounds strung together in a way that somehow gives pleasure.

It is so with flowers; you can pick a rose to pieces in a botanical laboratory until there is nothing left. It is so with poetry; study the component parts and you spoil it. It is so with gardens; if you would enjoy them, do not analyze too minutely. A garden is a thing in itself, like the firmament, and we can best understand it by learning to love it.

I offer this somewhat unsatisfactory explanation in apology for my ignorance of garden details, and also as a protest against a magnification of those details. In these days we are given, in magazines and books, a superabundance of information about horticulture, and I fear we are inclined—we Americans—to substitute horticulture for gardens. Of course, we must know how to plant sweet peas so that they will bloom; we must get our cosmos and chrysanthemums to maturity before frost. But why spoil the garden by making an exact science of it?

One attitude that I cannot sympathize with is that of the authority who writes of the right and wrong way to plant a garden. There is no right and wrong way, for no two gardens should be alike, and it is all a matter of experience. If the colors of phlox and petunias fail to harmonize, good taste and not rule-of-thumb will rectify the mistake.

An acquaintance of mine, whose mind has for years been wrapped up in business, took a place in a small town and proposed to plant flowers in front of his house. He had a vague notion of having a round bed of tulips in the exact center of each half of his lawn, and a row of cannas and scarlet sage along the veranda front. He was told that this was the wrong way. "Leave your lawn free from flower beds, and use a border of quieter plants," was the dictum. My acquaintance did not know why, and he never will know why until a feeling for beauty and harmony comes to direct his efforts. And no rules and regulations will ever teach him that.

NOT so did our forebears, in their old New England and Virginia gardens, learn to make things beautiful. There was something in the atmosphere in those stern old days that taught the trick. The old-fashioned garden was a sort of an antidote for blue-laws and Puritanism. Amid the sweet william and foxgloves and larkspur and bleeding heart and baby's breath and all the other lovely old flowers, men and women found relief from the harshness of life. The old garden restored the soul's equilibrium.

And for that reason I wish that we had more gardens today—not more knowledge of horticulture or landscape architecture, but

more gardens—more little gardens, one for every home all over the land, in city and country alike.

There is much to be said for the Old World type of garden—Italian, French, or English—with its formal topiary work, its marble Psyche, its fountain, and its sun-dial. Such gardens breathe a spirit of romance. Ghosts of bygone lovers haunt arbor and gazebo—brave youths in doublet and hose, fair damsels in brocade and furbelow. But to create such a garden in a single generation is not possible. When we attempt it we usually fail; we build pergolas of bare poles, leading nowhere, but we do not make a garden. On the whole it is simpler and more effective to plant a garden of the English cottage type, or an old-fashioned garden after New England models. Only amid the live-oaks of South Carolina do we get an atmosphere like that of Italian yews and English beeches.

When I was a boy in a New England city, every yard had its garden. In ours there was a long arbor of Concord grapes—a sore temptation in October. There were four generous pear trees and a peach tree that sprang up of its own accord. There was a strawberry patch and a little sweet corn, and a row of currant bushes. There were gladioli and sweet peas and pansies and rose-bushes—ah, such roses! We let the bushes grow too large, perhaps, but we liked them that way. And in one corner there was a little garden of a little boy, where a fuchsia and a heliotrope, and coleus and petunias and geraniums and four o'clocks and portulacas grew side by side with peas and beans and a scraggy tomato vine. A silly little garden—but a garden!

And in the yard on the east were quinces and cherry trees and flowers, and on the west, apples and corn and flowers. Almost every yard had its fruit trees and currant bushes, its weigela and syringa shrubs. Somebody planted them. At one time it must have been the thing to plant fruit trees in the yard. Who, in our neat, highly developed, modern suburban towns ever plants a fruit tree in the yard? Who cares for a lilac bush beside the door? We have parks and parklike lawn arrangements, but they are not gardens.

Well, there are some people who do have gardens, and who love them. Perhaps there are more such people than ever before. We must not be pessimistic. There never was a time when so many garden books were bought and so many garden magazines read. Only I have a feeling that many of our modern gardens are artificial, and planted according to a formula. They look so painfully correct, like those suburban towns which have been laid out in restricted plots by development companies. They are the product of an age of hurry.

WE MUST be content to let our gardens grow. We must begin at once, and then we must be patient.

When I plant the garden of my dreams, I propose to follow no formal school. I shall plant annuals, for the sake of their bountiful if short-lived beauty. I shall plant asters because they please me, whether the pink and lavender and white and purple conform to the best canons of color harmony or not. I know of no pink so heavenly as the pink of China asters. Nasturtiums I shall have in great profusion, and corn flowers, and sweet peas for picking.

I shall plant the old-fashioned hardy perennials, because I am foolishly attached to the things of my fathers, and because there is no blue like the blue of larkspur.

I shall plant roses, because they approach as near to perfection as anything I expect to find on earth.

I shall plant trees—not short-lived poplars, not purple beeches or grotesque lawn specimens, but honest Norway maples, white pines, white oaks, and elms—because I shall then be adding a mite to the permanent glory of nature.

I shall plant box, if I live south of the latitude of Hartford, for though I shall never live to gaze upon its century-old grandeur, I shall feel that I am repaying in some slight degree the great debt bequeathed to me.

A garden, I am convinced, is eminently worth while. It pays dividends in spiritual currency. This truth is not to be proved by argument; it is to be learned by experience. A garden is not a great matter, perhaps, but it is one of the most palatable ingredients of the life-worth-living. It is one of those little touches which help to blend the more garish colors in life's tapestry.

The Spectator wrote thus: "You must know, sir, that I look upon the pleasure which we take in a garden as one of the most innocent delights in human life. A garden was the habitation of our first parents before the fall. It is naturally apt to fill the mind with calmness and tranquillity, and to lay its turbulent passions at rest. It gives us great insight into the contrivance and wisdom of Providence, and suggests innumerable subjects for meditation. I cannot but think that the very complacency and satisfaction which a man takes in these works of nature to be a laudable, if not a virtuous, habit of mind."

And above and beyond the good to be derived from communion with the spirit of a garden is that obtained from working in it. Getting down close to Mother Earth and helping things to grow—therein lies an education. I care not whether it be rhododendrons

or forget-me-nots, espalier fruits or cabbages, it is the *process* that counts. A moral lesson lurks in the very act of casting out the tares, in making the selection between the desirable and the undesirable, and then acting on the knowledge.

It is a pity that so many of us in these days live a migratory existence in rented houses, even in the smaller towns and villages. We do not stay anywhere long enough to strike our roots into the soil. But some of us unfortunates there be who hold fast the vision of a cozy home and a garden, where the crocuses come to hail the Spring, where hollyhocks and wistaria flaunt their gay banners in summer, where golden artemesias battle with the early frosts—a garden of our own making, where we are kings and queens in a court of regal pomp, and where the bees and humming-birds share our wealth but rob us not.

"I never had," writes Abraham Cowley, "any other desire so strong, and so like Covetousness, as that one which I have always had that I might be Master at last of a small house and a large Garden, with very moderate conveniences joined to them, and there dedicate the remainder of my life to the culture of them, and the study of Nature."

Meanwhile, let us go forth and plant a tree.

TRUTH

HE WAS seated at a big table, covered with the latest books and magazines. On one side was a huge pile of discarded literature; on the other, a small heap of tiny clippings; and he held a large pair of scissors in his hand.

"Pardon me," I said, "but what are you doing?"

"Sorting," he replied.

"But why?"

"It amuses me," he said sadly, clipping a short paragraph from a solid page of print.

"Tell me," I persisted, "what do you put in the large heap?"

"Mere cleverness," he answered.

"And the small one?"

"Truth."

ELLA M. WARE.

WINSLOW HOMER, AMERICAN PAINTER: AN APPRECIATION FROM A SEA-GOING VIEW-POINT: BY HENRY REUTERDAHL

THE tree rises from a small seed, it takes root; a tender sapling springs up, slowly it grows toward the heavens and becomes in years a great crowning tree. Like a tree grows a nation's art. Every country which can show an art of its own, original and reflective of its people, has seen this art develop from the foundations laid by its own primitive painters. Thus comes a national school of painting. America being a newer country had no primitives. Its art grew from a grafted tree; it had no seed of its own. Transplanted, our art received its nourishment from abroad. It became in the sixties the fashion, the necessity almost, for American students to go abroad. To Rome, Düsseldorf and Paris—not the Paris of sunlight and awakened impressionism, but to the classicism of the Beaux Arts flocked the art student. He was made to absorb the "Mutter Glück" point of view of Düsseldorf and the bitumen of Piloty. "Abroad!" was the cry. "When are you going?" "This spring! Lucky boy!" Away from the dinginess of the cities; away from the "barren foot-hills, the rivers and the bleak mountains." There was nothing to paint in America, no motives, there was no "tone," no harmony, everything was hard, unpleasant and poor. But some of the students having neither the fare nor the inclination stayed home in the barbaric country and began to look around. Among these heretics was Winslow Homer.

You know the clown in the circus and how he apes other performers, stumbles and hits his nose. The same in paint. Because Munkaczy painted brown soup we served it hot here. We imitated Millet and his peasants, Mauve's sheep; and because Israels delighted in painting the young mothers of the Dutch, the blue cradle and its infant were done over here in the studios even of Fourteenth Street. Today the lure of the spangles of the Spanish bull-fighters attracts our painters from the Navajos and the Pueblos whose vanishing race is being recorded not by the painter, as it should be, but by the photographer.

The atmosphere in Homer's day was the same, only the setting was different. He fled from the imitations to live by himself. And living by himself he painted his pictures to suit himself, and not the buyers, and his physical and mental independence, strong as a rock, became the very foundation of his art. Uncouth as the average American is in his honesty, so is Homer. His sincerity gave him an almost religious respect for nature, and his frankness of

expression came with his New England blood. Alone with ocean he lived his own life, painting the things as he saw them. The meaningless smirk of the day, the cliquey prattle of the studio, meant nothing to him.

WINSLOW HOMER'S art is not one which appeals to the cliff-dwellers of the great cities. His is the out-of-door man's. Intense, full of brute strength, the power of the sea which smites the rock is behind his brush. There is no compromise, a plain statement, the right expression for his own idea, that grand line of honest endeavor which runs through all his art. The great and simple feeling within demanded its outlet, and pushed him on toward the monumental. He glorified the toilers of the sea, and in paint sang the saga of the mighty ocean. It was his religion, a simple man's devout appreciation of the forces of nature, his expression of his own love for the open.

He understood the rhythm of moving water. With the exception of Zorn (in his early water colors), Homer is the only one who has painted water so that it looks liquid. Few marines have the feeling that the water is wet. Wonderful paint has been produced, the architecture of the moving billow has been rendered with all essential accuracy, but Homer stands above all his kind as one who has made paint represent water, transparent, translucent, and yet having weight and force.

Have you ever been on the rolling Atlantic in a dory or a small boat? If you have you will understand Homer's "Moon Kiss." You are in an open boat gripping the gunwale tight, the men at the oars bending their bodies are straining every muscle to the highest pitch. Your craft pivots on a rising comber, the gray sea breaks into an iridescent green, the spindrift smites your cheek, your wet oilskins sparkle under the evening light. You seem to look out over the whole ocean, your ship is ahead, her sails flapping in the wind; there is a slanting light on the horizon; right under your feet is an inclining abyss of rolling water you shoot down as on a scenic railway, the sea before you is a moving mountain ready to fall on you, yet your dory rides over without bailing. Right above the crest of a sea you see the sunlit heads of another dory crew, above the scraggly outlines of a wave rise their bodies cut off like the figures in a Punch and Judy show. The sun has melted their features into burnished gold; clean, powerful faces, like from a Meunier bronze. A dull moon rises above the receding seas. And such is Homer's "Moon Kiss," a powerful rendering of the open sea, of the perils of the deep, of sailor man's trust in the Almighty. It is an-

other of Homer's truths. Homer realized that between the heaving seas lies their trough, and he delighted to show parts of boats and men projecting above an edging sea. This was a new note in marine painting. Few understood the "Moon Kiss." The effete connoisseurs and their echoing critics failed to see its fineness. It was a freak, they had only seen the ocean from a steamer chair and over the rim of the bouillon cup. Homer was wounded. He expressed his opinions forcibly, but not overpolitely.

WE HAVE Homer's tropical water colors because the good people of Scarboro found that the painter made an excellent juror. To escape this perennial duty Homer went South and wintered throughout the Caribbean. His water colors, not masterly, in the sense of the cleverness of a Fortuny, gave a clear insight into the simplicity of his artistic character. An oil can be "fussed," but the water color not; and his water-color sketches are marvels of crispness and directness. The limpid color of the West Indies affected his palette; it became gayer, livelier. Because of his sojourn in Key West he painted his "Gulf Stream," that gruesome chapter in the life of the poor Conch who, his craft wrecked by the hurricane, mastless, —his sugar-cane almost gone, is to perish from starvation under the watching eyes of the following sharks. To the dandified this picture was another shock, it was called a story-picture, an illustration. But to those who knew the dangers of the Gulf Stream and its thrashing turmoil against wind and wave, his painting came like a truism. Superb in color, splendid in its fine paint, it is a great canvas.

Some painters have understood the dignity of labor and painted it. Millet, look at his "Sower." Brangwyn found that the torso of the worker was beautiful. Meunier, the mighty modeler of powerful humans, glorified the greatness of labor. So did Winslow Homer. His work viewed in its ensemble, appears like a new hymn to the sea, a hymn in praise of work, of the toil of the fisher working in his frail dory against the pressing sea—covered with spray, tired but not beaten, trusting to God,—keeping a weather eye on the rising fog-bank.

Homer's art is not of dreamy compassion, but of manly power, the beauty of man strong in will and muscle fighting the elements. Yes, a hymn to the sea. Look at "All's Well." Man, if you ever sailed even one of the seven seas or spent the hours of night listening to its angry roar you would know the real meaning of the lookout's drawling,—"All's Well." Fighting the seas for a livelihood, combating the powers of the wind, maybe escaping a lee shore by

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A. [illegible]WELL'S WINS-
LOW HOMER, PAINTER

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"HARVEST SCENE" WINS
LOW HOMER PAINTER

THE [illegible] WATER
WINSLOW HOMER PAINTER

[illegible] Museum of A[illegible]

"THE NORTHEASTER", WINSLOW HOMER, PAINTER.

"THE TORNADO" BAHAMAS
WINSLOW HOMER, PAINTER

[illegible] M. Knoeller & Co.

"THE MOON KISS" WINSLOW HOMER, PAINTER.

a ship's length, the sailor man is religious. His religion is not of established churches, it is bred in the caves of the winds, on the yard arm in the "roaring forties," or in a dory in a snow squall on the Grand Banks with the fingers frozen to the oars, the dory-mate limp in the stern—when death is close by, but a higher being seems to push it aside. All *that* is written in the face of the lookout in Homer's "All's Well." All hands but the watch and the helmsman are asleep, the running lights are burning brightly, the stars shining, the seas move slowly, rhythmically; the old sea dog strikes the bell, holds up his weather-beaten hand—it is "all's well," safety is ahead. This is Homer's greatest canvas, a true epic of the sea.

WINSLOW HOMER lived by himself on the rocks of Maine at Prout's Neck, Scarboro; his studio was right above the rollers of the Atlantic and he painted with the thundering voice of the sea in his ears. His life was that of a recluse; not that he hated humanity, but the sea breeds silence. He had little intercourse with the artistic world. Occasionally he would drift down New York way, but not often. Those who came as pilgrims to his shrine were told to go, "I don't like art students," he said, and among those he seemed to class some of the best of painters.

On this rocky crag he lived nearly twenty years, cooked his own meals, did his own chores; not because he had to, but he liked solitude. It gave him time to think, to observe the moving sea, the play of the sun, the flutter of the gull's wings. He painted what he saw, his own surroundings. Always a realist, he had depicted the scenes of his earlier life with the army in the Civil War. Returning to his native heath he began to paint the sea, and coming to Gloucester, living on a small island with the folks of the lighthouse, he learned to know the ocean in all its moods. The fearless fishers of Gloucester, those splendid vikings of seine and trawl became his subjects. It was personal with him, he painted them because he respected them. Nor did he look upon the robust wives of the fishermen as "natives"; to him they were humans in the drama of the sea, those who staid at home and suffered in silence when the toll of the deep had been paid.

Grandly Homer saw the big things. The sweep of the ocean was big, so was his mind, and to him the strong expression of an idea was sufficient. His figures, austere, virile, solid flesh, look as if they had sprung from his hands in one "go." Hence the powerful grandeur of "All's Well." As simple as his themes were his compositions; the latest style in technique meant nothing to him. He saw things big, he had something of his own to say, and his ways shaped them-

selves. He sang the song of the sea and of his own land, an American always. Undoubtedly he was the greatest of marine painters. Had he followed the examples of Whistler and Sargent and gone to live abroad, great honors, even wealth might have been his. He chose to live his own life among his own people, more or less obscure, known to the select few, alone on his rocks, alone with the ocean before him. He had always been a big painter, and yet we have waited until he was gone to give his art the national appreciation which it was practically without during the master's life.

THE APPARITION

"DEAD man, why dost thou come to me
  Hurrying through the gloom?
What bearest thou of mystery
  From out thine opened tomb?"

"Brother, I bring thee news of peace—
  I greet thee with a song:
Thou shalt from sin have sweet release;
  Thou shalt grow pure and strong."

"Dead man, thy face is like the face
  Of Christ upon the cross:
I see thy thorn-crown in its place;
  I see thy wounds of loss."

"Yea, brother mine, for thee I died;
  But from the grave of pelf
Behold, I come all purified—
  I am thy risen self!"

EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

YOUTH: BY ELLA M. WARE

LONG the road that many feet and many hearts have traveled, Youth and Age fared forth together. To Age the way was tenderly familiar. Each landmark, as they passed, touched into sudden vividness some half-forgotten scene; for many years ago he had traveled that same road—but with a lighter step and quicker pulse than now. To Youth the path was full of wonders. Never was earth more beautiful, or sky more clear! All the world seemed thrilling with a secret promise,—a promise that Summer, the rich, the lavish, should fulfil. Green lay the meadows round them and dim stood the woods beyond; in the air was the breath of flowers, the song of birds, the ripple of water and the happy hum of insects in the grass. And far off, in the distance, against the pale background of the hills, gleamed the shining roofs of the great city—the City of the World!

As they walked, Youth spoke of all his hopes, his dreams and his ambitions; of the things he would accomplish, of the wonders he would see. For soon—so soon!—all that he had wished for would be realized. Life was before him, life with its field of opportunity! The future was a treasurehouse, to which his young strength held the key!

And Age listened—though he did not need to, for it was all so familiar! Had he not dreamed the same dreams and hoped the same hopes—how many years ago? He listened,—cynical at times, though he did not voice his cynicism; and at times sympathetic, as the eager tones rekindled in his veins the old desires. And now and then he would grow reminiscent, and speak of things and places he had seen, and of the many lessons life had taught him—with here and there a word of warning or advice to the young soul just starting on the pilgrimage which he himself had made so long ago. But Youth would grow impatient and interrupt. He did not care to listen,—he preferred to talk. And Age would smile quietly and lapse into silence again.

They came at last to where a stream with swollen waters blocked the way. The banks were steep and treacherous, the current strong. A fallen tree-trunk, charred relic of some forgotten storm, spanned the miniature river and for many years had served as bridge, but the heavy rains had loosened the ground on which it rested, and the splashing water had made the bark wet and slippery to the tread.

"Come," said Age. "There is a better bridge a little distance around the bend."

But Youth shook his head and laughed. "I am not afraid," he said. "Go around the other way, if you insist; I shall cross here." And he stepped on—gaily at first, then cautiously, for it was less easy than he had thought.

"Come back!" cried Age. "Come back, it is too dangerous." But Youth would not listen.

He took a few steps more along the fallen trunk; then suddenly lost his balance—slipped—and fell. He caught hold of the log and clung there, while Age leaned forward and helped him with some difficulty to regain the bank. Then they walked slowly down the stream and crossed the safer bridge. They did not speak. Age had no wish to emphasize the obvious moral, and as for Youth, he was bruised in that most sensitive part—his dignity. Therefore he wrapped himself somewhat closer in the disheveled mantle of his self-esteem, and strode on sullenly, with chin a trifle higher than was needful, by way of intimation that he did not care. But soon the soft spring air, the sunlight, the pleasures of the unknown road, melted the armor of his discontent and bathed his wounded pride; and by the time the next bend in the road had unfolded, the hurt was healed.

When noontime came, and the high sun, hung midway in his journey, seemed to pause, the travelers rested beneath the purple shadows of a tree and shared their simple fare. Then Youth, content for once to listen, heard from the lips of Age strange stories of the World in which he was so soon to play a part; stories full of a most entrancing interest, and yet not wholly delightful, for they were saddened with a certain cynicism, and told with the air of one who tries to disillusion gently.

But it would take more than the words of Age to disillusion Youth! Safe in the fortress of his own imagination, he smiled his confidence upon each kindly effort to bring his fancies to a more prosaic level and break the inevitable shock to his ideals. So hopeful was he, so serenely buoyant in his own sweet ignorance, that Age had not the heart to sour his expectations with too large a tincture of his own experience.

"One thing forget not, though," he told him, as they rose refreshed and took the road once more. "Let Truth be your only goddess. Never forsake her, no matter how few may seem her worshipers."

"I shall remember," Youth made answer softly. "Every day my flowers will be upon her altar, and as I lay them there my thoughts will be of you. Truth!" he murmured. "Truth—the great white goddess! Truth, with the all-seeing eyes! I shall know her, for her robe will be of spotless white and her sandals of the purest gold. Her Temple will be the fairest marble in the City, and her altar higher than any altar in the World!"

Age smiled sadly. "I would it were," he said. "But so it is not—yet. Truth is not yet acknowledged the supreme goddess. Her temple still is void of marble, and her altar is not yet builded high.

Perhaps you will not even recognize her when first she greets you, for her robe is soiled and darkened with its earthly contact, and the golden sandals on her feet are often brown with mire. But you will know her—you will know her; for in her eyes there is a Light Divine!"

And Youth wondered at his words.

So passed the day, and always the City roofs drew nearer, growing more wonderful, more strange and more fantastic as they approached. At last the gates were reached; the time had come to say good-bye. For each must live his own life now, and henceforth their roads would lie apart.

But even the little pang of parting could not dim the joyousness of Youth.

"Life has begun at last!" he cried. "For this is living—to know the surging City waits me, with its myriad souls, its pleasures, its duties, its glories, its endless wealth of opportunity! Do you not feel?—the very air is full of magic! See—see how the faces of the crowd are tense with eagerness! Watch how they hurry to and fro! And the women—were ever eyes more bright, faces more fair? Yes, this is Life! What joy, what happiness, it holds for me—the City of the World!"

Age smiled, tenderly, wistfully.

"So once," he said, "thought I."

But Youth did not hear. From a balcony a little height above them a pair of laughing eyes had caught his own. A glance, a whisper, a moment's hesitation, and then through the air something was tossed—a single flower! He caught it midway, with a quick, glad gesture and a little cry.

"A rose—a red, red rose!" he murmured. "The flower of Love! Ah! I shall keep it always!" And he crushed its petals with a kiss.

Age stood by, mutely, in a vague bewilderment,—then sighed and opened his lips as though to speak. But the words would not come. How could he say: "That, too, will fade"?

He turned away.

IT WAS growing dark. Beside the flickering shadows on the hearth sat Age, wrapt in the folds of many memories, watching with dreaming eyes the embers of a dying fire.

A sudden gust of night air filled the room, and someone entered, flinging a heavy bundle on the floor. It was Youth—but Youth no longer young. The dust of travel was upon his clothes, and on his brow the lines that Time and Life had written. A soldier's strength was in his limbs, though for the moment he was weary and glad to rest; for the world had been no playground, to him.

"So, you are home again," Age murmured kindly. "And did you find them—the things you sought? Truth—Love—Happiness?"

The other smiled strangely and gazed into the fire.

"I hardly know," he said at last. "It has all been so different—so very different—from what I thought." And he paused and shaded his eyes with his hand.

Age nodded. "I know," he said softly.

For a little while there was silence. The dying flames leaped up and painted quivering pictures on the hearth and walls. Then, suddenly, he who had once been young, turned with a laugh to where his bundle lay.

"But see!" he said, unfolding eagerly the dusty wrappings. "See what I have gathered by the road! In this one thing at least I am rich: I have gained Experience!"

Age watched him as he spread his motley treasures on the floor. Strange trophies brought from many battlegrounds, relics of travel, symbols of a life half-spent. One by one he fingered them over; tenderly, proudly, sadly. For some were filled with echoes of a wondrous sweetness, and others blackened with a stern remorse.

"Yes, these at least are mine," he repeated slowly, "and to me they mean much. To others—" he paused; then suddenly his eyes lit up. He sprang to his feet.

"Ah!" he cried. "To others, too, they shall mean something! With these, so dearly purchased, I will enrich the lives of those who are to come. By this stained map of knowledge, wrought in such hardship, they shall be guided through the maze of life. The evils I have conquered shall give them courage. The errors I have made shall show them what they should avoid. I will warn them where the hidden dangers lurk, and teach them how to find the paths of peace. They shall learn wisdom from my mistakes, and become strong through my sufferings. This, this shall be my legacy—this will I bequeath them—my Experience!"

Faintly Age smiled.

"So, once," he said, "thought I."

THE REASON OF OUR TOIL

THE swift days pass us by as we labor, we twain who are mates,
He in his way, I in my way, but both faithfully:
The awakening sunlight brightens the aspect of his work
And shines a stimulus to my newly roused courage.
Eventide brings a benediction when we are spent with activity. Why this early rising and strong toiling?
One answers that it is for bread and shelter, the right to live,
And another that it is to gratify ambitious desires,
And still another answers that the lover works for the lover and the mate for the mate, by natural law.
They believe that the wheels of our factories spin busily for one, or for the other one of two.
Something these reasons may add to the sum of the answer,
But they are not the answer complete and conclusive.
In the beginning the answer was born of a man and of a woman,
And the answer was a child.
For the child and because of the child were homes first built,
Were the animals subjugated and tamed, made to yield clothing and food:
Were the fields first tilled with rude faith.
For the child and because of the child were all the arts developed,
Were civilizations brought to birth and institutions made powerful among all races.
For the child and because of the child, today, do the logs, chained and guarded, float placidly down our rivers from town to town.
Do the ore boats wait at the long docks for their cargo,
Do the skyscrapers climb higher and higher into the skies above our cities.
For the child are market and bank, telephone and telegraph, post office and exchange, as truly as the candy store on the corner.
For the child exist all personalities, poets and artists, lawyers, doctors and practical workers, heroes and redeemers, and without the child their effort would be foolishness,
Since in the child is the future.
It is for the child yet unborn that we labor, my beloved and I, he in his way, and I in mine.
Our tired hands shall be rested in the clutch and cling of little fingers.
For this our strife and our longing,
Our early rising to grapple stern conditions.
For this labor all men and women loving and sane.

MARGUERITE OGDEN BIGELOW.

KARL MOON'S PHOTOGRAPHIC RECORD OF THE INDIAN OF TODAY: BY WARD JEROME

WITHOUT intimate acquaintance and exhaustive observation it is impossible to obtain true conceptions of our North American aborigines. Few men have had the talent, coupled with opportunity, successfully to portray the particular characteristics of the Indian of the Southwest, whose home embraces the almost inaccessible regions beyond the confines of civilization. The serious study of these primitive races requires not only technical ability of a rare order, but also considerable courage and endurance to withstand dangers and hardships not encountered while pursuing other studies of nature.

Although yet a young man, Karl Moon has made for himself a record in the art world as a truthful delineator of this vanishing race. Close contact, constant opportunity and incessant study, together with great natural powers of observation, have combined to give Mr. Moon excellent qualifications for his chosen work. Ever aiming to be true to his idea of the simple life of the Indian, his portrayals show wonderful knowledge of his environment and characteristics.

In his studies of Indian heads he probably displays his greatest skill as an artist. They are remarkable for originality and forcefulness, revealing in every light, shade and expression the touch of one who has been a long-time student of serious portraiture. To be able to place a true valuation on this branch of his work one must pause to consider the numerous difficulties encountered in attempting to make artistic as well as natural portraits of these people in their own country. To give all the quality of a studio lighting in the portrait study of an old Apache, taken in the open, over one hundred miles from the borders of real civilization, presents a most difficult problem. The portrait which he calls "The Last of the Council" is an excellent example of his ability to overcome this difficulty.

It seems to be the popular belief that the Indian of this generation has the same romantic disposition and warlike tendency of bygone days. It is a much deplored fact, however, that he is rapidly degenerating before the advance of the white settler, and in accord with those laws of Nature governing the "survival of the fittest," will so continue to degenerate until his identity is lost.

SIX years of close acquaintance with the various tribes of the Southwest has not caused Mr. Moon to pose as a sentimental admirer of the godlike qualities so often erroneously attributed to the Indian of *this century*. He readily distinguishes the false from the true. The refinedly critical blending of the romantic with the

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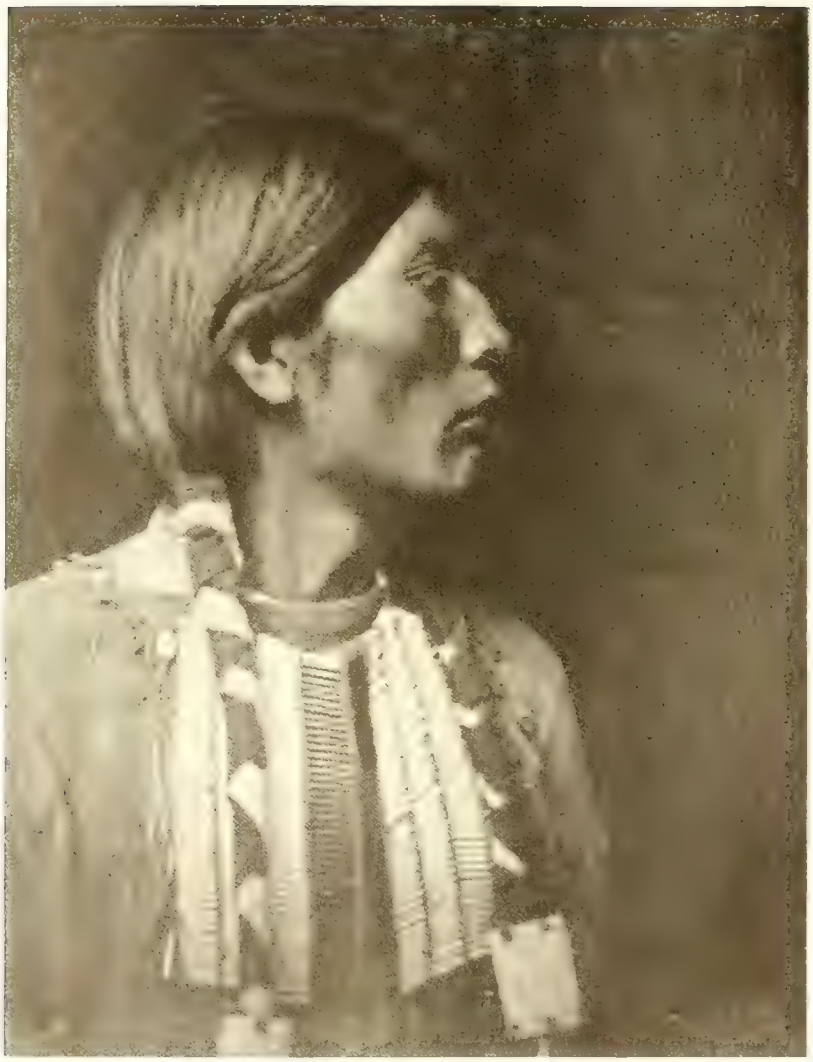

[illegible] Fred Harvey

OF THE TRIB[illegible] TRONG
TYPE OF NORTH [illegible] FROM
A PHOTOGRAPH [illegible]

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[illegible] Harris.

WAITING FOR THE SIGNAL. FROM
A PHOTOGRAPH BY KARL MOON

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"THE LAST OF THE COUNCIL." AN OLD WHITE MOUNTAIN APACHE: FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY KARL MOON.

commonplace facts, as he sees them, is an art he seeks to make peculiarly his own. The beholder is strikingly impressed with a sense of poetic beauty rising above the ordinary and identifying itself with the tribal traditions of past centuries. A particularly apt example of the rational conception he strives to illustrate in embodying the spirit of the past with the material facts of the present is to be seen in his photograph "Nearing the End of the Trail."

Of this study, the *Washington Herald* says: "It is a picture that suggests Millet in its atmospheric quality, and it has a poetical significance, too, for it is plain to be seen that the figure is nearing the end of two trails —not alone the trail that leads to the end of her material journey, but the trail of life also."

At the invitation of President Henry Fairfield Osborn, of the American Museum of Natural History, an exhibit of Mr. Moon's studies was recently held in New York. He also had exhibits at the new National Museum in Washington, D. C. The Astor Library, New York, has a collection of his studies and private collectors have long recognized the value of these photographic records.

Commenting on his work from an ethnological standpoint the *New York Sun* says—"A man who is so artistic and so persistently studious in the photographing of these primitive people can scarcely help becoming something of an ethnologist, so much of a one indeed that professional ethnologists welcome his work as an aid to their own."

Aside from historical interest there is always present that spirit of romance so mysteriously woven about the lives of these people and to which every critical observer pays homage.

Mr. Moon took up the study of oil colors that he might get nearer the painting quality in his photographic studies, thus giving to them the finished effect of authentic paintings. His oil work is done upon the prepared prints; the treatment is broad, rough and free, giving a refined combination of photographically accurate drawing and clear coloring. His color work is not to be compared, however, with his photographic prints, yet undoubtedly his determination to perfect this method of coloring will eventually result in very artistic productions. He believes that accurately colored photographs in the permanent oil medium must have a greater ethnological and historical value for the coming generation, after the Indian has lost his identity in the oncoming wave of civilization, than will the monotone prints.

A marked characteristic of his work is the absence of all evidence of the white man. His constant endeavor to be logically accurate bears out his remark that he "wishes to make pictures that will not only live but also be of practical value to the students in generations

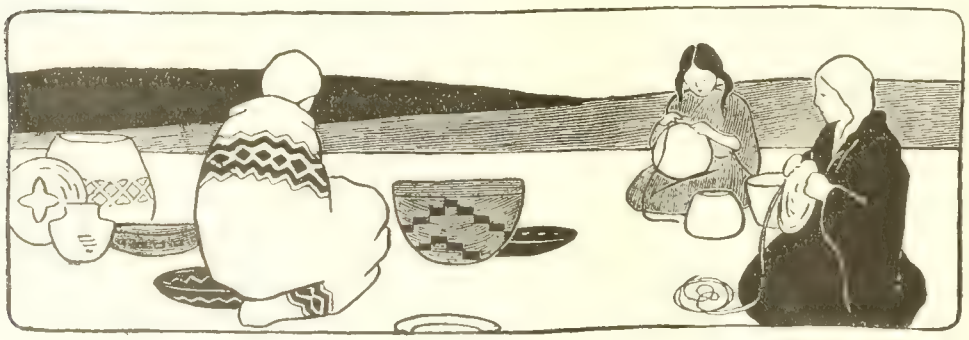
to come, who will have to depend largely upon the pictorial records that are being made today."

Mr. Moon began his Indian work at Albuquerque, New Mexico, in nineteen hundred and four, coming into the Southwest after six years' experience in portrait photography in some of the largest studios of the East. He later removed to Grand Canyon, Arizona, in the very heart of the Indian country, and where at the present writing he has his studio. In his field work he goes unaccompanied and carries nothing but necessary working material - his cameras and a small pack outfit comprising his entire equipment.

Of difficulties to overcome and hardships to endure we will say little. Suffice it to remark that the noticeable cheerfulness and optimism predominating in Mr. Moon's interesting personality are sufficient to carry him over all obstacles in the way of success for his art.

It has been his good fortune while in Grand Canyon to be able to place his work under the critical observation of the many eminent artists and connoisseurs who often visit this picturesque spot. The manifold advantages to be acquired from their discriminating criticism and prudent counsel are self-evident.

Modest and unassuming, cheerful and buoyant, Mr. Moon's personality is everywhere evident in his work. Simplicity and force of character, free from the intrusion of deformity or vulgarity, emphatically marks his art of creating pictures that present clearly to the eye the beauty and symmetry that is sought through camera and brush. Seen from a purely ethnological point of view his photographic studies are of inestimable and permanent value to scientific research.



PERGOLAS IN AMERICAN GARDENS

WHATEVER connects a house with out of doors, whether vines or flowers, piazza or pergola, it is to be welcomed in the scheme of modern home-making. We need outdoor life in this country; we need it inherently, because it is the normal thing for all people, and we need it specifically as a nation, because we are an overwrought people, too eager about everything except peace and contentment. I wonder if anyone reading this article has ever in life received the following invitation, "Will you come and sit in my garden with me this afternoon?" I doubt it very much, at least in America. In England this would happen, or in Italy, and I think in Bavaria the people rest in their gardens at the close of the day and grow strong and peaceful with the odor of flowers about them, and the songs of birds. In a garden the silence teaches the restless spirit peace, and Nature broods over man and heals the wounds of the busy world. In essence a garden is a companion, a physician, a philosopher. It is equally the place for the happy, the sorrowing, for the successful, for the despondent.

And so here in America of all things we need gardens, and we must so plan our gardens that we shall live in them, and we must have in them our favorite flowers, long pathways of them, which lead us from gate to doorstep, and we must enter our gateway under fragrant bowers. We must build up arbors for our fruit, rustic shelter for our children, and above all these things, our garden, which should be our outdoor home, must surely have a pergola, a living place outdoors that is beautiful in construction, that is draped in vines, that gives us green walls to live within, that has a ceiling of tangled leaves and flowers blowing in the wind, a glimpse of blue sky through open spaces and sunshine pouring over us when the leaves move.

With a pergola in the garden you can no more escape living out of doors than you can avoid swimming in the sea if you happily chance to be living on the edge of the ocean. A pergola focuses your garden life. It is like a fireplace in a living room; it is the spirit of the outdoor environment held in one place to welcome you. It is essentially a place in which to rest, or to play or to do quiet domestic tasks; it is the outdoor home for children, for old folks, a spot in which to dream waking dreams or to sleep happily, or best of all, for romance. For a pergola is a wonderfully inspiring spot in twilight, or when moonlit.

This outdoor living place is suited equally to any landscape or climate. It can be adjusted to any kind of architecture. It can be built directly with the house, a part of the architectural scheme, as

in the original Italian pergolas, or it may be half-hidden at the end of a garden or creeping along the edge of the woods. It may convert a path into a cloister or a grape arbor into a summer house. It has many traditions but no formal rules.

It has been used as a triumphant architectural feature in a modern country house; on the other hand, as in one of the illustrations, it gracefully hides a group of unbeautiful farm buildings. It may lead to a beautiful garden or out to a wonderful view, or it may be the culmination of the garden scheme and furnish the only vista of which limited grounds are capable. It epitomizes modern outdoor life, and its beauty is through simplicity of construction and intimacy with Nature. A pergola inevitably means good simple lines of construction, beautified with vines, hidden with fruit or flowers, and with sunlight in splashes on the furniture and floor.

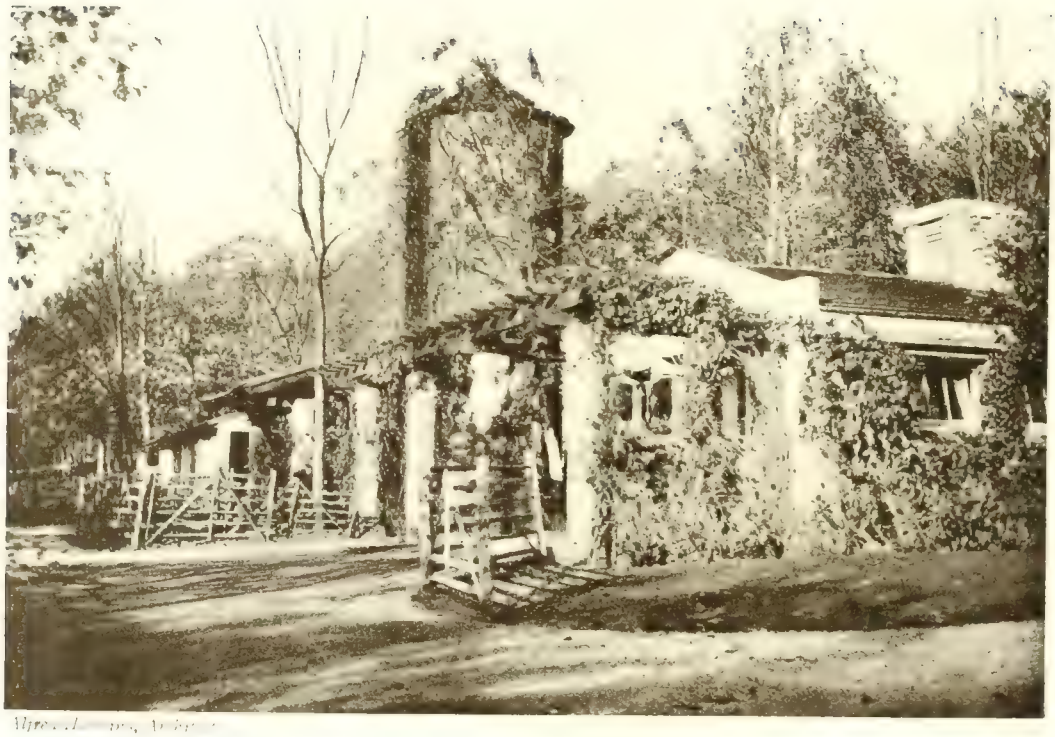
AS WE have already said, in construction a pergola may relate closely to the architecture of the house, or on the other hand it may suggest an ornamental addition of a later date and be developed in materials different from the house, or it may bear no relation whatever to the house construction. The adobe pergola is a fascinating feature of many of the Pacific Slope houses; yet one often sees the adobe house with a pergola or pergola porch of redwood, designed on straight lines with Japanese effect. In New England and on Long Island the pergola with brick supports and wooden overhead beams is most usual, while out in New Jersey more often you find the pergola used in place of a porch, possibly a new feature of a quaint old house, and built of ordinary lumber, just as one would construct a trellis or a fruit arbor.

As a matter of fact, a pergola attached to the house is an ideal substitute for a piazza. This is especially true where there is the slightest tendency for the rooms to be somewhat dark, as it affords a decorative finish to the house, a charming resting place, a picturesque opportunity for vines and yet permits all possible sunlight to reach the windows.

In one of the illustrations in this article the cement supports of the pergola are topped with rustic poles heavily draped with vines, and the effect is most picturesque. In fact, an entire rustic pergola is charming in an informal simple garden. It has, however, the drawback of not being as free from insects and dampness as the concrete structures.

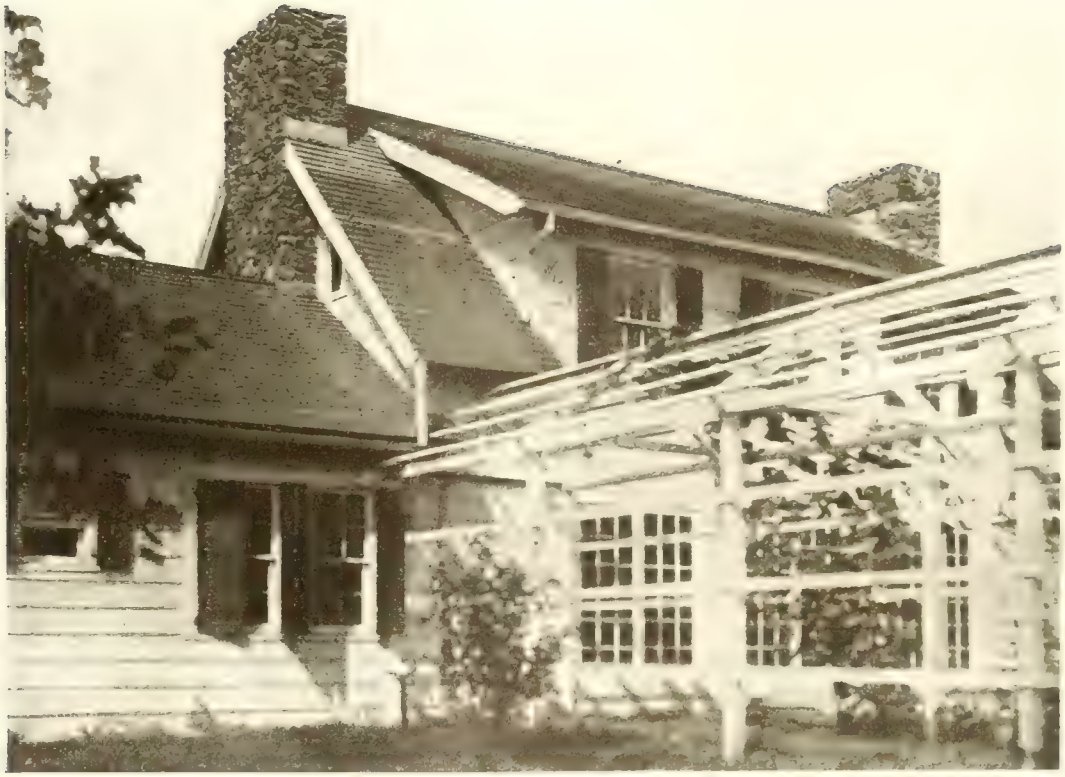
As for the pergola "drapery," there is seemingly no limit to the beautiful things which the concrete or stone or brick columns will support. In the Far West some of the most beautiful pergolas are

Oswald C. Herme, Architect.



Alfred [illegible], Architect

SHOWING THE USE OF PERGOLAS TO HIDE IN A PICTURESQUE FASHION THE OUTBUILDINGS OF A FARM THIS PICTURE IS AN EXACT REPRODUCTION OF THE PERGOLAS AT THE STETSON FARM STERLINGTON N.Y.



almost bowers of tea roses, intertwined with wistaria and monthly honeysuckle. In the East it is necessary to use the hardier roses, the Ramblers in different hues, white and red and pink. Wistaria is also one of the most attractive pergola vines when combined with others of the more hardy foliage and later bloom. It is difficult to get the monthly blooming honeysuckle in the East, but nothing is more graceful as a pergola covering where it can be secured. Through the North, ivy, bittersweet, clematis and woodbine are all satisfactory, and nothing is more delightful than a pergola covered with grape-vines, where the location and latitude are suitable, for the bloom of the grape is ineffable in the spring, the foliage is heavy through the summer and the fragrance and color of the fruit delicious in the fall. It is always wise to plant about a pergola from two to four kinds of flower-bearing or fruit-bearing vines, so that each season will have its fragrance and color. It is also interesting to plant rows of shrubs at the foot of the supports and between the supports, that the whole structure may be more intimately connected with the ground.

Some pergolas are completely hidden by vines festooned from pillar to pillar; this is especially satisfactory in very hot climates. While others have vines twining only about the pillars with adequate protection overhead. This is by far the more classical and intrinsically beautiful method of treating a pergola. It has the disadvantage however of leaving the inner portion of the pergola a little less restful and homelike than when curtained by vines and shrubs.

For the newly built pergola there are many quick-growing vines which will give it a green and cheerful effect the first season, — morning-glories, scarlet runners, clematis, with castor beans at the entrance and geraniums at the sides and you have by July the effect of many years' growth.

It is an excellent idea to plan a pergola with built-in seats at the sides and with rustic permanent tables, also with rough flooring for damp days. The joy of this garden feature is its livableness, to get the full satisfaction of which it must be a convenient homelike place for reading, sewing, afternoon tea, children's games. And of all things it should be the ideal spot for the writer or for the student, for working out of doors means working with health, and as a health-giving feature the properly constructed, properly draped pergola is second only to that other most wholesome development of modern building, the outdoor sleeping porch.

The pole pergola is a sort of pergola that is especially adapted to rustic surroundings, and many a restored cottage on abandoned

farms has been made lovely by the introduction of such a feature, the poles having been cut from woodlot saplings. Even where all the materials had to be purchased,—cedar posts, plants, and the labor counted in, twelve or fifteen dollars, depending upon locality,—would be fully sufficient to cover the whole cost.

The pergola-arbor illustrated on page thirty-seven is from the cottage of Mr. Frederick C. Keppel at Montrose, New York, designed by Edward Shepard Hewitt. For a pergola-arbor of this sort there could be no lovelier covering than the wild-grape, or the wild clematis, and, again, the kudzu vine, which comes to us from Japan and is found to be perfectly hardy everywhere, will, by reason of its extraordinarily rapid growth and luxuriant foliage of enormous rich green leaves prove especially useful where a quick effect is desired.

The illustration of a pergola porch on a country house at East Hampton, Long Island, exhibits another form of the pergola which requires far more restraint in planting, as it is intended that it should, itself, stand forth as an architectural feature, hence the vine-growth here will never be permitted to completely obscure the design of its support. The two great jars of terra-cotta add striking notes to the pergola and make this, in design, a successful house approach.

The pergola illustrated on page thirty-six is one connected with the outbuildings on the Stetson Farms, Sterlington, New York, designed by Alfred Hopkins. Here has been presented the problem of making the pergola serve, not only as a screen, but as a support for an overhead cartage rail which serves to facilitate the removal of stable litter expeditiously, neatly and hidden from observation. Ultimately the planting here will form a complete screen, not only in summer, but in winter.

A PERGOLA PORCH WITH GRAPE VINES

"NATOMA," AN AMERICAN OPERA: BY KATHARINE METCALF ROOF

WHEN Victor Herbert's opera "Natoma" was given in Philadelphia on February twenty-fifth, it marked the first production of a full-length American opera since Walter Damrosch's "Scarlet Letter" was given in eighteen hundred and ninety-six. The New York première took place on February twenty-eighth. Both performances were given by the Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company. "The Pipe of Desire," a one-act opera by Frederick Converse, produced last year, was the first American opera to have a hearing at the Metropolitan Opera House. It did not, however, create much impression. "Twilight," another one-act opera by Arthur Nevin, a composer somewhat known as a song writer, is promised before the end of the season. "Twilight" has a distinctively American subject, an episode of the Civil War. Arthur Nevin has also written a three-act Indian opera, "Poia," which was given a hearing in Berlin this winter. Victor Herbert, although classed as an American, was born in Ireland and had his musical education in Germany. He has, however, spent most of his artistic life in this country. He is best known as a composer of successful light operas, although before he began writing them he had composed serious music.

The scene of "Natoma" is laid in California at the time of the Spanish possession. *Natoma* is the daughter of an Indian chief and the last of her race, who has become the maid servant of a Spanish don's daughter, for whom she has had a devoted affection since childhood. *Natoma* loves a young American naval officer who is for the moment attracted by her wild charm. To him she tells the legend of her people embodied in the abalone amulet she wears about her neck. She speaks of her beloved young mistress, *Barbara*, who is coming home that day from the convent and suddenly foresees that these two whom she loves will love each other, and in a moment of abandon flings herself at the man's feet entreating him to let her be his slave. Just then voices coming over the water announce *Barbara's* return. The Spanish girl and the young lieutenant fall in love as *Natoma* had prophesied; but *Barbara's* cousin *Alvarado*, a young Spanish don Juan, has determined to win her and realizing that she prefers the American, plots to take his life and abduct *Barbara*. *Natoma*, however, overhears his threats. The second act presents one of those scenes of festivity apparently indispensable to opera for purposes of ballet and chorus, in this case a *fiesta* outside the church. *Natoma* enters alone. She recalls *Barbara's* kindness to her and wishes her happiness. Then her thoughts turn to the

man who loved her for a brief hour and she imagines herself wandering with him through the woods and over the mountains. She remembers the *padre's* teaching, but her Indian spirit rebels and she breaks into an invocation to Great Manitou, spirit of the hills. The *fiesta* begins and in the *pañuelo* or handkerchief dance—called a "dance of declaration,"—*Barbara* jilts *Alvarado*. *Castro*, a half-breed Indian enters and challenges anyone of the company to dance the ancient dagger dance with him. To the consternation of all, *Natoma* accepts the challenge, but at the end, when apparently dashing upon the Indian, she rushes past him and stabs *Alvarado*.

The people turn upon her, but the priest coming out from the church saves her.

THE last act shows *Natoma* lying upon the steps of the altar in the church. Her spirit struggles between the faith of her people and her new-found Christianity. She recalls an Indian lullaby and expresses the loneliness and isolation of her spirit. She has a vision of escaping to the hills and becoming the leader of her wronged and vanquished people. But the priest entering gently reasons with her and persuades her to enter the convent as expiation for her crime. The congregation comes into the church, and silently placing the abalone amulet, symbol of the destiny of her tribe, upon *Barbara's* neck, *Natoma* passes out through the sunlight of the convent garden and into its open door.

The construction of the libretto, which was written by Joseph Redding, a Californian, is not good and its phraseology is trite and old-fashioned. Also authorities on the subject inform us that his Indian lore is inaccurate as it presents a confusion of tribes and customs. It is worthy of note in view of the present controversy concerning the singing of opera in the vernacular that the only singer whose English could be understood throughout was Mary Garden. Among the foreign singers, Sammarco's English was most easily recognizable. There were three other singers in the cast besides Miss Garden born to the English tongue. It is a lamentable fact that Americans do not pay attention to diction as do the French and German singers, and if a correct enunciation of English is not their heritage they are at little pains to acquire it.

It would be pleasant if unqualified praise could be written of the music, but the fact is that the score is not one of striking originality. There are pleasing episodes in the music and some beautiful ones, but there are also passages where the orchestration is heavy as in the prelude to the third act—and others of meaningless padding. There is also a strong suggestion of undeveloped intentions

MARY GARDEN AS *Natoma* AND LILIAN GRENVILLE AS *Kadiara* IN VICTOR HERBERT'S OPERA, "NATOMA."

Reproduced by Permission of the Haesler Photographic Studio.

MARIO SAMMARCO IN THE ROLE OF *Alvarado* IN "NATOMA," THE NEW AMERICAN OPERA.

throughout. The Spanish "Bronco" solo and chorus that so captivated the audience both in New York and Philadelphia is catchy and pleasing, but it is Broadway Spanish, such national character as it has being a matter of rhythm and tambourine accent. The choral in the last act is a good conventional piece of part writing that sounds like any choral in any church. The music written for *Natoma*,—her apostrophe to the spirit of the hills in the second act, her recital of the legend of her tribe in the first and her monologue in the last have the character of Indian music, and are among the most interesting passages in the opera. The lullaby is a harmonization of an Indian melody and also the dagger dance, which is frankly barbaric, and to our ears it has a suggestion of Strauss who so freely employs the intervals of primitive music. This dance has more of the American idiom of Indian music than anything else in the opera, as it employs the repeated descent which is its most marked characteristic. *Alvarado's* declaration of love in the first act (not the serenade), brought out as it was with Sammarco's fine voice and beautiful art, was recognizable as one of the most pleasing melodic bits in the score.

The form of *Natoma* is that of the conventional modern French and Italian opera. Leading motives are used, but not in the contrapuntal Wagnerian manner, imitated by Humperdinck, as a closely interwoven part of the musical fabric; neither has the composer attempted to any extent the eccentricities of the ultra-modern composers in spite of the Strauss-like suggestion referred to above. Themes are often used illustratively in the orchestra, as when in the last act *Natoma's* wild nature, half-conquered by the impulse of love and sacrifice, calls her, the exciting measures of the Indian dance are heard rising and subsiding in the orchestra. Lilian Grenville, an inadequate young person of trivial personality entirely out of place at the Metropolitan, sang the rôle of *Barbara*. It may justly be said of MacCormack, the tenor, that he "assumed" the rôle of the young lieutenant. Never was a singer more innocent of the demands of dramatic art, in spite of the pleasing quality of his voice, which is somewhat marred by a racial tendency to huskiness. His unwieldy hands seem always a serious inconvenience to him. Sammarco, Dufranne, Huberdeau and Crabbe were all satisfactory in their respective rôles, and Mr. Preisch gave a picturesque and convincing impersonation of the half-breed.

MARY GARDEN, with her power of creating illusion and of infusing the human element, made her impersonation of *Natoma* easily the dominating factor of the performance. She is past mistress of the art of effect, even in a certain subtle abil-

ity to evade such musical demands as are beyond her vocal resource. These, however, did not occur in "Natoma," the music of which is well adapted to the peculiar quality of her voice. The lullaby in particular is so written that it utilizes some of her best tones and she sings it with sympathy and tenderness.

The Indian or Oriental girl in opera usually proclaims herself as such by a furtive manner and a trick tradition of trailing one foot upon the toe as she stands and sings. It is one of the familiar shopworn little conventions of opera singers. But these things belong in a very different class from such dramatic art as Mary Garden's. Her face, made up with a view to realism rather than beauty, wears at times of inaction the stolidity of the Indian, changing in moments of attention to the keen alertness of the wild wood creature. She is an artist who does more than take on the externals of the character she represents, she seems actually to feel and think in it. The spectacular side of Mary Garden is a thing generally realized, but not everyone recognizes what an extraordinary actress she really is. By virtue of this art,—a lyric art not by any means purely that of the theater—she has made the central figure of Victor Herbert's opera exist, a tragic captured thing, fiercely loving, yet desolate and set apart in the isolation of her vanishing race. Her quality of movement, always so important a part of her art, is, as always, that of the character she represents, and every movement, however slight, expresses an idea or an emotion. She walks like an Indian with straight feet and soft flat tread. In the dagger dance, partly designed by herself, she is a wild creature,—darting, tense, watchful, evasive. She makes clear the latent instinctive savagery, the unconquerable pride and courage of the great chief's daughter, her loneliness, the call of the wild blood in her, her unreasoned power of loving, her despairing vision of the doom of her people. When she sits brooding at the *fiesta* we feel her thoughts, and when the half-breed flings out his challenge we see the purpose take shape in her mind. Mary Garden has this power to project the unspoken, and it is in such things as these that one touches the finer issues of dramatic art.

The setting and costuming were interesting in color and said to be historically authentic. The scenes showing the interior and exterior of the Santa Barbara church—which is still standing—were particularly noteworthy. All that fine intelligent musicianship could do for the orchestral part of the performance was contributed by that most versatile of conductors, Cleofonte Campanini.

THREE HUNDRED ACRES AND THREE: BY HANNA RION

HEN I think of farmers—successful farmers, I always think first of Bunce, the illustrator. I am thinking of him particularly this morning because I have so recently seen with my own eyes what a man can do with the soil and still continue his artistic profession. Although Bunce has only three acres you would never suspect the limitations of space, especially if you happened to be a chance caller, for you enter through a tangle made by Nature in one of her subtlest moods, and left by Bunce as a barrier between his privacy and the high road; then you wind through some fine old pines past a clump of white and gray birch, poplars and cedars, until you descend by a group of boulders to find yourself in a maze of flowers—roses you generally associate only with hothouses and every annual and perennial a flower lover can induce to grow in the North,—a haphazard arrangement that makes you doubt the superior law of discipline and order. Then you continue your delighted way through orderly rows of vegetables with many backward glances until you find yourself under three old apple trees, and just as you begin to feel like the child searching for the end of the rainbow you bump into a porch curtained with Dorothy Perkins roses and see a doorknocker smiling you a glittering welcome.

You feel that you have surely walked miles and you determine to tell Bunce you know it's all folderol about his famous three acres, and you do so as soon as he appears, corduroy-breeched and smiling, from behind the house.

"It's a narrow bit of land," he explains, "about the shape of a good piece of breakfast *strip*. When I bought it five years ago it was considered the most worthless piece of tangle hereabout, and consequently had never been built upon; also it was to be had very cheap—fifty dollars an acre. I spent several weeks making my entrance from various points on the road, trying to see by what longest route I could arrive at the extreme other end of my property. After various experiments, which I conducted like paper chases with myself, I decided on the route you have just traversed, and built my house here in the extreme toe of my land.

"I have all the delusion of being a landed English gentleman, when I enter my property, and my neighbor's woods, beginning thirty-five feet from the rear of my house give me all the privacy of the wilderness, and his trees are more mine than his anyway, for I love them and he doesn't. From my upstairs studio I have the additional advantage of a vista extending over almost my entire property. Come look about."

He led the way past a long row of rhubarb, the most tropical I had ever seen, to the hotbeds, now resting.

"THE first hotbeds in this countryside," he said with pride. "Now they supply all the neighboring farmers with early plants and my celery transplanted to very rich soil to mature, preparatory to its final setting in the trenches, brings two cents a plant; I can sell all the plants I care to dispose of and before my experiment celery had never been raised around here. I also make extra temporary hotbeds covered with cheese-cloth soaked in oil.

"My tomatoes, seed imported from France, are the earliest in the market; when the market is glutted in mid-season, tomatoes selling at thirty-five cents a basket retail, I've none to sell—only enough for my own consumption."

We passed to the tomato domain, and I noticed the peculiar culture; the tomatoes were planted very close together in rows four feet apart, and the vines were trained to grow tree fashion tied to tall poles.

"It's the English mode of culture," explained Bunce. "I can grow twice as many plants to a given space by treating them that way; I pinch off all side shoots and nip out the tips of the leaves, keeping the plant to one stalk; the tomatoes form close to the stem and the sun can reach every one, bringing them to quicker perfection. See my burr artichokes."

We walked down a path bordered by the monster plants of blue-green fernlike leaves; they were as beautiful as any flower plant in his garden. "Everybody said they couldn't be raised here—too cold. It is hard to winter them but I cover the plants heavily with litter and place boxes over that. I copy the French in my culture of them; each spring I break off all side shoots with a *wooden* knife leaving only one center crown to each plant; these side shoots, taken off below the soil surface, I transplant and they more than take the place of any large plants lost by the winter freezing. It is only by keeping the artichoke to one stalk that burrs can be raised as large as both fists."

We climbed a rise and came upon his melon patch located on the highest ground. The vines were marvels of vigor and perfection. I noticed that the leaves were all dusted with a blackish something.

"Soot," he explained. "I beg all that my neighbors glean from their stovepipes during spring house-cleanings and store it away in barrels for my melons. Dusted on when the leaves are wet with dew it discourages all insects. When I started to raise melons, of course, all the neighbors said it couldn't be done, because it hadn't

been tried. Nobody else can raise them around here even now after I have succeeded because they won't take the trouble I do. I excavate each hole two feet; fill in with rich loam, well-rotted manure and sand for drainage. The hole is not entirely filled until the vines are well started, then I fill in gradually giving them a deep root which protects against the hardships of possible drought."

We now passed through a long arbor traversing the center of the vegetable garden running from north to south, ten grape-vines to a side.

"BORE for the first time two seasons ago, this year they'll be loaded—enough to supply myself and the old folks, make wine and a few dozen baskets over to sell at fancy prices. The most prodigious grower and bearer of the lot is the Banner. Then I have Delaware, Niagara and Campbell's Early. I don't raise Concord, because everybody else does."

I noticed that along all the borders of his property he had planted gooseberries, raspberries, blackberries and currants, and I inquired about the most satisfactory varieties.

"Cardinal and Loudon raspberries, Eldorado blackberries, Carman and Houghton gooseberries and London Market currants. The gooseberries I propagate by burying ends of branches which take root, they are then cut from the parent bush in the fall; from four original plants I now have hundreds. I haven't room for many fruit trees so I've planted quantities of dwarf ones about the edges of patches. I'm making a specialty of the Gold plum and apricots, and I have enough peaches and cherries for my own consumption and some mulberries for the birds.

"I found these few old apple trees here when I came and I built near them because of the birds they attract. The trees were sad old forgotten derelicts. I trimmed them, mended their cavities, and when I found they were Spies, I budded them with King David and Kings. Now see the result—reincarnated!

"They've provided me a course in apple study. I now know enough to enable me to cope with an orchard if I ever get one. With my microscope I've investigated all their varieties of scale and tried all the different spraying preparations until I've conquered their diseases. You see a farmer should be like an artist—a student up to the hour of his death. The only cocksure, know-it-all farmers are the ones who are as poor as Job's turkey.

"Fortunately I wasn't hampered by theories; I'm always glad of advice and try most of it. A course of chemistry with a friend, enabled me to analyze my soil. I know the component parts of my

different sections of land and I don't make the mistake of using pure nitrate where lime is needed, and I know where good old manure is necessary and where guano will bring the best results."

We then walked down to the corn patch of Golden Bantam, white Mexican and Country Gentleman. Bunce plants his corn as he plants his peas, every two weeks, reaping a harvest up to frost.

"Do you know," he said, "not a piece of meat comes into my kitchen from May until November. I'm becoming a vegetarian, not because of any eccentric conviction but because of natural selection."

"Has the experiment paid financially?" I asked.

"PAID? Well, rather. I've more to eat than I ever had before in my life—all the choicest vegetables and small fruit, and the sale of the extra stuff is enough to keep me irrespective of my magazine work. But the bulliest part of it all is that I won't have to look forward to a hungry old age, even if my eyes give out, and that's a great comfort to an artist, I can tell you. I could have sold this place several times for triple what I paid for it and it's not because it can raise the biggest head lettuce or the most perfect potatoes; it's because I've made it beautiful. Beauty pays, and that's a point the old-time farmer completely overlooked. Roses and bulbs are just as necessary as onions, and because I've realized that people are falling over themselves to buy what was formerly regarded as a disgraceful old worthless tangle. But why should I sell it? When a man gets what he wants and makes the spot beautiful, stamps it with his own personality, makes it the expression of his creed, it would be as criminal to sell it as to sell love."

"And it doesn't interfere with your profession?"

"Not a particle. I do better work than I ever did, because I've no nerves, to speak of, now. I can keep in touch with editors by infrequent trips to New York, and in two hours I can meet the summons of a telegram. Of course," he continued, "I don't need to go into the obvious details of the benefit of muscular work out of doors, the wholesomeness and sheer joy of the life, but I'll tell you the great secret of my success—I didn't attempt too much. The only friends I have who failed at this sort of experiment are the ones who tried to do it on the grand scale. The most truly successful farmers I know today are some editors, writers and artists. Why? Because they bring to bear on their soil culture the same intensity of purpose, analytical study, love of beauty and glamour of imagination that made the bone of success in their achievements in letters and arts. Who knows but perhaps it is this very class of intellectual men who are going to rescue farming from its old grooves of failure and sordidness

and make it a dignified calling and a profitable business proposition?

"The farm of the future is going to be twenty acres. Now there's my father—as 'sot in his ways' as the sun, and mortgaged up to his eyelids because he clings to his three hundred acres and old methods, and I don't believe he's ever known an irresponsible hour since his cradle. He's never had time to hear a bird sing; I couldn't make him look at a rose—it represents sentimental foolishness to him; he never noticed the wonder of lettuce green on brown earth or the miracle of beauty of a dew-spangled cabbage, and I'd be ashamed to mention it to him. All the beauty of farming and the country has been smothered by hard, futile toil. And he made me loathe the country as a boy, imbued me with a hatred of farming that took twenty years of New York to eradicate.

"FATHER farmed in the good old way of yesterday—does it still. He planted the things his father planted, corn, oats and wheat. The neglected fields furnished Nature's hay. He begrudged the small space Mother pilfered each year, near the house, for vegetables and refused to fence it in. She dug and planted it herself and shooed the chickens and pigs from it. A farmer's wife was supposed to supply the table and dress herself from what she could make out of the butter and eggs. The consequence was Mother didn't dress, she was merely clothed. In my boyhood my father represented to me the Lamentations of Jeremiah; he grumbled if the sun shone, he grumbled when it rained. Every year he bought new-fangled, flame-colored agricultural implements and used them a few times to dazzle the neighbors, then the implements were left where they fell asleep in the fields after some hard day's work, and there they stayed dozing in dew and rain until they became monuments of rust. He also believed in lightning rods—had one on the chicken house and a small one on the dog kennel.

"It was a matter of pride to keep just so many horses; with these horses he plowed in the spring sixty acres for corn, and sixty for oats, and in the fall sixty for wheat. Sometimes he barely got his seed out of the oats, and the wheat came so thinly, he practically only reaped a harvest from thirty acres. For lack of barn room the hay was stacked in the fields and much of it was injured by the weather.

"The scrawny cattle sheltered under the lee side of the stacks and nibbled it away. His few sheep gnawed under the hay until the stacks looked like mushrooms and had to be braced by poles. For want of proper care the sheep died better than they bred. The pigs generally ran wild in the orchard and Mother's vegetable garden when she was busy making butter. Their rooting in the orchard

helped the neglected old nondescript trees and they *did* bear prodigally—bore enough to give us all the apples we could eat and hard cider which made us forget the weariness of life and preserved us from the perils of kidney trouble.

"Sometimes Father would become original and neglect to plant all his sixty acres in oats because it had only brought twenty-six cents a bushel the season before. Next season, sure pop, the price of oats would soar, and Father would groan as every farmer since Adam has groaned, 'Just my luck!'

"It was in this atmosphere of unscientific farming I spent my youth of chapped hands, tired back and disgusted heart. I plowed fields that seemed to reach to the brim of the horizon. The vast amount of corn to be husked kept me from school when school began and I husked week after week until the weather grew very bad when I was sent to school, but when the days were pleasant I was kept at home for husking, and just about the time we'd gotten rid of the last ears, it was time to begin the spring plowing of half-frozen ground with half-frozen hands.

"WHEN I ran away from home at the age of twenty I felt I never wanted to hear the word 'crop' again. But New York has a wonderful way of turning the mind to the antithesis of hustle, commercialism and skyscrapers, and after many years I found myself plowing again at night in my dreams, but *then* I plowed fields of velvet with a gold-tipped plow, through a song-shaken atmosphere to a western sky gorgeous with the tints only dreamed of by eyes from which the sunset is hidden by smoke-plumed buildings.

"When spring came and I saw the boughs of fruit blossoms for sale on the city streets I became mad with longing and homesickness for the bees humming in the old orchard. After I had made my position firm enough professionally, I turned my back on the city and came back to the old home country.

"When a country boy goes to the city to make his mark he can only permanently return to the old home, with dignity and honor, in a hearse. Of course all the neighbors looked on my return as failure. I didn't explain myself, even to Father and Mother; it would have necessitated an autobiography of over two hundred thousand words. When I bought this piece of supposed junk woodland, it stamped me as a fool. When I could actually pay cash for it the farmers wondered what rich guy was backing me and if he were going to put up a summer hotel.

"I have an Italian helper I rescued from the railroad track five

years ago. I pay him twenty-five dollars a month and give him twenty per cent. of all that is sold off the place. This gives him a sense of partnership and he takes the same interest I do. He hires any extra help we need during spring preparation and fall cleaning and berry picking, the rest of the time we manage alone. I only work early in the morning and after the light grows bad in the studio in the afternoon.

"I have no trouble with maids because I adapt myself to their standards. If it is a matter of pride to a country girl to enter only by the front door it doesn't lessen my dignity to let her do so. She can even eat at the table with me if it makes her happier. Of course the major part of my income still comes from illustrating, but the point is this: if I should at any time want to chuck the whole art business because of ill health or insolence, I can do it and live decently, if modestly, and develop a handsome waist girth on an income derived from the sensible planting of these few acres.

"In short, my father has failed for forty years on three hundred acres, while I'm making money, finding contentment, and discovering life anew on three."

A GARDEN

I WILL have a garden, set beyond the reach of strife, where Nature will abide content and radiant. Her beauty undisturbed, I will be Her handmaiden and spread out a carpet of flowers, like a prayer rug whereon I will sing psalms of praise.

I will have a harp of pine trees, and the Winds will love to come and tenderly touch its sensitive strings.

Fountains will be there to laugh melodiously as little children.

Flowers that exhale sweetness I will grow in this garden, and those that are bright and sunny. Those that are simple or stately or graceful, shall flourish, and those that hold dear memories.

There will I hold tryst with my soul and renew my strength.

THE GROWING INDIVIDUALITY OF THE AMERICAN GARDEN

HEN Saadi the Persian poet was asked, "From whom did you get your exquisite manners?" he replied "From the unmannerly. For whatever I saw them do, *that* I refrained from doing." As unmannerliness, by the law of contraries, was an unconscious instructor to one seeking the perfection of manners, so a rich man's garden, ostentatious, spectacular, sumptuous, became the inspiration for a garden unaffected, simple and altogether lovely, a type of what an American garden should be.

A certain man was invited to visit the garden of a very rich friend of his. This rich friend, laboring under the delusion that unlimited wealth would produce unlimited beauty, set an army of workmen to the building of pergolas, brick, rustic and stone, to the laying out of rose gardens on vast scales, to the planting of hedges and the shaping of walks.

There is nothing that he left undone except the one thing needful, namely, the exercising of a love for his garden. For love of it would have prompted an appreciation of the beauty primarily existing in his plot of ground, which he would have enjoyed augmenting, instead of changing.

Because he simply ordered the garden to be made, instead of lovingly directing the planting of it, it was like a great show place. It was not a spot to live in, to work in—it had no sweet personality of its own. It was only another chance for the meaningless display of wealth. As guests are sometimes entertained by hiring people to sing to them, to talk to them, to entertain them in various ways, so the garden seemed constructed as one would arrange the scenery of a theater,—with the aim of dazzling the beholder, of awakening his admiration, instead of his love. It touched not the heart, or the memory. It wounded rather than soothed the sensibilities.

The "certain man" was shown how a hill had been shoveled into a hollow, how a native tree had been hewn to the ground that some emigrant, woefully, conspicuously out of place, might feebly thrive, how roses were clipped or trained into wheels or useless square chunks. As he saw that the whole garden was at the back of the house so that one must make an excursion to it if one wished to enjoy it, he thought, "I will make a garden of my own, and everything that this man has done I will refrain from doing."

He saw that a garden should be the outward and visible sign of your love of, your understanding of, your friendship with Nature. The house should be set in the midst of the garden so that every window is enriched by the sight of it. The color of it should fill

the house, the fragrance of it float through the open doors, the beauty of it lure you to work in it, to spend long hours with it.

It should be preëminently a place of flowers—flowers that are allowed to grow in their own most perfect way. They should riot over the walls, encroach upon the paths, creep up the porches and peep into the windows. The lawn should be thickly starred with them so that you can have a field of flowers like those that so richly adorned our country before civilization encroached upon them, driving them into fence corners, then destroying them utterly.

If you are fortunate enough to own a little stream of water, it should be allowed to wander at will through your garden—it will create curves of beauty you cannot improve upon, and it will melodiously whisper secrets that will drive away your anxieties.

Find out what flowers and ferns like a brook and transplant them in as near the same relation to it as they would naturally choose. Find out the cloister-loving flowers and let them fill the shady nooks. Find out the sunshine-loving flowers and let them possess the open spaces. If you need a rock here and there, let the sod grow up to or partially over it, as you find them in Nature.

In other words let your garden look as if it had grown of its own accord, as if Nature herself had been your architect, your landscape gardener, your designer in chief. Nature will, under the wooing of your love, take possession of your garden as a queen her kingdom. Her presence, so shy and so stately, so exquisite and so wonderful, will radiate to the outermost boundary. The trees will be her trees, the flowers her flowers, her sweet personality must be in evidence, and not your ownership.

Working in this wise and loving way you will gradually become aware of the fact that you have a rare and perfect thing, a flawless jewel unmarred in the cutting.

THE noblest service you can do a friend is to help him go the way he desires to go—not to thwart him at every turn, or try to force him into your groove, excellent as it may be. Likewise, the way to develop a plot of ground into a perfect garden, is to let it suggest to you the way it is best fitted to go and then to work with it, not against it, helping it to carry out its own natural bent.

Instead of brutally cutting away the beautiful contour of a hill, that it may be made to turn a charming dell into a purposeless level, cherish these two natural features as rare treasures, from which the main charm of the garden may spring.

This altering or torturing of natural resources reminds me of people who, though having resources of their own, use them not. Their

culture consists of artificial acquirements, rather than the developing of what they already have. They buy or cause to be made, everything that they hear about or see, without any relation to beauty or fitness. The result is a painful pretentiousness, a confusion of unrelated things.

A garden must be spontaneous —allowed to spring from the ground in a natural way otherwise it is devoid of that irresistible something called style, for style is born of the shaping of use and beauty to environment.

To be original is to be altogether personal—it is to grow from one's own center. It is not by encrusting ourselves with acquired qualities or ornaments that we enrich our natures, but it is by cherishing, developing the qualities already possessed. A garden to be a perfect thing, an original thing, must be altogether natural. It is not by importing treasures and setting them here and there in our gardens, that they are made lovely.

So I would make a plea for naturalness in gardens. America is wonderfully rich in the variety of its flowers, shrubs and trees. Its little hills and valleys have a charm, an individuality all their own. We have no need to alter or import, if we desire beauty—we have but to develop existing qualities.

Mother Nature has hung innumerable gardens upon the slopes of the High Sierra, that are to my mind the type of the perfect garden. The mists of the mountains and the melting snows become condensed in the hollow of a rock. They grow too large for the basin, slip over the edge and begin their miracle-producing journey to the waiting valleys below. Ferns and flowers gather about the infant stream to protect it from the too absorbent rays of the sun. As the stream grows larger the flowers increase in size, color and variety, and one can trace the whole course of a river as it journeys down the mountain by the brilliant color of its flower companions. Bluebells, harebells, columbines white, yellow and red, phloxes of every imaginable color, daisies, gentians, lupines, gather in colonies near the stream, against the granite walls, over the boulders. They have never been trained, clipped or deflected from their nature by the interfering hand of man. The flower of just the right color stations itself by the red or gray granite boulder. The flower of graceful form nods and sways close to the water. The tiny flowers nestle for protection near the bold and vigorous ones, and the whole glowing, brilliant, dainty, vigorous, clinging, independent colony, with marvelous individuality and infinite variety of color and form, produces a harmony of color that every artist or garden maker should make a pilgrimage to see. This rioting of color, this arrangement of eminently fitting forms should

Allyn and Lundeberg, Architects

BEAUTIFUL GARDEN SURROUNDING THE HOUSE OF JAMES A. STILLMAN, POCANTICO HILLS, N. Y. THE RELATION OF GARDEN TO HOUSE IS PARTICULARLY HARMONIOUS

Albro and Lindeberg, Architects

SHOWING THE HOUSE OF MR STILLMAN, MORE COMPLETELY IN RELATION TO THE LOVELY GARDEN

GARDEN FOR THE HOME OF WILLIAM J. MATHESON ON LONG ISLAND: THE PERGOLAS AND USE OF BRICK ARE ESPECIALLY INTERESTING.

F. Perrot and Frederick A. Stokes Company

AN OLD-FASHIONED AMERICAN GARDEN, SUCH AS YOU STILL SEE IN OLD NEW ENGLAND TOWNS AND IN THE SOUTH

be studied by whoever would make a garden. In such a spot can be gained that "knowledge never learned of books" much needed in the making of gardens.

EACH garden must be developed in accordance with the possibilities of the locality—so that working with Nature instead of against her, it will have a purpose, a beauty all its own, and there will be no danger of having your garden look as if it had been turned out of a factory. Much might be said about the making of walks, the use of brick or of rustic, the construction of pergolas, but given the first rule of fitness—the methods of Nature you can construct a garden all your own, the embodiment of your inherent good taste.

Study the snowflake crystals for the pattern of your brick walks, the color of the local rock for the tone of them. Let the garden surge up to and splash against your house, caressing it, as it were, as the sea washes against the shore. Let garden and house float together in one harmonious whole, the one finding completion in the other.

The accompanying pictures illustrate the beautiful result obtained by the blending of house and garden. The gardens sweep over the yard and up to the very lintels of the door; the balance of house and garden is most satisfying—nothing offends the taste, everything delights, and one instinctively feels that in the exuberance of color, the profusion of blossoms, not a single jarring note could be found to mar the perfect harmony. The walks seem almost to take you by the hand, in the genuineness of their hospitality, and lead you about the garden, allowing you to enjoy freely all its beauties. There is no sense of display, of braggart cheapness. The owner of these gardens could not possibly train a purple wistaria over a red brick house, trim hedges to look like ships, dogs or some monstrosity never seen on land or sea, or train roses to resemble a target in a shooting gallery. They would not be put to the necessity of calling in hirelings to entertain you—for they could talk to you themselves of things to which it would be well worth listening.

America has some notable examples of beautiful, harmonious, distinctive gardens, because we are making them ourselves, because we love to work in them, to walk in them, to have flowers, flowers and more flowers all about us. We are learning to combine flower and vegetable gardens, to make usefulness beautiful. The grape is planted so that it becomes an unsurpassed decoration for the out-of-door dining room. It lowers its fruit, rich in color, fragrance and toothsomeness, through the trellis roof, so that he who is fortunate enough to dine under the living tapestry of its rustling, beautiful

leaves, can feast his eyes upon the color of it, his nostrils upon the fragrance of it and he has but to reach out his hand to pluck the best part of his breakfast.

THE out-of-door dining room reaches out to the garden, the garden creeps by the way of the grape trellis to the house, so that one cannot tell where the house ends and the garden begins—it is one harmonious whole, as it should be. Flowers border the vegetable beds, and the vegetables complete the complement of color. Blackberries become a graceful fence as well as a tempting fruit; fruit trees instead of being set in rows far from the house, are planted within reach of window or porch and are part of the decoration of the yard.

We all remember the story of the good little girl whose speech condensed into pearls and rubies, and of the bad little girl whose speech became frogs and toads. America is speaking (it really sounds to me like singing) to the world of freedom, of love of home, of joy in work, of need of beauty. Her speech falls to the earth as jewels, living jewels of gardens that betray the sweetness, the love, the fine sensibilities, the absence of sham, the dignity of her inmost life.

We are appreciating more and more the place that beauty holds in the formation of character and we desire not only to surround ourselves with it but to have a hand in the creating of it. The poets tell us that "a clod of earth becomes fragrant by dwelling with roses" and poets are sometimes very wise. By living in and with a garden one becomes impregnated with a sense of beauty; it gets into the blood, as it were, surges through the whole being, vitalizing the channels of our life.

"The hours when the mind is absorbed by beauty are the only hours when we really live, so that the longer we can stay among these things so much the more is snatched from inevitable Time. These are the only hours that are not wasted—these hours that absorb the soul and fill it with beauty."—JEFFERIES.

A SCHOOL WHERE GIRLS ARE TAUGHT HOME-MAKING: BY PROFESSOR LEWIS M. TERMAN

NOWHERE in the educational world are such revolutionary changes impending as in the American high school. Unlike any other unit of our school system the high school is facing responsibilities peculiar and new. As to the essential purpose of the *common school*, there has been nothing equivocal. It was established to place all children in possession of the necessary tools of learning and to give an introduction into the country's history and the fundamentals of elementary science and mathematics. At the other end of the system, the college and university have been guided by the distinct aim of preparing for the professions of law, medicine, ministry and education.

The high school alone has lacked an autonomous justification. Evolved as strictly a preparatory school to the college, it is only beginning to be more than that. It is well enough to characterize it as "the people's college" if we mean by that to express an ideal and not a fact. For despite the indirect value of the cultural training the typical high school affords, we must admit that it does not prepare directly for the occupational life of the average citizen.

This is bitterly true as regards the girl, whose kind at present constitutes a large majority of the total high-school enrolment. Established to prepare young men for a man's college, the high school is now attended predominantly by girls, relatively few of whom will go to any institution of higher learning.

The high school is just beginning to adapt itself to modern conditions. A creditable start has been made in the establishment of agricultural, commercial and mechanical high schools for boys, but the needs of the girl, as usual, are neglected. We are doing next to nothing, in any portion of the public-school system, to prepare her for the most important and the most difficult of all feminine vocations,—that of housewife and mother. The appeal made by Herbert Spencer more than a half-century ago is still, as far as the education of girls is concerned, a voice crying in the wilderness. The biological point of view, so potent everywhere else, has not found this easiest and most obvious of all its possible applications to social institutions.

It is the purpose of this article to describe a high school, which, in the opportunities it offers to girls, stands as a notable exception to the conditions generally prevailing. It offers perhaps the most nearly ideal secondary education for girls obtainable anywhere in the United States at public expense, and stands as a striking example of what surely awaits us in the education of woman.

A SCHOOL TO TEACH HOME-MAKING

THE credit for the innovation belongs to a little city of the West, —Hollywood, California. A dozen years ago Hollywood did not exist,—even in the imaginative brains of California real-estate promoters. Within a decade it has become one of the wealthiest and most attractive suburbs of the rich and progressive city of Los Angeles. In the matter of education, Hollywood holds a remarkable record. Two years ago when already possessed of a high-school equipment complete beyond the dream of any town of similar population in the prairie States, a group of her representative citizens met and proposed to bond the little city of five thousand people for another hundred thousand dollars for the purpose of adding a department of manual training and a school of domestic science and art. When the election occurred not a single dissenting vote was cast, a record scarcely paralleled in the history of public education in America.

There were people in Los Angeles who rubbed their eyes and wondered what their aristocratic little neighbor meant by spending so much money for a school to teach a few girls the simple art of cookery. Others wondered who in wealthy Hollywood would attend a "School of Housekeeping" anyway. Could it be a unique attempt to solve the servant-girl problem by taking a few children early and training them up the way servant girls should go? But the people of Hollywood knew what they were about. Dr. William H. Snyder, who is the principal of the high school and the educational leader of the community, had persuaded the city that this should be a real School of Domestic Science and Art, and not the traditional high school with a course or two in cooking and laundry work.

In less than a week from its opening the school was crowded to its capacity; crowded by daughters of the economically well-to-do; by girls who, under the old régime, would have been puzzling over Latin constructions or memorizing original (?) demonstrations in preparation for the "solid" work of Wellesley, Bryn Mawr or some other male college for women.

Nor can the popularity of the department be imputed to the desire to escape hard work. Its students work more hours and more earnestly than those enrolled in other courses. The work as presented appeals to the deepest and best instincts of womanhood. It has its obvious bearing upon the life which every normal girl looks forward to. Thanks to the atmosphere which Dr. Snyder and his teachers have created for it, the work seems elevating, not commonplace. And this is fortunate, for the day has gone by when women will voluntarily give themselves to unprofitable dull tasks.

A SCHOOL TO TEACH HOME-MAKING

AN EXAMINATION of the course of study will show that it is liberal in the highest sense. It is the belief of Dr. Snyder that to build an ideal home and wisely to preside over it presupposes a scientific, artistic and moral equipment which does not come of itself. He believes that in a democracy the home is too basal to trust to chance for its amelioration. He believes that domestic science, in the broad sense of the term, will prove an indispensable element in the physical salvation of our people. "We must get back," he says, "to the simple problems of cooking, clothing and sanitation, which, after all, are complex enough." He emphasizes the new problems of hygiene imposed by congested life in the modern city, with its indoor occupations and lack of normal physical activities; with its difficulties relating to water supply, waste disposal and the procuring of fresh and wholesome food; with its torments of indigestion, neurasthenia and colds, to say nothing of venerial and other infectious diseases. He realizes that cities are man-consuming furnaces which would die out like an unreplenished fire if they were not fed by a continuous stream of healthy humanity from the country.

The average public high school which admits domestic science to its family of school courses makes it the Cinderella of the group. It is grudgingly accorded cramped and ill-ventilated quarters in a damp basement in unpleasant proximity to janitor's quarters, coal bins and toilets. Under such conditions it is little wonder that both students and teachers of the department tend to lose caste. Dr. Snyder believes there is nothing intrinsic to the science of home-making and home-keeping to mark its inferiority to Greek or mathematics as a subject of study. Accordingly the Hollywood School of Domestic Science and Art is housed in a beautiful and substantial structure of its own. As if meant to be suggestive of both beauty and domesticity the structure is fittingly modeled along Classic-Colonial lines. It sets a worthy example for home-making also in being flooded with sunlight, thoroughly ventilated, and made charmingly effective from the laundry below to the art museum above. All the appointments are simple, tasteful, adapted, genuine.

A UNIQUE and invaluable feature of the equipment is a "model flat" located on a sunny corner of the second floor. The flat consists of reception hall, living room, dining room, bedroom, kitchen and bath. Most of the larger pieces of furniture for the flat were made by the boys in the manual-training department, while the girls themselves have made or supplied all the lighter furnishings and decoration. The interests of the students center here. School

officers may own or control school buildings in general, but this is their very own.

The model flat serves innumerable purposes, not the least important of which is that of laboratory for a domestic science "thesis." A school thesis is usually, as everybody knows, an abbreviated extract copied from a musty volume of the school library. A domestic science thesis is a performance, and occurs after this wise: –On a Monday morning the seniors of the cooking class discover all the furnishings of the model flat "stacked" in bewildering disorder on the floor of the living room. A "thesis" is about to begin. The girls understand how the week is to be spent. They are to plan a new arrangement of the furniture and new decorations for tables and walls. When this is done they must plan a model lunch to be served in model fashion by Thursday of the same week. The meal must be planned and prepared without help from anyone and is done with absolute freedom except for the limitation of cost to twenty-five cents per plate. To this lunch each girl invites friend or parent. One member of the class acts as hostess in receiving guests and in assuming responsibility for the conversation during the meal and in all ways for the individual happiness of the visitors present. Another has charge of the service and others are responsible in still other ways. After all is done the linen must be laundered and everything put in order for the old life. There are several such theses during the year and each is carefully marked by the teachers in its artistic, domestic and *social* aspects.

Such being the conception of the work, the choice of teachers to present it becomes all-important. The whining slouch will not do, however well she may cook and sew. The Hollywood teachers combine with their liberal technical equipment good taste, social agreeableness and the finest of matronly dignity. Dr. Snyder says everything is due to the atmosphere which they have created. Leave out of domestic science the ideal and art elements and it becomes merely an ugly scratch for the support of our material existence. Idealize it, teach it as "something fine," to use Dr. Snyder's words, and you transform it from an occupation to the dignity of a profession,—a pursuit.

JUST here is the key to the Hollywood situation. Daughters of poor and rich work side by side. Freed from the artificial social standards of outside life, the elemental democracy of youth becomes supreme. A girl from one of the wealthiest and most cultured families of the community joyously serves her turn as waitress in the school's cafeteria. The spirit of the workers is worth a jour-

ney to see. Nearly half of the girls who entered the high school this year enrolled in this department, and the number is rapidly being swelled by students of other departments who happen in to observe the work, catch the enthusiasm and decide to change their course. The mothers are no less delighted. When I talked with Dr. Snyder his office had just been visited by a wealthy woman of aristocratic lineage who desired that her daughter be transferred from the classical department to that of domestic science.

And why not? If our country is to endure, the opportunities of a perfect home must become the birthright of every child. What other thing can do so much as schools of this kind to stay the progressive decay of home life? Moreover, such an education pays its way as it goes, irrespective of the home it will sometime contribute to fashion. It imbues the girls with responsibility. Because it appeals to their deepest instincts, it makes them happy. It will help recall the era of "plain living and high thinking." It will help to eliminate the problem of the idle rich.

THE fundamental principles of this school are of universal applicability. The ideal element is as important for the daughter of the street laborer as for the daughter of the millionaire, and if rightly presented it appeals to her no less strongly. The desire to appear well is universal. It is admitted, of course, that if the constituency of the school belonged exclusively to the lower end of the social scale teachers would need to exercise sensible tact not to set a standard for the home that would discourage by its difficulty or seem alien in its nicety. It is possible that Dr. Snyder would alter some of the minor features if he where planning the school for girls of Chicago's slums. The plan of the school is not offered for literal copying, but rather as a point of departure. The value is in the spirit, not the letter.

As already hinted, the high school in all its departments has been carefully planned with the idea of supplying a favorable atmosphere through the subconscious influence of material environment. To this end the buildings have been arranged on the group plan. Instead of a single huge barracklike structure there are separate buildings of distinctive architecture for the various departments, one of which is the School of Domestic Science and Art here described. Scattered over the liberal twelve-acre campus these buildings present an inviting appearance. There is nothing in them suggestive of the day-prison which some schools become.

The advantages of the plan are numerous. Boys and girls are not herded together in crowded halls. The open-air walk from one

building to another between classes is excellent from the point of view of both physical and mental hygiene. The shift of classes is not a signal for a stampede with teachers vainly attempting to control. The transfer is made with apparent freedom and leisure. The brief walk in the open air acts as magic influence. If there has been friction or failure in the previous recitation it is forgotten. The dash of fresh air and change of scenery dissipates bad temper and despondency. The mind has a chance to acquire a new "set."

This no doubt partly explains why self-control has taken the place of government in the Hollywood high school. Not even a system of self-government has been found necessary. It would have nothing to do. Incidentally, Dr. Snyder believes that this individual self-control becomes difficult in geometrical ratio as the attendance mounts beyond the six hundred or eight hundred mark. The Hollywood high school has about five hundred students. It is not institutionalized.

All the appointments of a building are suggestive of the work to be done there. They give an invaluable attitude of mind. They foster steadiness of effort as well as mental assimilation. After all, why is "atmosphere" less important for the high-school boy or girl than for inventor, poet or scientific worker? Is the youth less sensitive to environmental influence than the adult?

Dr. Snyder finds that the teachers too are benefited by this arrangement. The well-known teacher psychosis is warded off. The feeling of independent proprietorship in an attractive departmental building gives her a different outlook upon her work. Her nerves are less tense. She is less the schoolma'am and more the woman. She is less in danger of contracting that fatal pedagogical disease so aptly denominated the withered heart.

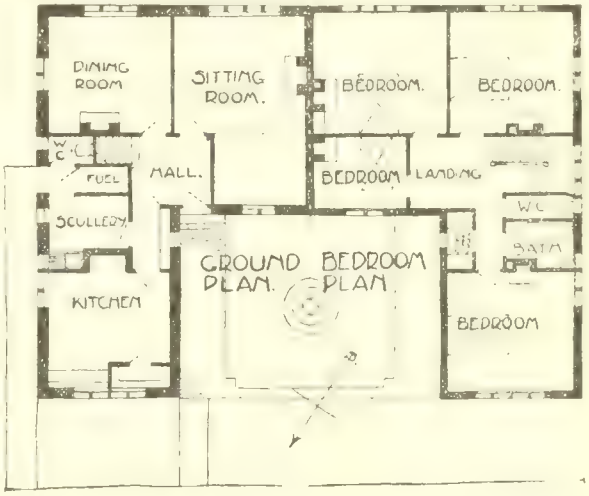
Californians are quick to distinguish a good thing. Although the new Hollywood structures were only begun a year ago, they have attracted the attention of superintendents over the entire State. All the high-school plants begun in California in the last year, including one that will cost three hundred thousand dollars, are being modeled after that of Hollywood. Not infrequently entire boards of school trustees journey to Hollywood to inspect the much-talked about high school, and some have returned home to copy the plans outright.

But it was the main purpose of this sketch to call attention to the Department of Domestic Science and Art, the new type of girls' high school, conceived and realized by a strong man backed by the uncommon sense of an intelligent community.

MODERN COUNTRY HOMES IN ENGLAND: BY BARRY PARKER: NUMBER TWELVE

OF THE houses chosen to illustrate those ranging in cost from two thousand eight hundred and seventy-five dollars to three thousand five hundred dollars, "Briarside" and the house at Newton are rather differently placed from the others; while "St. Brighids" and the houses at Hampstead and Matlock belong to that class which stands detached or semi-detached in the middle of a small building plot.

Taken together, a number of such houses constitute perhaps the most difficult problem of the domestic architect,—that of creating with them any good collective effect. Each of the houses in a row of suburban building plots may be individually delightful, but the total result a most unsatisfactory effect. There is an old saying: "God made the country, man the town, but the suburbs must be the work of the Devil," and I do not think it was the depressing outward appearance of the usual suburbs which gave rise to

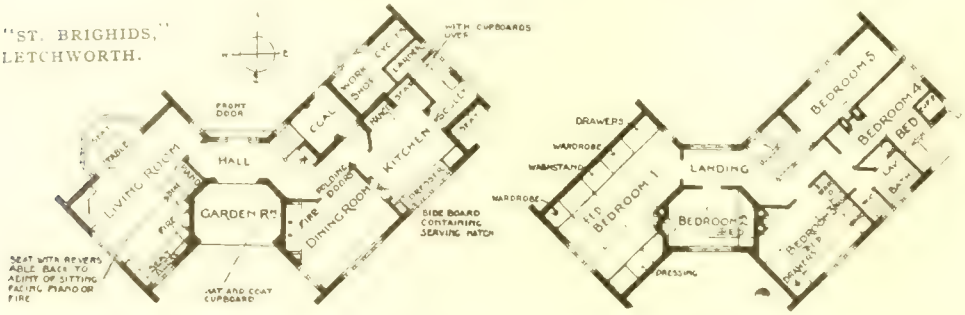


ONE FLOOR OF A SEMI-DETACHED HOUSE.

Barry Parker & Raymond Unwin, Architects

SEMI-DETACHED HOUSES AT HAMPSTEAD.

this saying. In few towns or terrace houses are we so insistently made conscious of our neighbors as we are in a suburban house standing in its own little plot. The garden of such a house seldom amounts to more than a small strip in front and behind, still smaller strips at either side, all too small to be dealt with in any way that can produce a pleasing effect. Surely, a great deal of the dismal, forbidding aspect of our suburbs is due to the endless lines of fencing. It is seldom that we find two adjacent plots with a similar treatment of boundaries. Here we have an oak fence, there a privet, a briar, a



barbed wire, or stone. If we could erase most of these boundaries and create something akin to the fenceless suburbs of many American towns we should have done much toward restoring a pleasing appearance to our English suburban streets.

And how useless and purely traditional most of these fences are! Few of them will keep dogs out of the gardens. Very few of them are high enough to create privacy in the gardens or valuable shelter for fruit and flowers. We English make a fetish of privacy, and many of us would almost rather be caught stealing than seen taking a meal out of doors; hence our love of a private garden must be reckoned with and respected. But surely we should be able to give every house a private garden, and still remove miles and miles of unnecessary fencing from our suburbs; fencing that is not put up to secure privacy or shelter, but merely from an unthinking acceptance of a senseless supposition that on every boundary there must be a fence.

Since the house that the domestic architect will most frequently be commissioned to design will be detached or semi-detached on the customary suburban building plot, it behooves us to consider suggestions for overcoming the difficulties in such planning. Dismissing as a stupid convention the dictate that the principal windows of a house should always overlook the road, whatever their outlook and aspect, we find that the side elevations present our chief difficulties.

Barr, Parker & Raymond Lucas, Architects

"THE BRIGHIDS," LETCHWORTH, HERTFORDSHIRE, ENGLAND. [illegible] INTERESTINGLY PLACED THAT IT TRACTICALLY HAS THREE SIDES THAT FACE THE GARDEN: IT IS ALSO SO ADVANTAGEOUSLY PLACED THAT THE WINDOWS HAVE A PLEASANT SUNNY OUTLOOK INSTEAD OF PEERING INTO THE ADJACENT HOUSES.

LIVING ROOM IN "THE BRIGHIDS" SHOWING MOST INTERESTING PLACING AND GROUPING OF WINDOWS IN RELATION TO LOOK, HEAT AND READING [illegible]

LIVING ROOM IN ONE OF THE SEMI-DETACHED HOUSES AT MATLOCK, DERBYSHIRE, ENGLAND, SHOWING BUILT-IN SIDE-BOARD AND FIRE-SIDE SEAT. BARRY PARKER AND RAYMOND UNWIN, ARCHITECTS.

[illegible] ROOM LOOKING ACROSS HALL INTO LIVING ROOM [illegible]

SIDEBOARD IN DINING ROOM AT "ST. BRIGHIDS," SHOWING GLIMPSE OF HALLWAY AND STAIRCASE AND INTERESTING EFFECT OF UNPLASTERED BRICK WALL

FRONT VIEW OF THE HOUSE AT NEWTON, NEAR CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND, WITH INTERESTING ROOF LINE AND HALF TIMBER CONSTRUCTION: SHOWING PLACING OF WINDOWS TO OBTAIN THE BEST POSSIBLE VIEW: THIS HOUSE HAS BEEN ADMIRABLY PLANNED IN RELATION TO ITS SITE; BARRY PARKER AND RAYMOND UNWIN, ARCHITECTS.

THE STAIRCASE IN THE HOUSE AT NEWTON, WITH GLIMPSE OF LIVING ROOM AT THE RIGHT, SHOWING VERY INTERESTING PANEL DECORATION.

THE LIVING ROOM IN THE HOUSE AT NEWTON, THE WINDOWS PLACED SO THAT THE UTMOST LIGHT IS AFFORDED AND YET HIGH ENOUGH IN THE WALL TO AVOID GLIMPSES INTO NEIGHBORING HOUSES.

Copyright, 1910, by Frances Benjamin Johnston

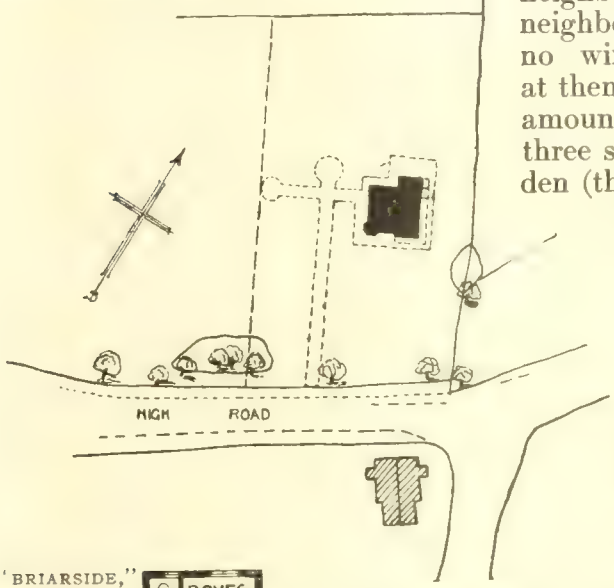
"BRIARSIDE," LETCHWORTH, HERTFORDSHIRE, ENGLAND, SHOWING ATTRACTIVE PLACING OF SUBURBAN HOUSE AND UNUSUALLY INTERESTING GROUPING OF WINDOW

LIVING ROOM AT "BRIARSIDE," WITH GLIMPSE OF FIRE-PLACE CORNER AND HIGH-PLACED WINDOWS BEYOND

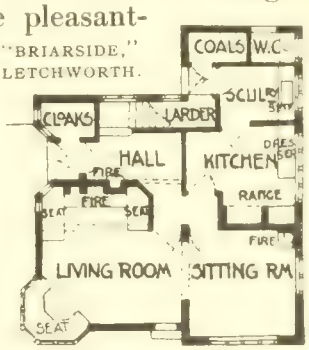
From the side windows we look straight across to those in our neighbors' side walls, and it is this that makes us so conscious of neighbors, and they so much more "upon us" in a suburban house than a terrace house, where we cannot see or hear them through any window. Yet, considerations of appearance, light and air make it impossible that we should leave side elevations blank.

"St. Brighids" is put forward as a design seeking to minimize these difficulties. No windows look straight across at the neighboring houses, and even for the least advantageously placed window a much more open, pleasant and sunny outlook has been secured than could have been given to any side windows opposed to the side walls of the neighboring houses. The neighbors also gain by having no windows looking directly at them. In fact, it practically amounts to this house having three sides which face the garden (the pleasant-

"BRIARSIDE," LETCHWORTH: BLOCK PLAN.

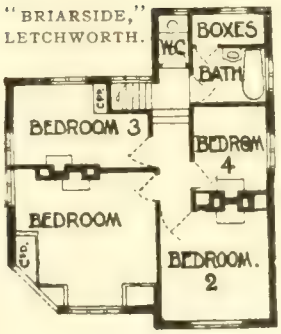


"BRIARSIDE," LETCHWORTH.



GROUND PLAN

"BRIARSIDE," LETCHWORTH.

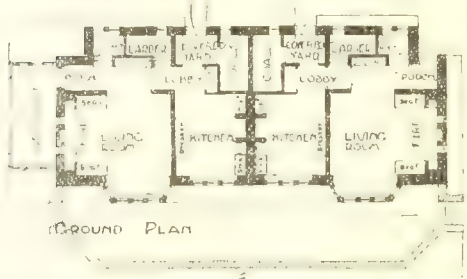


BEDROOM PLAN

est, sunniest aspect), instead of one. Diagram Six shows how the houses on adjoining plots planned on the same general lines would help each other to secure these advantages.

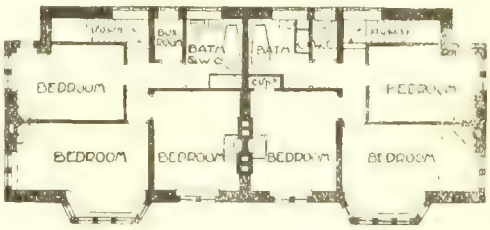
To obtain the charm of a vista right through the house and down the garden as one approached the front door on the north side was one of the main factors in producing the form of the plan used. The difficulties in designing this house would have been greatly lessened had the client required fewer bedrooms or more ground-floor accommodation.

As will be seen from the drawings, the house was practically furnished when it left the builder's hands. In most of the bedrooms, wardrobes, cupboards, drawers, dressing tables and washstands were built under the slope of the roof where the headroom was not great enough to allow anyone to stand. The kitchen was fitted practically all the way round with seats, cupboards, drawers, dressers, etc. Bookshelves, cupboards, cabinets, seats, etc., occupied almost all the wall space in the living room, as will be seen from the photograph. Anything required on the dining table can be put onto the sideboard in the dining room through a serving door on the kitchen side of it, and all this furniture was included in the cost stated at the beginning.

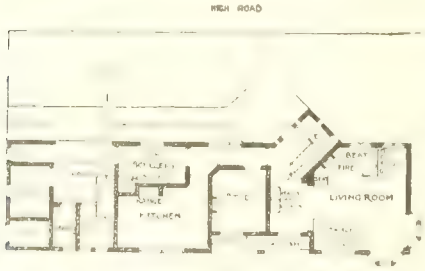


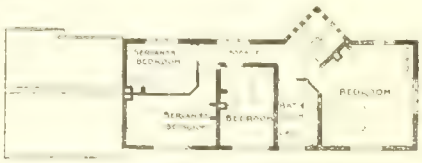
SEMI-DETACHED HOUSES AT MATLOCK, DERBYSHIRE

The ease with which a house so furnished can be cleaned is a salient point in its favor. The comparatively unencumbered floor space, the few things to be moved when cleaning, the absence of inaccessible corners and of spaces between, behind and at the sides of things are noticeable. But it may not be so obvious that this method of furnishing can reduce to a minimum the daily labor of dusting; for whenever furniture is designed for its place there may and should be created fewer dust traps than when loose furniture is used. It is, of course, impossible entirely to eliminate the accumulation of dust. Many people are



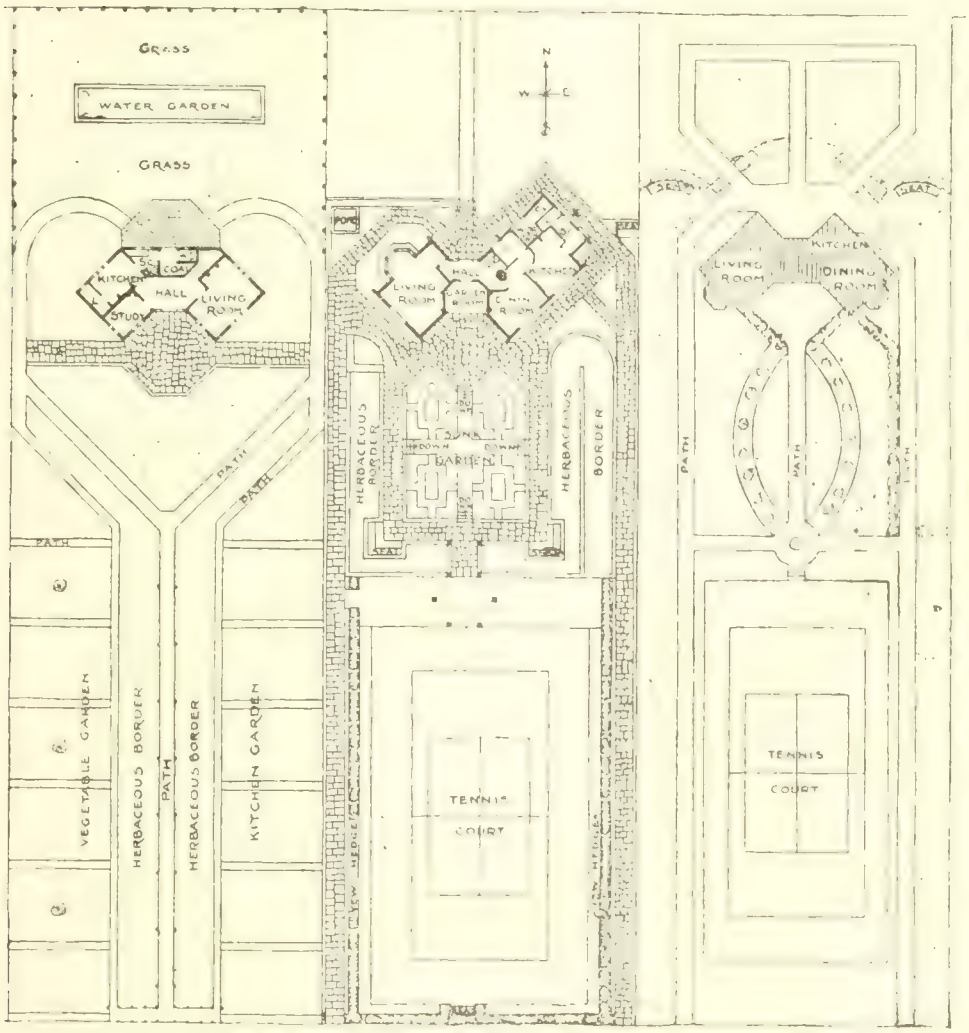
BEDROOM PLAN HOUSES AT MATLOCK.





HOUSE AT NEWTON, NEAR CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND.

DIAGRAM 6.



PICTURESQUE POSSIBILITIES IN GROUPING SEMI-DETACHED HOUSES

now drastically reducing the amount of upholstery, padding, cushioning, drapery and curtaining of their rooms, because of the dust these hold, and it is quite tenable that we have ample justification for saying that no form of molding which presents surfaces upon which dust can collect is admissible.

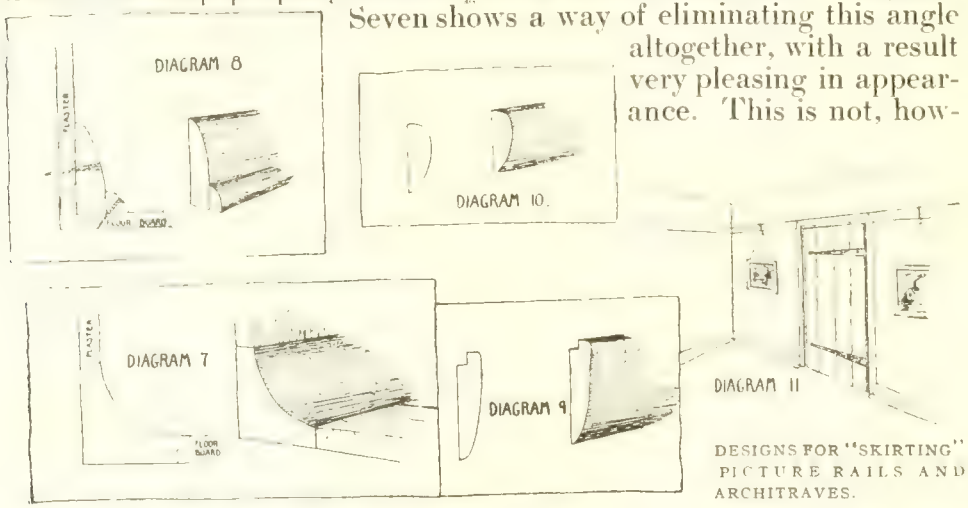
Almost everyone nowadays demands a hanging cupboard for hats and coats, which until quite recently used to hang unprotected in the hall, and we find incidentally that the protection from dust

which this gives considerably lengthens the life of the garments.

The elimination of dust traps, the reduction in the number of surfaces on which dust can rest afford yet another example of artistic gain resulting from practical considerations. For the effect is to produce restful, soft and unforbidding forms.

The illustrations used here will support this, and a few examples of the definite application of the foregoing theories to specific details of construction may be helpful.

The angle between the skirting and the floor is one of the most difficult to keep properly cleaned out and free from dust. Diagram Seven shows a way of eliminating this angle altogether, with a result very pleasing in appearance. This is not, how-



DESIGNS FOR "SKIRTING" PICTURE RAILS AND ARCHITRAVES.

ever, frequently made use of, as it is rather expensive and troublesome to carry out, so we show in Diagram Eight a skirting which is almost as effective and quite as inexpensive as anything for which it would be a substitute. It also has an advantage that the "cove skirting" indicated by Diagram Seven does not possess. The fillet which fills the angle between the skirting and the floor is not nailed to the skirting, but to the floor, so when the inevitable sinking of the floor takes place, this fillet sinks with it and covers the crack which would otherwise show between, and which in time would be filled with dust.

Picture rails and door architraves are often dust traps, but the sections shown in Diagrams Nine and Ten are quite free from objections to be raised on this score. Diagram Eleven gives some idea of the effect produced by using these skirtings, picture rails and architraves. It is necessary that all carving or other raised ornament or enrichment intended for our rooms should be carefully considered to see what work will be entailed in keeping it free from

dust. The horizontal ledges of all paneling and framing should be rounded, beveled or chamfered with the same object in view, and it is good to contrive a little rounded skirting or block in such a way as to fill the corner formed by the meeting of the string tread and riser of every stair.

The "adzed" beams in the ceiling of the living room at "St. Brighids" have been painted white. Had they been left dark, say the natural color of the wood, the effect, with the white walls and the room a low one, would have been that these beams would have been too insistent. A dark ceiling in a room whose walls are equally dark may have a very pleasant effect; or a dark ceiling in a very high room, even with light walls, may look well; but a dark ceiling in a room as low as this one would assert itself too much. As a matter of fact, the slight play of light and shade on the tooled surfaces of these beams is not lost at all by their being whitened. The color scheme throughout the whole house is white for walls, ceilings and all fireplaces. Touches of bright peacock blues, greens and purples in rugs and upholstery, and dark oak furniture have a pleasing effect in conjunction with the ceilings and walls showing in the one case the beams and joists, and in the other the texture of brickwork.

The interior of "Briarside" has cream as the basis of its color scheme and cream quarry tiles (unglazed) are used for the fireplaces.

The semi-detached houses at Hampstead are given as an example of those designed with their principal windows away from the road, because they thus obtain a more pleasant and sunny outlook, but at the same time they are planned to secure another window overlooking the road.

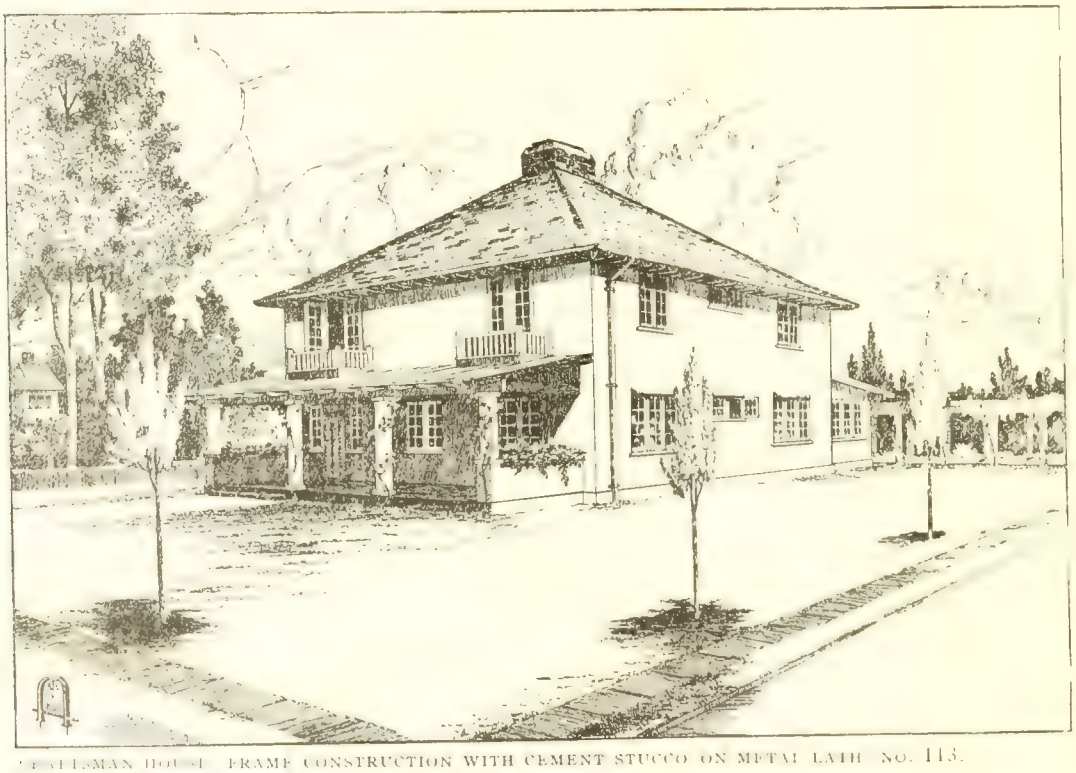
Because it had proved itself to produce a very warm and damp resisting wall, costing less than would any other in that neighborhood, we revived a local tradition and built the walls of the house at Newton, near Cambridge, of sun-dried clay batts. In size they were eighteen inches by nine inches by six inches, and they were formed in tempered clay mixed with straw,—similar bricks, possibly, to those the Egyptians forced the Israelites to make, only those captives were compelled to make theirs without straw, which it would appear added to their difficulties and labors.

In the houses at Matlock in Derbyshire, the hall lobby customary in a house of this size has been done away with, and this space added to the room, and (I hope it will be felt) without any loss of comfort but with gain in character.

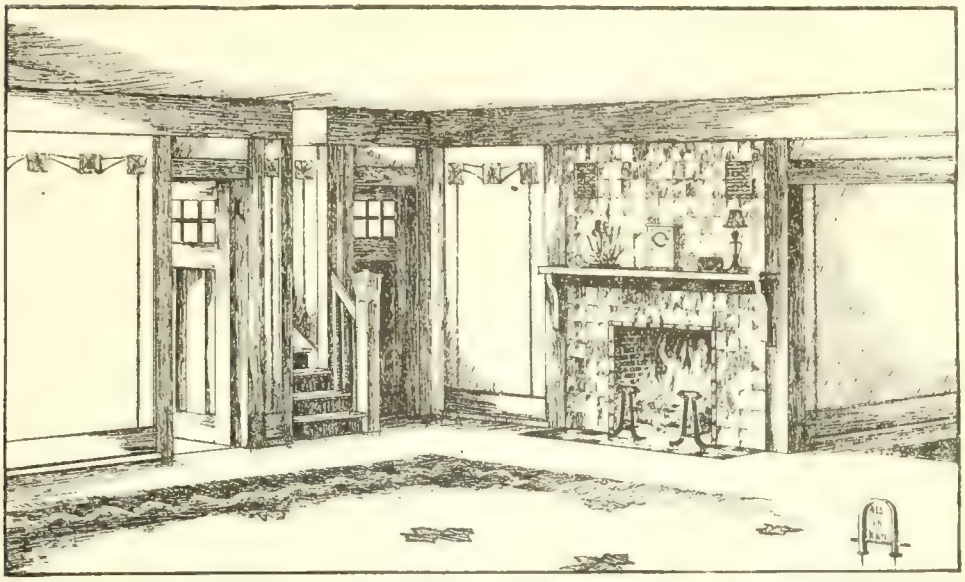
TWO CRAFTSMAN HOUSES FOR A VILLAGE STREET

IN our general work of house planning we are frequently requested to design a house for a lot of definite frontage. We have selected this month a plot in the middle of a block and a corner plot of the average size (60 x 150) on which is required to build the better class structure adjusted to the environment. The two Craftsman houses shown this month illustrate the working out of these definite problems. The restrictions usually limit the building line to within forty feet of the front street, fifteen feet of the side street, and five feet of the side line, and one is not permitted to build a one-story bungalow.

A plot of the size selected affords sufficient room for the keeping of poultry and the raising of vegetables, fruits and berries of many varieties in sufficient quantities to supply the needs of the family. This may be accomplished by giving to the work only



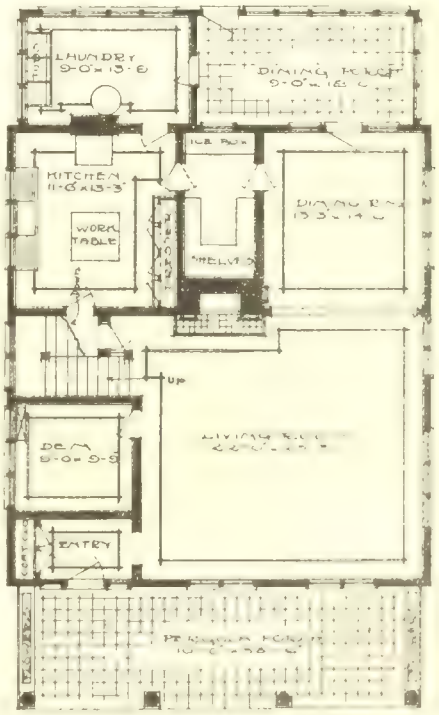
CRAFTSMAN HOUSE. FRAME CONSTRUCTION WITH CEMENT STUCCO ON METAL LATH. NO. 113.



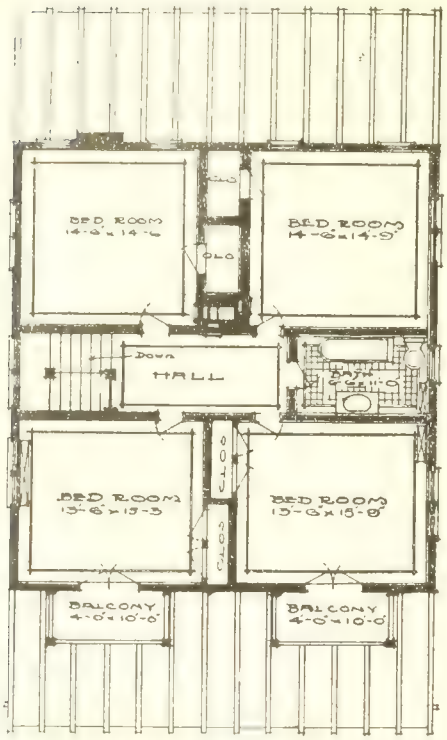
LIVING ROOM IN CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NO. 113, SHOWING FIREPLACE-FURNACE AND STAIRWAY

a little time each day, a few regular hours.

Intensive farming has long been practiced by people of other nations, but the idea seems to prevail in this country that in order to produce satisfactory results one must have a real farm with all the expensive machinery and paraphernalia recommended by catalogues and farm journals. Unless it is desirable to make a business of farming, a plot of this size affords ample opportunity for the development of latent farm energy, besides the production of fresh eggs, fruit and vegetables by personal effort adds much to the zest of eating them, as well as broadening our vision of life by bringing us in closer contact with nature. The arrangement and selection of vegetables, berries and trees on the two plots shown are merely suggestive. They may be varied to suit different needs, and to those of us who are not familiar with the varieties best adapted to their location, we would suggest that reference be made to Government and State bulletins on agriculture. These bulletins are free and cover the entire field of animal and plant life, with recommendations for those best suited for each locality.



HOUSE NO. 113: FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

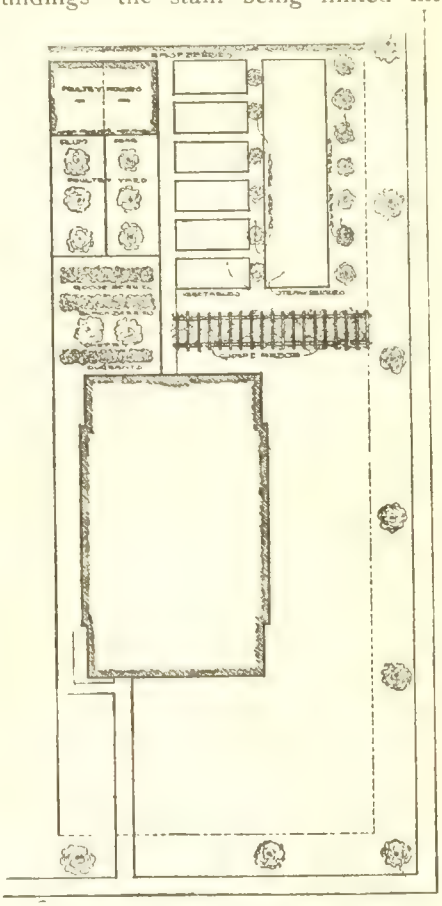


HOUSE NO. 113 SECOND FLOOR PLAN

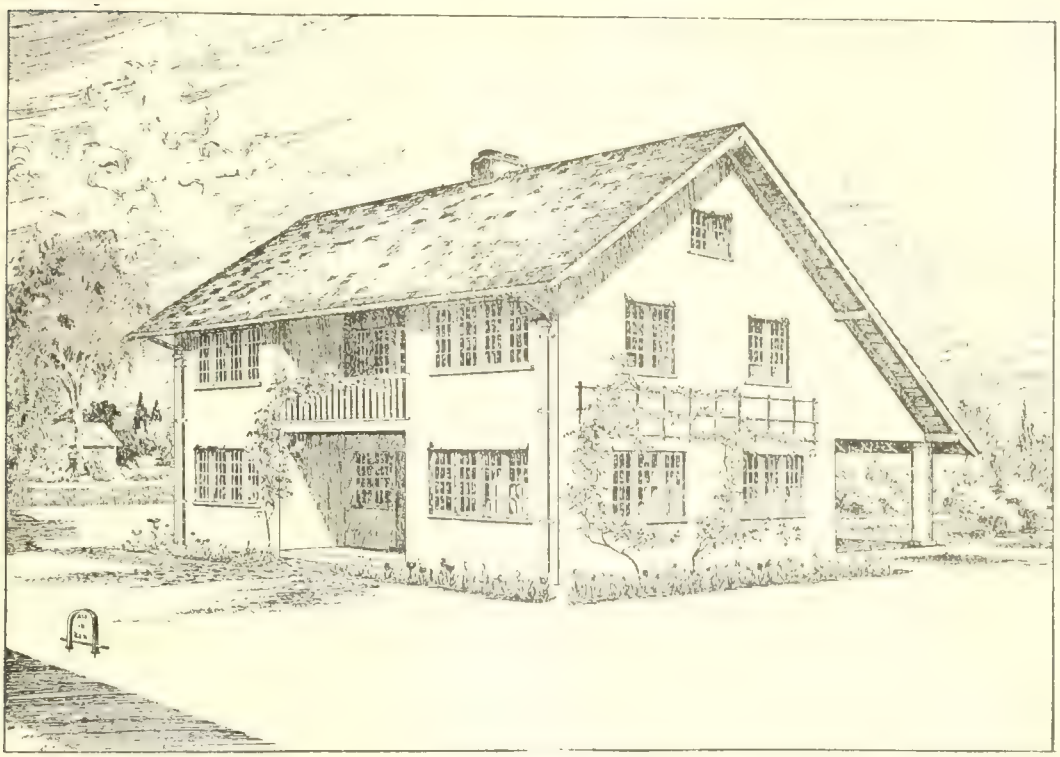
Dwarf fruit trees of all varieties have recently been developed. These are especially ornamental, produce quantities of fruit and are well adapted to the city plot, since they make little shade and occupy small space. A plot developed in this way will add much to the comfort of the home, its attractiveness will largely increase the opportunity of disposing of it and incidentally add several hundred dollars to the selling price.

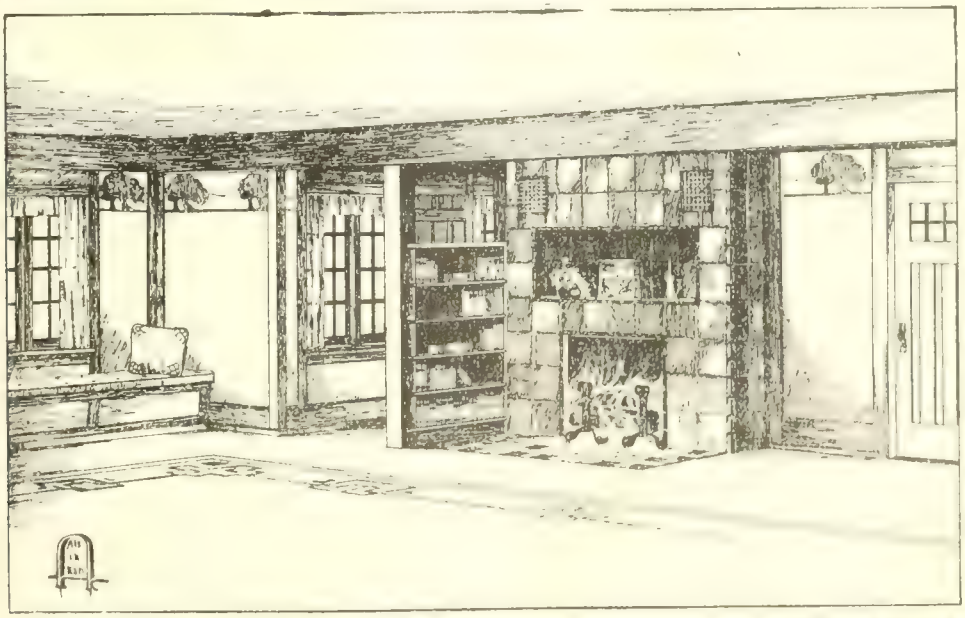
The two houses shown this month are of frame construction with cement stucco on metal lath for exterior walls and dull red rough slate for roofs. Cement stucco is one of the best forms of exterior construction. It is usually applied on metal lath over wood sheathing. This method has caused much trouble and expense, as the stucco will crack and eventually fall off. We have found that a stronger wall and one which will not crack can be made by using a heavier metal lath, nailing it directly to the studding and putting the cement mortar on both sides of the lath. This method costs more, but it eliminates repairs and is therefore much cheaper in the end.

Window details have been carefully worked out so that the exterior wood casing may be omitted. This, together with the little cement hoods over windows and doors, gives the impression of a solid cement house instead of the plastered effect usually obtained where the casing and half-timbers are nailed on. The stucco can be stained to any desired color to harmonize with the surroundings—the stain being mixed into a

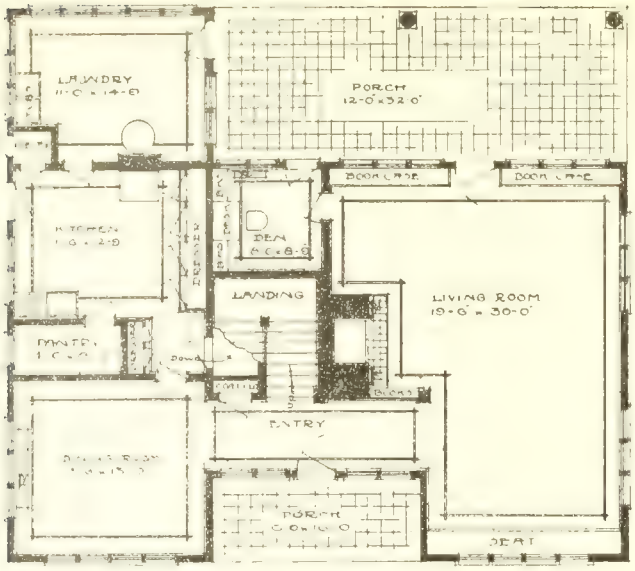


HOUSE NO. 113: GROUND PLAN.





CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NO. 114. FRONT ELEVATION, AND VIEW OF LIVING ROOM



HOUSE NO. 114 FIRST FLOOR PLAN

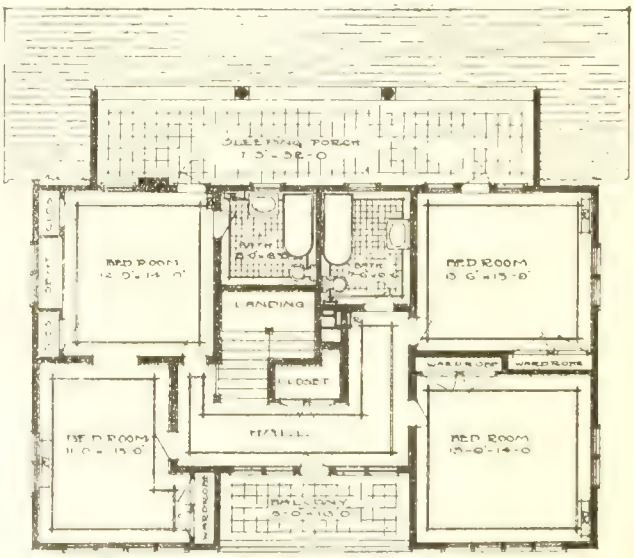
waterproofing compound—thus serving the two purposes with one application.

HOUSE No. 113, designed for a corner plot, has a most interesting roof. The main rafters end at the plate and may be made of spruce, hemlock or any inexpensive wood, while the exposed rafter ends are of yellow pine. These are placed directly over the main rafters, starting about 3 feet back of the plate and so milled as to be perfectly flat where exposed; they also serve to break the straight line of the roof. The chimney is carried up full size and, being in the center of the house, forms an interesting ending for the four corners of the roof. The rough red slate and the various colors of dull red, gray and blue of the split field stone make a beautiful combination of color and rustic effect. The two balconies and the various groups of windows, the broad veranda with its cement floor and the end flower boxes which serve at the same time as screens, complete the exterior features.

In the layout of the rooms we have had in mind the particular requirements of a family living in the suburbs. The entrance is through a vestibule, in which is located the coat closet. The large living room, den or workroom, dining room, kitchen and laundry with rear veranda, are on the first floor. On the second floor are four large bedrooms and bath. This house is heated with a Craftsman fireplace-furnace. The living room, dining room and two rear bedrooms are heated by warm air, while the other rooms have hot-water heat supplied from the fireplace-furnace.

We have located the laundry on the first floor, as it will serve as a summer kitchen during the hot days and also is a suitable place for preparing vegetables, canning of fruit, etc. The rear porch may be screened for use as an open-air dining room in the summer, and the screens can be replaced with sash, and used as a sun room during the winter months.

The floors throughout the house are of maple, the trim of the first story being of chestnut and the second gumwood. The treatment of these woods is most interesting, and is a subject we believe less understood than any other connected with house building. A weak solution of vinegar and iron rust is first applied to the maple; after this has developed, two coats of shellac should be applied and sandpapered, then a coat of liquid wax or wood finish is applied. This produces a beautiful gray-brown color of neutral tone and is per-



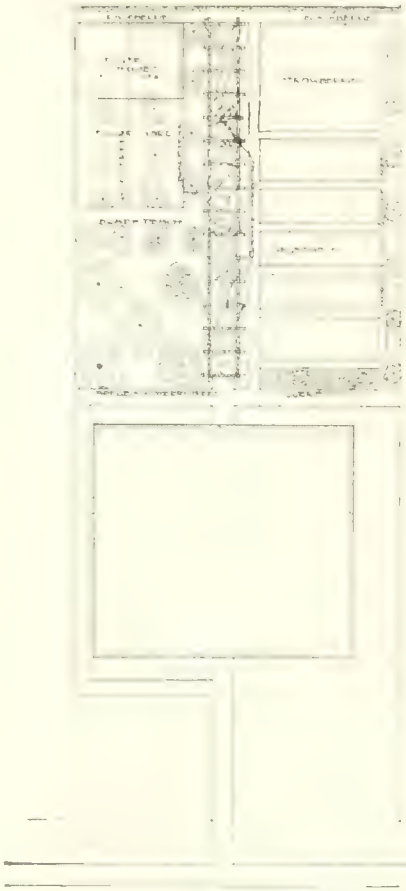
HOUSE NO. 114 SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

manent. The chestnut is finished to a nut brown color, by applying one coat of stain, which contains at once the finish and the stain. One coat of the same stain is applied to the gumwood with green stain instead of brown as the predominant color. This gives a beautiful two-toned effect of brown and green. The plastered walls are finished with the same stain, varying, of course, the colors to suit one's own taste, and the walls can be decorated, as shown in the interior illustration, by stenciling. A touch of individuality can be given the house, by the owner designing his own motif in decoration, and having stencils made at small cost.

HOUSE No. 114, while planned for a middle lot, is even more interesting than the design for the corner plot. The exterior of this house is of the same materials as House No. 113 and is treated in the same way, but the designs are so different that they may be built on adjoining lots and be in perfect harmony. The recessed porches on the front and the large sleeping balcony on the rear are interesting exterior features. The floor plans are worked out with the idea of economy in space, and yet nothing has been sacrificed in comfort or convenience. In this case the living room and dining room are separated by the entry; no vestibule has been provided, as the entrance door is well protected by the recessed porch. The coat closet and stairs are located in the entry, and the fireplace is screened from view by bookshelves built in between the supporting posts of the overhead beams.

As a matter of economy in piping, the chimney, where the Craftsman fireplace-furnace is used, is located as near the center of the house as possible. This entire house can be properly heated with warm air, or as we have shown, the living room, main bath and the upper hall may be heated with warm air, and the other rooms with hot water, both being supplied from the fireplace. With either method the fireplace-furnace will supply sufficient fresh air to ventilate the house properly with doors and windows closed.

The large living room is open on three sides; it has a direct opening on the rear veranda, and with its built-in bookcases and seat makes a most delightful and commodious room for all seasons of the year. The den or workroom communicates directly



HOUSE NO. 114 [illegible] PLAN.

with the living room and rear veranda, and here, too, built-in bookcases and a desk add to comfort and coziness. Ample closet and pantry room are provided in the kitchen, and a built-in ice box with outside door for putting in ice is planned. The laundry is entirely open, being arranged so that it may be screened in the summer and glazed in the winter. This also serves as a summer kitchen and, since the heating plant is located in the fireplace, the cellar may be omitted entirely, or if excavated, will be an excellent place for the storage of fruits and vegetables.

The recessed balcony built in under the roof is a delightful addition to the rooms on the second floor. Two of the bedrooms are arranged so that they may be used *en suite*, with a private bath. Another bath has been provided and is accessible from the hall, and the rooms on both sides communi-

[illegible] porch. The porch is built onto the rear roof in the form of a dormer, the ends being left closed as a screen. The rear wall is entirely open, the roof being supported on posts.

Maple floors are used throughout the house, with plain oak as the trim for the first floor, and red gumwood for the second floor. Walls and ceilings are plastered, being finished without plaster of Paris, and troweled down to a smooth surface with a steel trowel. By finishing the plaster in this way it dries out to soft gray color and shows almost the texture of a sand finish. A thin coat of stain brushed over forms a beautiful background for stenciling or other methods of hand decoration.

The selection of woods for interior trim in these two houses is merely suggestive. The owner should make use of native woods to the fullest possible extent. A great many varieties of woods are used for trim and almost every section has one or more native woods suitable for interiors.

Oak, ash, chestnut, cypress, birch, maple, gum pine and redwood are most generally used. The woods of strong fiber, such as ash, oak, chestnut and cypress are best suited for living room, dining room, hall, den or those rooms subjected to more or less hard usage. Those of finer texture and less decided markings are better suited for bedrooms, or those rooms which would require a daintier style of furnishing. Any of these woods may be used and if properly stained and finished to bring out their sturdy individuality and beauty, will blend with and add a charm to the decorations of the rooms, quite impossible to secure with painted surfaces. They will produce an effect of completeness which does away with the need of elaborate decoration and furnishing, and make for simplicity in the house.

THE OPEN HEARTH FIRE: BY STANLEY S. COVERT

THE genuine hearth fire,—not a bunch of imitation logs made of iron and asbestos with a sickly blue gas flame, but honest oak or birch sticks blazing on the andirons,—how cheery it is and how reminiscent of the camp-fire you enjoyed last summer on the lake shore or beside the trout stream, when the evening air grew chilly. It appeals to something elemental in human nature and so, although architectural styles may change and many improvements may and will be made in house construction, the fireplace will retain its place in the hearts of all true home builders for many generations to come.

The comfort and joy of an open hearth fire need not be regarded as a luxury, beyond the reach of the modest house builder; it is within the reach of anyone who can afford to build a house at all. For you must have at least one chimney and that can be planned so as to give at least one fireplace, say in the living room or dining room, and in either or both of these rooms it is of great value, not only in giving the room a homelike and substantial effect and a charm that is perhaps indefinable but very real, but it also is important as a ventilator and equalizer of temperature. Always at work, whether there is a fire in the fireplace or not, it is drawing out from the lower part of the room the colder and more impure air and replacing it with the warmer air from the upper part of the room. It is true that to do this it must draw in as much air as it exhausts, and it will do this; it will assist the warm air to enter from the register if the room is heated from a warm-air furnace.

Have a fireplace in one or two of the bedrooms if possible. In case of sickness it will be invaluable as a ventilator and during convalescence the cheery glow and warmth of the fire will afford interest and diversion for the invalid during long and weary hours.

Have a fireplace that will not smoke. This may seem a difficult thing, as the art of building fireplaces is largely unknown to the builders of today. But the architect knows, or should know, that to make a successful fireplace is merely a matter of the proper fashioning of throat and smoke chamber and the right proportioning of the flue to the fireplace opening. It is a good plan when building a fireplace, to provide it with a damper for the control of the draft and ventilation; there may be times also when it is desirable to shut off the draft altogether and the damper will enable you to do this any time it may be necessary.

In the treatment or design of the fireplace let simplicity rule. The charm of the fireplace is the fire and its associations; therefore, it should look its purpose, which is to burn logs, and the andirons should be of a substantial design of wrought-iron or brass. It is a mistake to make the fireplace or mantel overelaborate, and the simple examples of our own Colonial period are good models to follow.

DR NICHOLS' COTTAGE, AS SEEN FROM THE LAKE.

A SUMMER HOME OF STONE AND CONCRETE: BY M. E. N.

WHEN we decided to build a summer home, we found it necessary to come to another decision at once—where should it be built? We wanted to change from salt air, so it must be inland, but whether in the woods, the mountains, or just "country" had still to be determined. The mountains lured, and the charm of a certain mountain lake in particular almost forced our favor, but one consideration turned the balance against it. Beautiful as the surroundings were, the high altitude and dense forest made it practically impossible to raise either vegetables or flowers there. Next to seeing a child grow, there is nothing more fascinating than to watch the growth of a plant of one's own planting. We decided for the "open country."

The place actually selected was a large lot, 190x200 feet, on the shores of a beautiful inland lake, in a fruit and farming section. The altitude, while only about 700 feet, was a decided change from sea level. There was a gorge on one side of the lot with a thick growth of trees and a fringe along the water front of willows, elms, oaks, locusts and walnuts. The rest of the lot was a steep sloping meadow. We planted fruit and shade trees at once. It is said that New York State alone has eighteen hundred small lakes. Locations like ours can be found throughout the State, and can be obtained at reasonable prices. Many can be leased for long periods, if one does not care to buy.

The lot secured, we began to plan our home. Oh, the delight of planning it! Here should be the big window with its ample cushioned seat, just where the view of the long sweep up the lake was the loveliest! There should be the fireplace, with the inglenook and the built-in bookcase beside it! Even the kitchen was a fascinating problem in plumbing and convenient closets.

When we had decided just how we wanted the house, we submitted our plans to a competent architect to make sure that they were practicable, to find out the probable expense, to have suggestions in regard to proportions, and to have definite work-

COVER

ing plans made. Let me, here and now, pay my tribute of gratitude to that architect. She—it was *she*—with a skill and interest that made us forever her debtor, developed our crude drawings into working plans without robbing us of one cherished nook or cubby hole; kept the expense down to our possible figure, and gave us plans that local workmen were able to follow. With these excellent plans, it was possible to employ a local builder, which greatly reduced the expense. The workmen in rural districts are usually men of much greater intelligence than those who [illegible] on the city where the division of labor is more strictly enforced, while their wages are about half as much as those demanded by the city workmen. Then, too, they take a personal interest in the work, and not being bound by cast-iron contracts, will make small changes in the plan, if desired to do so, and even suggest changes as a result of their experience, to the advantage of the owner.

We had decided to build in the English cottage style, and stone and plaster (cement) were the materials needed. We felt that these materials had many advantages over wood. The soft grays and browns lend themselves delightfully to the green of grass and trees; vines may climb up the side of such a house without fear of rot or dampness, and the walls are impervious alike to summer's heat and to winter's cold. While it makes an ideal summer home, it can be made an all-the-year-round dwelling at comparatively little extra expense, and this was a consideration of weight in selecting it.

Instead, however, of covering the whole surface with plaster, we built to the top of the first story doors and windows with stone. This was not quarried stone, or even boulders, or cobbles; it was a flat glacial limestone, which, when laid up "dry"—that is with no pointing or mortar appearing on the surface—has exactly the effect of the stonework seen in the English Lake regions. This stone was drawn from the neighboring fields, and cost 85 cents per perch, measured in the wall. The great pillars supporting the porch and the outside chimney were also of this unhewn stone.

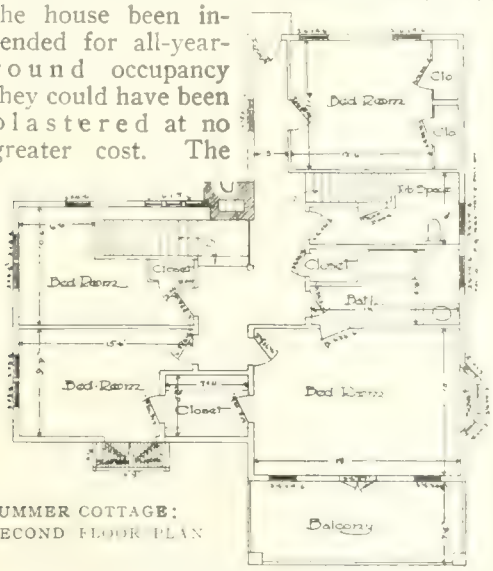
The upper walls of the house are of concrete plaster on wire lath. The half-timbered effect is made by a wooden framework. Under the porches, however, there are some walls of solid concrete, and where the timbers supporting these walls appear on the surface they are honest half-timbers.

Concrete is the most adaptable of building materials, for, though as solid as native stone when hardened, it is perfectly mobile when first mixed, and, consequently, can be

CONSTRUCTION DETAIL OF THE COTTAGE.

used in a great variety of ways. In our house it was used for the hearthstone, the doorstep, the porch rail, and all the many steps necessitated by the location of the house on a side hill. Where it was necessary to have a retaining wall it was built of concrete and rubble, which was left from the house wall. It is as substantial as native rock and overgrown with vines and banked with flowers is a thing of beauty as well. A spring of delicious water, which was struck in digging the cellar, was piped into a concrete tank.

On the inside of the house the plaster was put directly upon the stone wall and has not collected dampness, or become discolored. The upper rooms are ceiled and the wood is oiled and finished in the natural color. Had the house been intended for all-year-round occupancy they could have been plastered at no greater cost. The

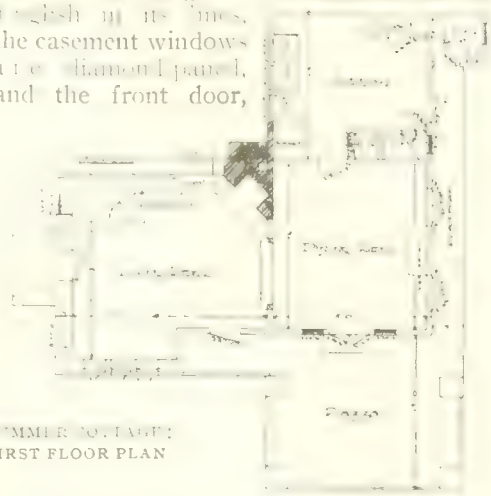


SUMMER COTTAGE: SECOND FLOOR PLAN

woodwork in the lower part of the house is stained a soft green, while the ceiling overhead is gray, with boxed beams, stained brown.

As the stone wall does not rise the whole of the first story, but only to the tops of the doors and windows, it forms a broad ledge inside the living room about eight feet from the floor. So far from being a blemish, this is one of the attractive features of the house. On the side over the long window-seat it is boxed in and forms cubby holes for pillows and magazines, but on the other sides of the room it remains a broad shelf, and is decorated with bits of pewter, brass and quaint old china. The thickness of the stone wall—eighteen inches—makes the main windows deeply recessed, and these recesses are made into cushioned window seats.

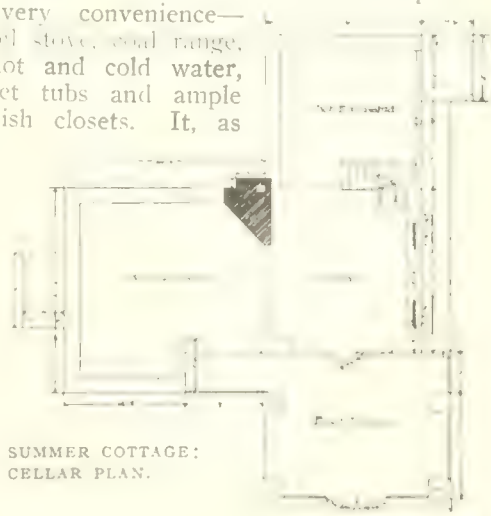
As the cottage is English in its lines, the casement windows are diamond paned, and the front door,



SUMMER COTTAGE: FIRST FLOOR PLAN

which is really at the side as the house fronts the lake, opens directly on the ground in true English fashion. Inside, the rooms, though few in number, are large and convenient. The living room is twenty feet square, and the dining room, which is raised by two shallow steps above the living room and separated from it only by half-partitions, is fifteen feet square. There is a fireplace in the corner of the living room next to the dining room, which is flanked on one side by the inglenook, on the other by the built-in bookcases of our earliest dreams. The stairs go up from another corner, and a large window with its cosily cushioned seat fills an entire side of the room.

Both the living and dining rooms open upon a large porch, the latter by French windows. The kitchen is fitted up with every convenience—oil stove, coal range, hot and cold water, set tubs and ample dish closets. It, as



SUMMER COTTAGE: CELLAR PLAN.

well as all the rest of the house, is lighted with electricity. It is, of course, not always possible to have running water and electricity in a country house, but we were fortunate enough to be within reach of both.

On the second floor are four roomy bedrooms, each with a comfortable closet, cross ventilation and a view of the water from at least one window; two of the bedrooms open on balconies. There are two bathrooms, each fitted with porcelain tub, seat and washbowl. There is also a good-sized storeroom, and a roomy garret furnishes extra space for storing things and tempers the summer heat.

"And what," [illegible] "did it cost?" Its actual cost was about three thousand dollars, but that statement needs explanation. Our original plan was to have a boathouse under the cottage. This necessitated a deep excavation as the slope of the hill was sharp at this point. During the excavation springs and quicksand were found, and the expense greatly increased. This in turn necessitated a wall of unusual thickness, which also added considerably to the expense. It is, therefore, fair to say that the house alone cost less than twenty-five hundred dollars.

THE PRINCE AND THE MIGNONETTE

THE Prince was to visit the garden and choose his bride from among the flowers. Great were the preparations for his coming. Pansies shone brighter, Lilies grew whiter, Hollyhocks stood on tiptoe, Tuberoses were dizzy with fragrance.

Little Mignonette, knowing there was no possibility of the Prince noticing her among the gay company of court beauties, made no especial effort, but hurried here and there, helping all the others to perfect their beauty.

When the Prince arrived, each flower stood in her allotted space, conscious of her beauty, well satisfied with face and form. The Prince admired, but did not choose. A whiff of perfume, sweet and haunting, stayed his searching step.

"Show me the flower of exquisite sweetness," commanded the Prince. But before the shy, modest little Mignonette could be brought before the Prince, he had flown to her, and bowing low, said:

"Thou art sweet, oh, wondrous sweet. Thou art lovely beyond compare. Wilt thou come and dwell with me?"

THE NEW DAHLIA: ITS DEVELOPMENT, BEAUTY AND METHOD OF GROWTH: BY GRACE ASPINWALL

THE dahlia is now the greatest rival of the chrysanthemum and quite as much interest centers about it as about the lovely Japanese flower, like which it is an abnormal development of an unprepossessing and insignificant blossom. But the dahlia stands all by itself when it comes to susceptibility and adaptability, for no flower known to horticultural science will so readily respond to the devices of mankind or reflect so many wonderful colors that are entirely foreign to its original tones. In fact, the dahlia has been made to bloom in every known color, with almost magical variations and vagaries. It shows the same responsive nature in the matter of form, and from a small single-petaled blossom it has become a wonder of multitudinous petals of many shapes and arrangements. It responds so

THE JACQUES WELLER OF SHOW DAHLIA

quickly to the designs of man that there seems to be no end to the strange and mysterious things that can be done with this flower.

Its development has aroused more interest of late years than that of any other blossom among amateur horticulturists, for its changing aspects are a fascinating study, and those who start out quite mildly as dahlia

GROWING DAHLIAS AGAINST TRELLISES

growers become so enchanted with the "intelligence" of the flower that they soon become eager and ardent cultivators.

Dahlia societies have been formed all over the world, and one of the largest and most interesting is in Boston. It is called the New England Dahlia Society, and each year its dahlia exhibit at Horticultural Hall in Boston is a sight to interest even the most listless spectator.

This flower is what may be called a new flower, though it has been so long a decoration of old-fashioned gardens. It is native to Central America and Mexico, and to no other region of the world. It was taken to Europe in 1802, and was named after the Swedish botanist Dahl. In its native state it is invariably small, single and of a dull red color with a dull yellow center and it is from this unprepossessing blossom that all the recent Arabian Nights' wonder of bloom and glory of color have come.

THE DECORATIVE DAHLIA.

When the dahlia was introduced into France in the early part of the nineteenth century it was made double and for ever so many years it remained the same chubby flower, scarcely larger than a silver dollar in size, with "little, round, stupid petals carved out of soap in regular pompons," as Maeterlinck describes it, and revealing but half-dozen colors. But about ten years ago

[illegible] CHRYSANTHEMUM DAHLIA

horticulturists commenced to experiment with the dahlia in earnest, and it responded so willingly that the experimenters were enchanted. Then the great world wide interest in the flower was started, and now it would be almost impossible to enumerate the tones and tints and shadings that have been made to gleam from its petals. The petals themselves are no longer merely "round stupid things carved from soap," but are so varied and so strange that seeing some of the new dahlias for the first time one would never suspect their humble ancestry. They have been made to grow like a chrysanthemum, like the flower of the cactus, like daisies, like geraniums and cosmos; they are black and fawn, blue and purple, green and gray, and again of such strange, freakish mixtures and variations that the effect is like the work of man and not of Nature. Some appear with each wonderful petal tinted just on the edge with a vivid line of color, others are streaked with lines, or again blotched in such a way that the flower looks as if it had been splashed with dye.

There is no end to these extraordinary effects, and at each exhibition there is regularly a freak department where the tricks that the flowers play are displayed, for these developments are not always the design of man, but often the whims of the flowers themselves, which appear to be mischievous and prankish for the amusement of mankind.

Dahlias are now divided into six classes or types, and are so exhibited. They are Show dahlias, Decorative dahlias, Cactus dahlias, Pompon or Lilliputian dahlias, Semi-double dahlias and Single dahlias, and the Single class is divided into the Collarette, the Anemone and Giant-flowering, all of which are singularly attractive.

The Show dahlia is large and ball-shaped, with quilled and fluted petals. The blossoms average from three to four inches in diameter, and to be perfect must not show the center.

The Pompon dahlia is like the Show dahlia, except that it is smaller, a perfect flower being not larger than a fifty-cent piece.

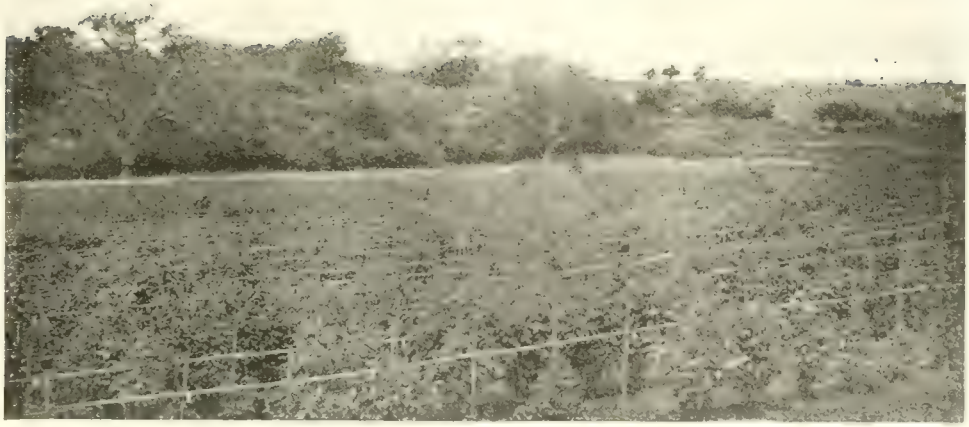
The Cactus dahlia is star-shaped, with long, narrow petals which are sometimes fluted and sometimes twisted. It resembles the chrysanthemum and has more varieties than any other form.

The Decorative dahlia is a form between the Cactus and the Show dahlia. It has flat petals, some long and some sharp and pointed. This is a rather new type, and has the largest flower of any. The variety known as Fireburst often measures ten inches in diameter. The only lavender dahlia is found

THE W. W. RAWSON DAHLIA.

in this class. It is called the "W. W. Rawson" and has a distinct new color and formation.

The Collarette dahlia is an interesting new variety. It is single and a dark red, with a yellow disk surrounded by a row of



A GARDEN OF DAHLIAS UNDER INTENSIVE CULTIVATION.

very small white petals, which has the appearance of a collar.

The Anemone-flowered dahlia and the Giant Single are two more interesting varieties, but the latest and most beautiful introduction is the Holland peony dahlia, the plants of which grow six feet or more in height and bear gigantic long-stemmed flowers.

Within the last year something new has been discovered in connection with the dahlia, and this is that the bulb or tuber forms a delicious and nutritious food staple. It is now being grown for this purpose and some very up-to-date hotels already have dahlias served on the menu.

The flavor of the tuber as a vegetable is warm and spicy, resembling a radish as nearly as anything, only it is more substantial, and may be eaten either cooked, or raw in salad form; when cooked it is usually fried in olive oil or butter with a little curry powder added at the last. It is very tempting. Thus it will be seen that a great garden of glorious flowers may be raised during the summer and in the autumn when the flowers are faded, the tubers may be gathered as an additional vegetable crop.

The variety, however, which is best grown for food is the common, red, single dahlia, for although the bulbs of the more beautiful varieties are quite as desirable for food, they would be too expensive for table purposes. When they are grown as vegetables they should be planted from seed, the bulbs will then be ready for gathering as early as August.

It is rumored that a delicious cordial can be distilled from the flowers, and that it will retain the color of the variety from which it is made.

The New England Dahlia Society, which is the most active in the world, and gives the most interesting exhibitions, was founded in November, 1906, with twenty charter members; it now numbers nearly a thousand, with increasing membership.

Mr. Henry F. Burt is the President. The Society publishes a monthly magazine, called *The Dahlia News,* which is given over entirely to the subject of this one flower.

The dahlia craze has now attracted so much public attention and there is such a market for the bulbs and seeds that many women have of late taken up dahlia growing as a livelihood. It is one of the simplest and easiest methods of making money as well as one which may be delightful pastime. It is so easy to create new forms and colors that any grower is apt to become an enthusiast. By simple methods of disbudding, pruning and fertilizing one may get remarkable results, and it is not unusual to find from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty perfect flowers on a single plant at one time, so prolific is the dahlia as a bloomer. The flowers are very lasting, even more so than the chrysanthemum, and they are now being eagerly sought for decorative purposes.

The seeds when gathered in the fall should be carefully dried, then sown about March first in the house. A little later, if possible, they should be transplanted into a cold frame in small pots, and the sash lifted during the day to make the plants more hardy. These plants should be set outdoors about May fifteenth, and by a careful treat-

ment of water and mulching every one of the plants started from seeds should flower the first season, often as early as August fifteenth. The result of such planting is most surprising. Not only will the seeds gathered from a single variety produce different colors with almost every plant, but also different types.

In planting dahlias, people often make the mistake of allowing too many sprouts to grow on a single root. It is well to start the root before it is put into the ground, and just as soon as the different eyes appear the root should be cut up so that each tuber will have but a single eye. The root should be placed in a hole or trench four inches deep, but no manure should be put into the soil at planting time, or, in fact, at any time during the spring.

After the plant appears the soil should be stirred at least twice a week throughout the season. Only one stalk should be allowed to grow, and all leaves appearing up to a height of a foot should be removed in order to allow a free circulation of air at the base of the plants. If a bush form is desired, pinch out the main stalk when it is fifteen inches high, but it is better to allow the plant to grow in the natural way and to prune out extra growth.

Disbudding is not absolutely necessary, but will help to increase the size of the flowers. Disbudding means to allow only a single bud on each flowering stem to mature.

Dahlias may be had late into October if the plants are protected from frost. Many growers erect tents which can be closed over the flowers at night; others protect the plants during the night with smoke created by burning sawdust saturated with kerosene.

I know of a bed of chrysanthemum dahlias that grew in one season to a height of at least eight feet. They could almost be seen growing as they so quickly uplifted their stems, unfolded their leaves and shook out their many-hued marvelously varied blos-

And now that we have the heavy lead "turtles" to put in the bottom of a vase, as a balance and support to their heavy weight, we can arrange them beautifully in the house, so that they can glow from mantel or table, with their suggestion of memorable

The dahlia is essentially the busy person's flower. It is so easily grown, so prolific in bloom and so decorative in room or garden.

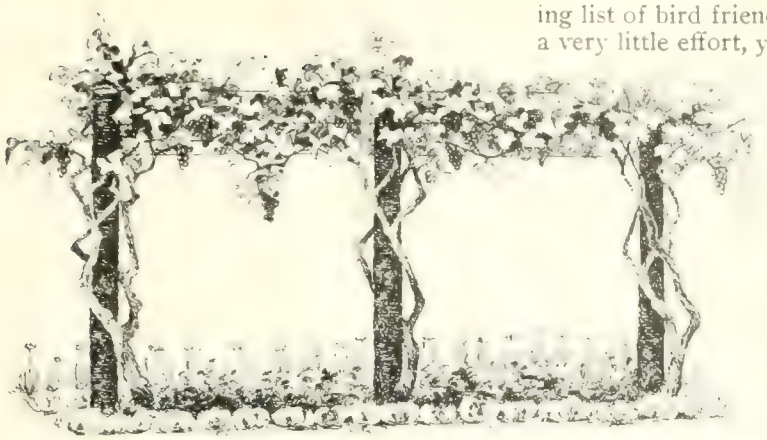
SOME PRACTICAL IDEAS FOR BEAUTY MAKING IN A KITCHEN GARDEN

TO enjoy fully a garden, one must have a hand in the making of it. First comes the desire for one in the heart, then the vision or plan of it in the mind, then the actual working out of it with the hands. The labor of creating a garden ceases, in a great measure, to be considered labor, if one has a beautiful ideal of one to be worked out, detail by detail.

TABLE FOR BIRDS, OUT OF REACH OF THEIR

To make a kitchen garden a thing of beauty, instead of merely a designless patch of ground, at once endows the work of it with an especial pleasure. Plan the savory garden near the kitchen door, so the housewife can gather the parsley to garnish her dishes, the mints for the dressing or the thyme for the soup, without having to make a long and perhaps a very sunny trip to a distant garden.

A trellis can be constructed over the well curb large enough to allow a small bed of water-cress to be grown in the cool, moist corners of it. This enclosure can be used to support blackberry vines (and it is im-



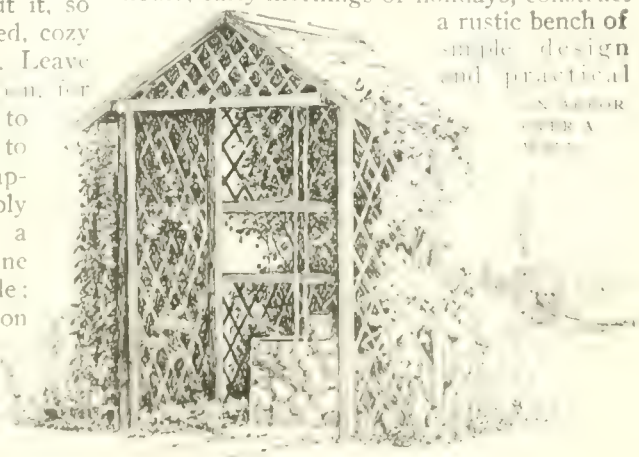
A DECORATIVE GRAPE ARBOR WITH FLOWERS PLANTED FROM POST TO POST

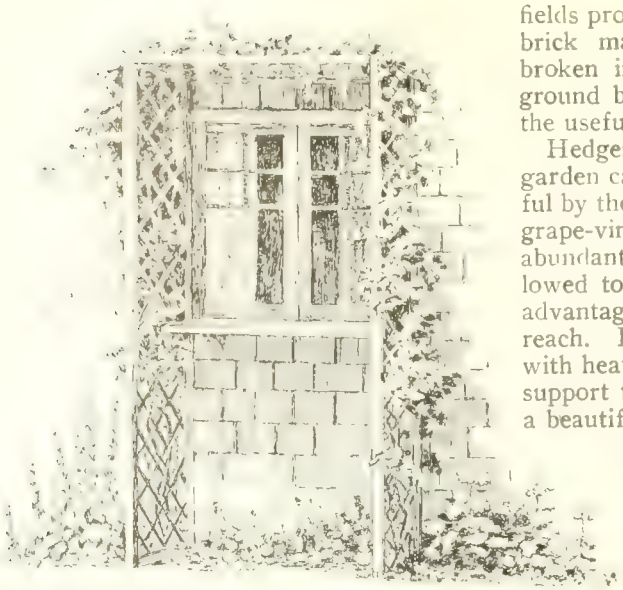
possible to find a more decorative covering), instead of the usual flowering vine. Or the dense-foliaged lima bean could be made to do service on the sunny side, providing food as well as grateful shade. With summer-savory, thyme, parsley, sage and the various mints bordering the trellis-house, each on the sunny or shady side as required for their best growth, and water-cress in the interior where it finds the coolness it loves and where it can be easily watered, one has a fragrant, beautiful and exceeding useful and convenient garden to gladden the heart of those who spend long hours in the kitchen.

Within sight of the outdoor dining porch, make a table for the birds. Build it around a tree, with the supports well inside the edge of the table, so that the prowling cat can not climb up to it. And place it just beyond the possibility of a bold spring of this bird enemy. Plant vines about it, so that the birds will have the sheltered, cozy sense that makes them feel at home. Leave branches near for them to perch upon, for seldom will they make a direct flight to their tempting feast, preferring to make cautious explorations and to approach the new source of supply gradually. Hang a bit of suet or a meat-bone to a branch; scatter fine grains and bread crumbs on the table; place a shallow basin with water on one corner, and you will have the pleasure of adding the hermit thrush, fox-sparrow, thrasher, kinglet, chickadee and many others to your calling list of bird friends. With a little effort, a very little effort, you can have the delightful experience of feeling their scratchy little claws closing around your fingers while they eat butter from the top of a piece of bread in your hand.

A way to beautify your house as well as your garden is to shade the too sunny window with a trellis, instead of the ugly, conspicuous, striped awning usually used. The vines can be of hops, which grow luxuriantly, thus giving heavy shade as well as offering, through the window, a graceful suggestion for a table decoration in its beautiful green, pendant clusters of blossoms. Or the grape may be persuaded to climb over the trellis and exhale its incomparable fragrance of blossom and fruit, delighting the soul of the dweller in the house, as fully as the song of birds. Flowers which do not thrive under open skies, will find a place to their liking in this shady spot.

The pleasure of a walk through the woods is enhanced if the thought of one's garden is dwelling like a pleasant secret in the corner of one's mind. The wild growing things can be made to add grace to the home, if given a suitable surrounding. On your walk, select here and there a birch, alder or hickory from a group of too closely growing trees, so that the cutting of it will benefit instead of spoiling the group, and in odd hours, early mornings or holidays, construct a rustic bench of simple design and practical





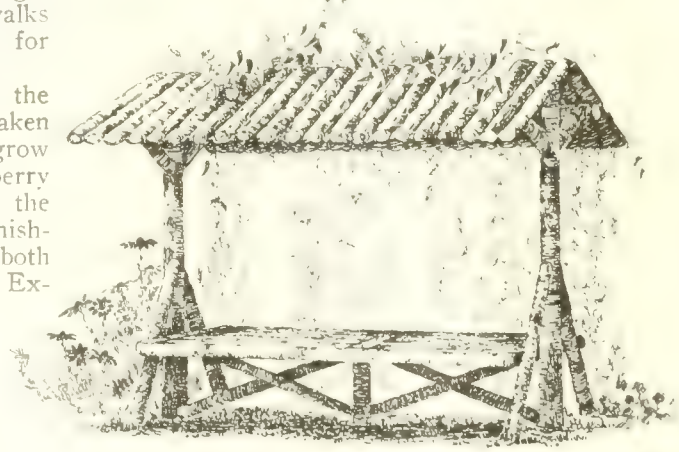
A WINDOW ARBOR INSTEAD OF AN AWNING.

lines. Transfer the wild convolvulus and wild cucumber vine to one side of this bench, so that they will make a curtain, as it were, from the too penetrating rays of the sun. Bring home from the walk a trillium, a fringed gentian, Dutchman's pipe or any of the many exquisite flowers and ferns to be found in all woods, and transplant them near this seat. Partridge berries will make a close-growing carpet under the bench of fascinating design, color and texture. This makes an ideal sewing or reading nook full of memories of past pleasant walks and rich in suggestive ideas for future work.

Very few people know that the meadow mushroom can be taken from the fields and made to grow down the rows of the strawberry patch without interfering with the growth of the berries, thus furnishing many a meal with a dish both appetizing and nourishing. Examine the ground for several inches around a well identified mushroom and it will be seen to be permeated with a fine, white threadlike growth which is mycellium, the spawn from which mushrooms are grown. Transfer this mycellium-intersected earth to the strawberry patch and year after year it will grow and spread until it will prove a substantial part of the bed. If the hunt for this mycellium in the fields proves too slow, spawn in the form of brick may be purchased at slight cost, broken into small pieces and set into the ground between the plants and thus hurry the usefulness of the bed.

Hedges to divide the flower and vegetable garden can be made both useful and beautiful by the judicious planting and training of grape-vines. A grape-vine will bear as abundantly trained horizontally, as if allowed to run riot over an arbor, with the advantage of having the fruit within easy reach. Rustic posts set well in the ground, with heavy wire strung from post to post to support the weight of the vines, will prove a beautiful solution of the problem of fencing a garden as well as a pleasing example of economy of space. Lettuce, radishes, young onions can be grown in the strip of ground required for the placing of the posts and vines, before the leaves of the vines are full enough to interfere with their growth. Swiss chard, a comparatively little known but excellent variety of greens, will flourish in this bit of ground during the summer and fall until the frosts are severe enough to send the garden to its winter's rest.

A row of nasturtiums makes a suitable connecting link between the flower and vegetable garden. It not only provides the brilliant, decorative note of color that we expect from a flower, but it has also a certain right to a place among the vegetables. For its stem, finely shredded, gives spicy flavor to a salad or picnic sandwich, and its fruit makes a most acceptable and novel shaped pickle.



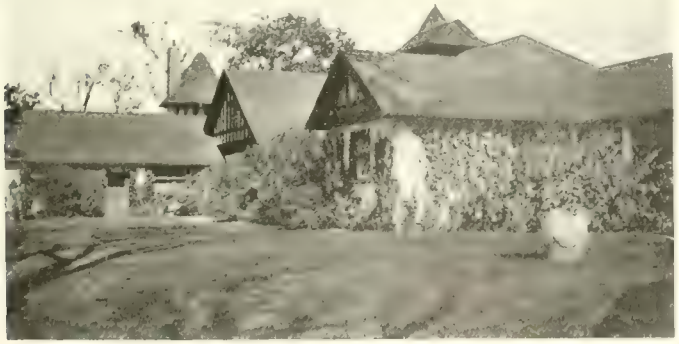
A PICTURESQUE GARDEN SEAT

PLANTING AROUND THE HOUSE: VINES AND SHRUBS

COACHMAN'S COTTAGE ON THE ELISON ESTATE STERLINGTON, N. Y.; ALFRED HOPKINS, ARCHITECT SHRUBS FOLLOWING LINE OF BUILDING.

THERE is nothing so bleak and bare and barren, no matter how rich in architectural decoration, as a dwelling apart from some touch of plant life. On the other hand, nothing can be more distressing than heedless planting around the house, an ill-chosen vegetable collection that constitutes no harmonious relationship between itself and other factors of the premises. The English cottage has always suggested to the mind's eye the very epitome of pastoral delights, dependent, when we come to think of it, not so much upon quaint architectural conceptions as upon our memory of the delightful doorway gardens, vine-clad walls, rose-hidden porches and tiny walks fringed with sweet william and candytuft. The English cottager indeed, has always seemed ready to meet his problems; even more than that,—possessed of a veritable genius for borrowing Nature's fairest decorations to enhance the beauty of his own house.

Now, however much we may find ourselves inspired by English ideas of planting around the house, we have problems of our own to meet,—atmospheric conditions and the like,—and must create our own solutions, as we seem to be doing with wonderful success over here. For instance, we have discovered for ourselves that light and air are essential to proper living in every dwelling and that these things must not be sacrificed to others. No longer do we encourage by overluxuriant growths the shading of already gloomy rooms, nor do we encourage rank shrubbery and untrimmed tree-branches to foster damp. Nevertheless we have learned the economy of effects, and if we have had to move a huge syringa bush from just in front of our cellar window, we can substitute for it a nice feathery spiræa that will exclude sunlight and which yet will give us just the note we wish at this point in the home landscape. Again, if we have found the rank luxuriance of the Virginia creeper too obtrusive for beauty, we can turn to the Boston ivy with its wonderful surface spreading qualities combined with its lightness of covering,—an easy grower in sunlight and shade.



THE JAMES SPLYER FARM BUILDING; ALFRED HOPKINS, ARCHITECT: PLANTING AGAINST CONCRETE WALLS

This matter of vines is almost the first that suggests itself to one thinking of planting around the house to enhance architectural effects. The Boston ivy (*Ampolopsis tricuspidata* or *A. Veitchi*) above mentioned will thrive in almost any soil and forms an ideal vine of fan-spreading growth for covering whole walls or for introducing notes of color in green patches. It is particularly lovely in small patches against the walls of cement houses, or when grown more profusely against brick and stone walls. For city houses the Boston ivy has become the greatest favorite, as it seems to survive smoke and dust and cramping.

Probably there is no plant more abused by improper planting than the vine. Even

THE [illegible] FARM BARNS, ALFRED HOPKINS, ARCHITECT: SHRUBS AND VINES ABOUT THE HOUSE

Nature in her jungle-planting is careful not to produce the *effect* of too many sorts of vines at one spot, whereas, we too often see a large number of different vines brought together without discretion, which destroys the artistic effect of the use of any portion of them and immediately suggests a botanical garden. The great danger is *overplanting* in vines,—in setting them out in every nook and corner until a house seems in a jungle. The clematis (*Clematis paniculata*) for instance, is in itself a most lovely vine for the small porch at all seasons, but more than two vines in connection with it would destroy its distinction.

Whatever one plants—and each will select the plants he likes best—the home builder should take into account the climate his vines must face in winter. He will stop to think, in selecting tender vines, whether or no it is worth while to have the enjoyment of them in summer at the cost of a front porch covered all winter with fantastic forms of straw, very entertaining to little birds, it is true, but not a particularly cheery feature in a landscape. Probably, upon reflection, the vine-grower who lives, let us say, in northern Michigan, will choose for his summer shade a hardy vine, that will withstand the winter's stress with unbundled dignity. Among these he will find the shrub-topped vines such as the old-time favorite woodbine (*Ampelopsis quinquefolia*) worth considering. In passing, a word must be said in defense of one of the loveliest vines we have, the hop (*Humulus Lupulus*), an annual that has suffered the indignity of neglect far too long. There is not a vine known to horticulturists of more vigorous grace and exquisite form and color. It is a perfect post vine. Of the shrub-topped vines, by which is meant those that are hardy and bring forth leaves on the old stems year after year, a few especially worth recommending are English ivy, wistaria, trumpet creeper, honeysuckle, wild grape, clematis, akebia, euonymus, Virginia creeper, and the false bittersweet (*Celastrus scandens*). Among those vines whose tops die down with the severity of Northern winters, to spring forth with each new season, and annuals that have to be seeded from season to season, the morning-glory, hop, Thunbergia, moonflower, scarlet runner, and moonseed may be recommended. Such vines as the large flowered clematis, *C. Jackmani,* with purple blossom and *C. Henryi,* with its creamy white blossoms, give an exquisite bit of color against a plaster wall. The honeysuckles are especially sought for their fragrance, and one could scarcely find better varieties than *Lonicera sempervirens, L. Japonica* and *L. Halliana.* For rapid growers *Akebia quinata* is both useful and sweet-scented. The little-tried *Euonymus radicans* though slow of growth is one of the most beautiful vines for planting around the house, and it has been known to endure a temperature of fifteen degrees below zero without any winter protection.

THE [illegible]SON FARM BUILDINGS: ALFRED HOPKINS, ARCHITECT.

Where the house is placed within a small lot it becomes, as properly it should, the central figure. In planting around it, this fact should always be kept in mind, for, after all, it is the sense of the importance of the house as the *home* that planting should emphasize by adding to its external indi-

viduality the delights Nature can give it. Always strive to plant in such a manner that pleasant vistas from the principal windows will be maintained. In order to do this one must think of the appearance from within as well as from without. The same principle applies to entrances and porches. The illustrations accompanying this article show examples of must successful planting around the house, and bring out the relationship of plant life to architectural structure with happy results.

It often happens that the home builder is fairly successful with the problem of the sunny sides of the house but has met with disappointing failures in his attempts to grow things successfully in shaded spots. After all, this is not so hopeless a matter as he may have come to believe it would be. Indeed it is, nearly always, a question of selection. There are certain plants, however, that one may especially recommend for shaded positions and northerly exposures; in all other exposures plants thrive, under normal conditions, equally well, though best toward the south. Among the vines one recommends for porches with northern exposure are English ivy (*Hedera Helix*), hop (*Humulus Lupulus*), thorn (*Crataegus Lelondi*), honeysuckle (*Lonicera Japonica* var. *Halliana*) and clematis (*C. Virginiana*). Among flowering plants the begonias, gloxinias, fuchsias and saxifrages may always be counted on for shaded places. Salvia, too, thrives in northerly exposures. Among tall-growing perennials, *Stenanthium robustum*, with its panicles of fluffy white blossoms, is an excellent plant against the house in positions where other plants might fail; the same may be said for the polygonium and for the Italian borage. Among the shrubs, the rhododendron, the golden-leaved syringa, the hydrangea (*H. arborscens sterelis*), Indian currant, the snowball (*Viburnum*), the barberry and mountain laurel will find a welcome in shaded places around the house.

Shrubs in general take, next to vines, the chief place in planting around the house. Although most of them are hardy, they should always be afforded some winter protection such as a mulch of the leaves they drop, and very little pruning should be practiced, only those branches clipped in the spring (just before the sap comes into the stems) that seem too obtrusive, though dead wood in shrubbery as in vines should always be kept out. By careful selection one may have the house shrubbery present a succession of bloom successively throughout the season. The following shrubs, for instance would effect this, forsythia (April), lilac (May), spiræa (June), deutzia (July), rhus (August), hydrangea (September) and hamamelis, the well-known witch-hazel (October). Of course, for each of these months this list might be supplemented with other species and varieties, and such shrubs as the Japanese rose, shrubby cinquefoil, sweet pepper, St. John's wort, red root and the *Pieris Mariana* blossom through two months. Lilacs, syringas, the snowball (the *Viburnum plicatum* of the florist), spiræas (especially *S. Van Houttei, S. Thunbergii* and *S. prunifolia*), are all excellent for planting around the city house.

Again there are certain evergreen shrubs —mahonia, azalea, mountain laurel, mountain fetterbush, rhododendron and the dwarf pine (*Pinus montana*) aside from the more formal conifers (such as spruces, balsams, cedars, pines and firs in dwarf forms) that commend themselves to intimate home planting, and still another class of shrubs that go far toward brightening the fall and winter aspect of the dwelling's exterior; these are the fruit (pod) bearing shrubs among which especially to be noted are the barberry, red osier, oleaster, strawberry bush, cornelian cherry, bush honeysuckle, brambles, elder, snowberry, wayfaring tree, high cranberry, mahonia and the buckthorn.

One cannot too strongly emphasize the importance of keeping in mind the landscape gardener's point of view and not merely the horticulturist's when planting around the house; that is to say, every vine, shrub or flower must be selected, placed and trained for its relationship to the whole harmonious scheme, and not be regarded merely as an interesting plant specimen. One might, for instance, love a red geranium and yet put it in exactly the wrong place so far as its relationship to the planting scheme was concerned. Restraint, therefore, and careful thought, too, must always be exercised in every planting problem.

Certain things will in themselves suggest some of the solutions to planting around the house. For instance, ugly foundations are to be hidden, bare walls to be vine-clad, ungainly porches to be adorned, ill-turned pillars to be covered, new vistas created, unpleasant ones screened, and so on. Of course, it cannot all be done at once unless

one has time, energy and assistance in accomplishing transformation; indeed, there are few things more sorrowful about gardening than planning beyond what one can possibly carry out properly. It is better to plant one shrub and bring it to perfect beauty than to plant a dozen which you have to neglect because you cannot give sufficient time to them, or afford to have anyone else care for them. Again, you must remember that once you start a thing the responsibility of its care must rest upon you, and you should be sure that your enthusiasm for your planting will last through the term of its necessities.

Perhaps one of the chief causes for failures in planting around the house rests with the inexperience of home builders in the matter of soils. One cannot expect plants to grow under the pitiless pelting of water dripping from the eaves after even occasional rainfalls. Also plants must never be put too close to a wall and young plants, in the stages of their early growth, often have to be protected from the intense heat reflected by certain sorts of stone and brick foundations exposed to the direct rays of the sun. The soil around the house should be worked deep, and be rich in humus; in fact, the bedding soil for plants around foundations requires even more attention than that out in the open garden, and not left to the chance of rubble conditions. Then one must remember that plants around the house have to be carefully watched to guard against insect pests, and once a leaf or a flower appears to be affected prompt measures should be taken to prevent a spread of the evil. This can be accomplished by spraying with any spraying mixture a reliable nurseryman or horticulturist can furnish at small cost.

After all, almost every house has its own landscape requirements, and good taste in discovering them, patience and perseverance in carrying them out, and enthusiasm for making the home more beautiful season after season will accomplish veritable wonders, and will lend to the happiness of a home to so great an extent that the home builder will never regret the time, thought and care he may have given to the matter of planting around the house.

The value of careful thought to the matter of color in planting around the house is a very important consideration. What to plant against gray walls may, perhaps, be solved by selecting pink-flowering shrubs which, on the other hand, would be quite out of keeping against the walls of a red brick house, however lovely the shrubs might be in themselves. Likewise there are certain shades of green used for exterior painting in frame houses that scarcely permit deep purple clematis against them although the white clematis contrasts with them admirably. Indeed there are few white-flowered plants that do not harmonize or contrast properly with walls of any sort and it is better, when very much in doubt, to select such than to run the risk of placing a plant that will bring forth magenta-colored blossoms against a brown stone foundation or house wall. Finally, thought of the ultimate height plants will reach in their season must be taken when planning for planting around the house.

INTERESTING PLANTING ABOUT THE JAMES THEIMAN HOUSE AT POCANTICO HILLS, N. Y.

BERRIES RAISED ON TRELLISES.

THE FAMILY FRUIT GARDEN: FANCY DESSERT STRAWBERRIES, RASPBERRIES AND BLACKBERRIES, AND HOW TO GROW THEM TO ADVANTAGE: BY W. H. JENKINS

THOSE who buy berries seldom know the taste of the real strawberries, raspberries, etc., and that they may grow in their own garden varieties of the sweetest and highest flavor, which may be allowed to ripen fully before picking. These varieties with ordinary culture are not profitable for the commercial grower, and berries that are shipped must be picked a little green. For most people there is no berry or fruit that can take the place of strawberries, but we cannot have them all summer. Yet after them in season we may by proper cultivation have better raspberries and blackberries than most people have ever eaten. Think of having a large dish of raspberries, Cuthberts (red) and Golden Queen (yellow), that are nearly as large as strawberries, mixed, so that they make a handsome appearance as a dessert fruit, and that are also of the highest quality of the hardy raspberries, and are luscious because left on the canes until ripe! Such berries can be easily digested by delicate and sensitive stomachs, while berries could not be safely eaten which are picked partly ripe, so they will carry well, as are the commercial berries.

The points to work for in growing the ideal strawberry are quality, size, productiveness, hardiness and color. Those who wish to grow strawberries of the highest quality, must expect to find their culture more difficult, as they do not resist disease so well, and do not thrive so well with ordinary culture. Anyone who can grow a good crop of potatoes can grow fair crops of strawberries of the Crescent type, but, with the same culture, strawberries of the Marshall type might be a failure. William Belt, Marshall, President, Bunach and Gandy are the varieties of dessert strawberries I have grown and find most desirable. When fully ripened on the plants these are so sweet they are enjoyed with little or no sugar. When rightly grown they are fairly productive and hardy, large and attractive in color.

In this article I wish to bring out a few principles in strawberry culture upon which all successful work must be based. When planning a new bed of strawberries for home use, I would begin by learning which are the best berries that are being successfully grown in my own or a similar locality, and when I had decided which varieties I wanted, if I could not get them from a neighbor, I would order them from the nearest reliable nursery, in lots of a dozen or fifty, and set the plants in a propagating bed made in my garden where the soil is mellow and fairly rich. If one has no strawberries, it may be well to make a small fruiting bed from nursery plants, that time will not be lost in so doing. I know from an experience of over thirty years, that strong plants freshly dug grown in my own beds and rightly set when the leaves first start in the spring, will every one live and grow almost without check.

I set the plants in rows three feet apart and eighteen inches in the rows, in the propagating bed. A bed a rod or two square should furnish sufficient plants for the family strawberry bed. The first strong

CUTHBERT, GOLDEN QUEEN AND "BLACK CAP"

runners that set are best. Let them cover the ground, but thin out the small and late plants so that the early plants stand a few inches apart. Every spring a new propagating bed should be set. While growing the plants prepare the soil in which to set them in the spring. The soil that is rich enough to grow a large crop of corn is rich enough for large dessert strawberries. It is needless labor and a waste to apply large quantities of stable manure to the strawberry bed, if the soil is in fairly good condition. Good drainage, plenty of humus and such good tilth that when you take up a handful of soil there are no lumps and it all crumbles in fine particles, are the main essentials. The ideal soil is clover sod, where clover has grown well the year before. If I had a plot of ground where cultivated crops such as corn, potatoes, etc., grew well the preceding year, and was fairly free from weeds, I would plow it early in the spring, apply some manure, if it were needed, and summer fallow by frequently stirring the soil with the harrow until June; then if I were satisfied clover would grow well, I would sow red clover with barley as a nurse crop. The next spring I would plow as early as the soil was dry enough to work, taking up a handful of the surface soil, and if it crumbled apart I would begin to plow. But do not plow deeper than it was plowed in former years.

I pulverize the surface soil very finely, and use a harrow, then my fine-tooth horse cultivator, with furrower attached to the rear, making the furrows twenty-four inches apart and about four inches deep.

I am now ready for transplanting. I lift the plants from my propagating bed with a spade fork, shake off part of the soil, leaving on what clings to the roots, place them on the wheelbarrow and wheel them along the furrows made, setting them about eighteen inches apart in the furrows, and drawing sufficient soil around them to hold them in place. After a few are so placed I follow with a hoe, draw the soil around the plants and press it down with my feet, just even with the bottom of the stem. Every plant lives and there is little check in the growth. Two persons can do this work more advantageously than one. It is better to mix up the varieties of plants, even if you have all bisexual varieties, in order to aid pollenization.

I begin cultivating between the rows soon after planting, using my cultivator narrowed down to twenty inches. If the plants are set in check rows, it can be run both ways until June, when one strong runner on each plant is bedded in the rows halfway between the plants, so they stand twenty-four by nine inches. Afterward try to cut off all runners. This plan is practically the hill system, but it is possible to cultivate one way with a very narrow horse cultivator, and the other way with the hand wheel hoe. The narrow onion hoe is well adapted to working spaces between the plants not reached by the cultivators. When cultivating, all fruit buds are removed.

WILLIAM BELL AND BRANDYWINE STRAWBERRIES.

Frequent cultivation, removing all runners and spraying both the plants in the propagating and fruit beds, if there are any indications of blight, are some of the main essentials of success. Sometimes a high-grade commercial fertilizer may be used if the growth is not satisfactory.

After the first light freeze in the fall, place a mulch between the rows. Straw

free from weed seeds, or marsh hay is best. If I wished to keep the bed more than one year I would not use stable manure for mulching as it contains so many weed seeds.

The following spring the straw is easily partly raked off the plants and left between the rows. There is nothing I have found so good to add to this as green grass cut early in summer, as I like a deep mulch between the plants in the rows.

We want the best cultivated raspberries that can be grown after the strawberries are all gone. To obtain the best results there are some principles in raspberry and blackberry culture that must be understood and worked out. Plan for these in much the same way as for the strawberries. Order from the nursery in lots of one dozen, or fifty, set them in propagating beds and grow plants from them. One can make a small fruiting bed at the same time, if desired. The plants one starts at home will all grow when transplanted, with but little check, so no time will be lost in waiting. For the family garden in southeastern New York, I would select the following: Red, Cuthbert; yellow, Golden Queen; purple, Shaffer's Colossal; blackcap, Gregg and Kansas. The following is my choice of blackberries: Snyder, Eldorado and Taylor. It is well to ascertain what varieties are thriving well in one's own locality.

I would prepare the ground for them, while waiting for the plants to grow, the same as for strawberries. The clover sod is also an ideal place for them. I would prefer planting in the spring. When the plants are ready, and the soil ready for them, I would prepare the plant bed by thorough plowing and harrowing. For raspberries, furrow seven feet apart, and for blackberries, eight to ten; try to transplant before the suckers start on the plants, and set three to four feet apart in the row. The first year a cultivated crop, as corn or potatoes, can be grown between the rows. The second year let the sucker varieties fill the rows so the plants stand about one foot apart, except in one row or a part of a row where one wishes to propagate plants. If the variety has proved hardy, grow each cane in the tree form, by pinching off the top when about four feet high, and shortening the arms or

UPPORTS FOR THE BERRY CROPS.

laterals later in the season. A support will be needed if this plan is practiced, and the one shown in the illustration is a good one. It is made by nailing arms on posts, and nailing wires to the ends. If the canes are not hardy or supports are not used, do not thin the plants so much in the rows, or shorten the canes, then they can be layered in the fall and covered to protect them. They should be grown by the narrow hedgerow system if not supported.

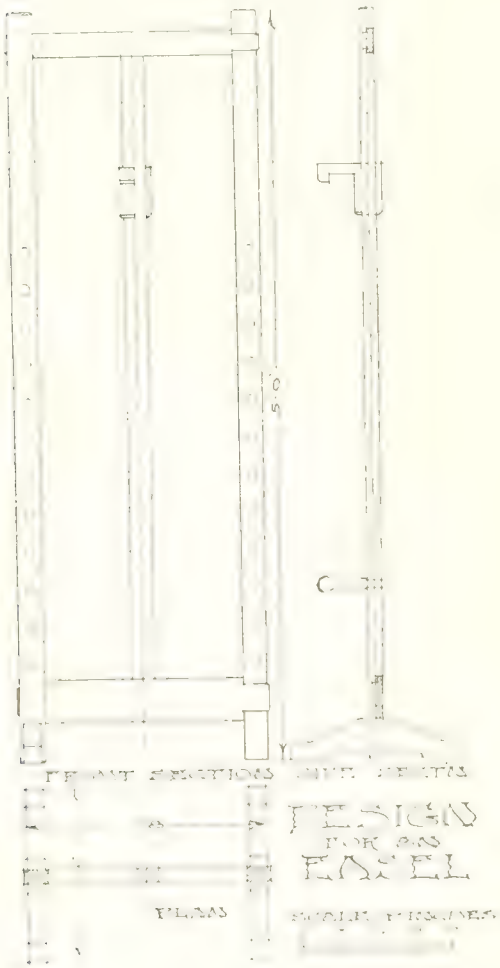
If you wish to grow strong, hardy canes, do not make the soil too rich in nitrogen. The canes will be more hardy on an elevation than on low rich lands. The variety and growth must decide the system of pruning. Blackberries will stand more thinning and pruning than raspberries, and the red and purple kinds of raspberries more than the blackcaps.

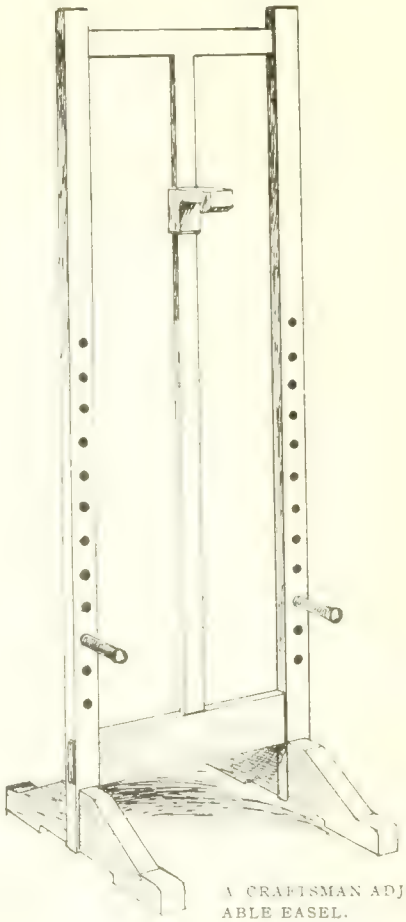
The old canes should be removed at once when a crop is harvested. This is very important, as the new canes will grow much more quickly and will harden up more and be in better shape for winter. The new canes should be pruned down when the old ones are taken out, but the thinning should be done earlier or at the time of the first cultivation, the last of May or in June. The most successful growers of cane fruits cultivate with horse cultivators and hand hoe frequently until midsummer. A heavy mulch of straw or strawy manure placed between the rows in July retains moisture, and insures a better crop.

It will be understood that the methods I have described are for growing fancy fruit in the family fruit garden, but the commercial grower will find these methods the most profitable if he has a good local market.

CRAFTSMAN CABINET AND METAL WORK: PRACTICAL DESIGNS FOR THE HOME-WORKER

THREE extremely practical pieces of furniture are offered for cabinet-workers this month, and the main thought in designing them has been their adaptability to their purpose, rather than picturesqueness of design. There is, however, always an inescapable simple dignity of proportion and line that is inherent in a sturdy straightforward well-made piece of furniture that is perfectly adapted to its use. This charm, of course, is evident in these designs, and the cabinetmaker's great aim should be to have his work as accurate and true to line as is possible in order to make the pieces really significant. Two of the designs shown are wholly practical in



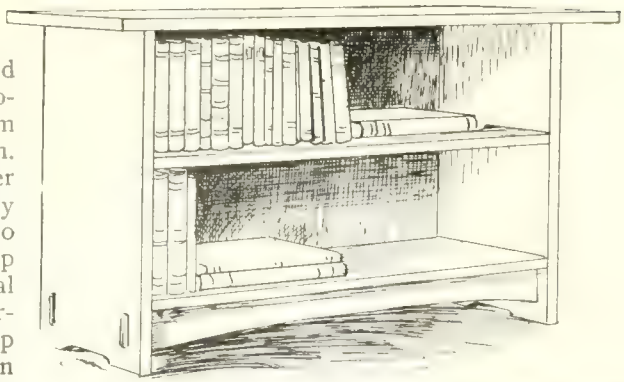


A CRAFTSMAN ADJUSTABLE EASEL.

their purpose, but the book bench is decidedly novel in conception and would be most attractive in a living room or study. It would be charming if placed directly under a window, thus forming a window-seat, and the top could be made comfortable by cushions. Another good place for this bench would be at the side of a library table, where a student could have the books with which he is working within easy reach. Then again there are apt to be little empty spaces in a living room or bedroom that would be ideal for just such a piece of furniture, and it would be difficult to find a house without some corner in it where this bench would not be of service and beauty.

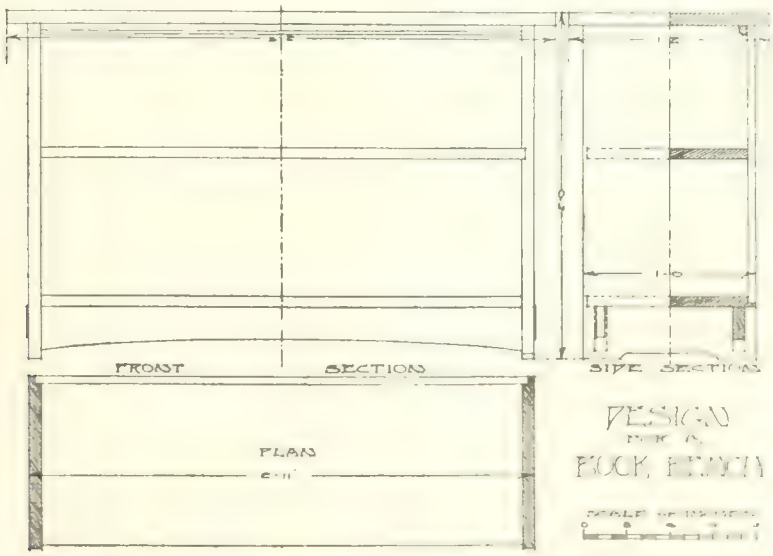
When finished the bench measures 3 feet 2 inches long at the top, 14 inches wide and 2 feet high. The ends are 1 foot wide. The top is ⅞ of an inch thick, the shelf at the bottom is ¾ of an inch thick. The two lower rails are each ⅞ of an inch thick, the back is ½ of an inch thick and the ends

are ⅞ of an inch thick. The two lower rails are mortised through the ends, and the bottom is placed on top of the rails and glued. A rabbet is cut in the back of the bottom shelf for the back panel to rest in. The shelf is made slightly narrower than the bottom, so that it fits closely against the back, and is fitted into grooves cut into the ends. The top is fastened to the ends with the usual table irons. A cleat is placed underneath the top, against which the top of the back rests. The back is then placed in the rabbets. The backs of the ends are also rabbeted to hold the top, and the back is screwed into the rabbets. Holes are bored in the tenon of the bottom rail and dowel pins driven through, thus connecting and securely binding the complete bench together.

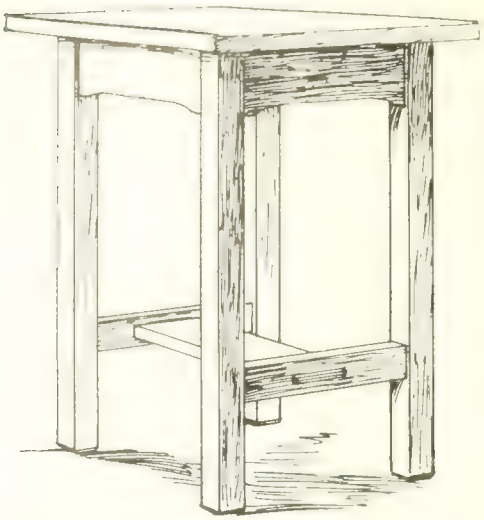


A CRAFTSMAN BOOK BENCH

The easel described and illustrated here is one of the most practical pieces we have ever shown, and would be a most acceptable gift for an artist, either professional or amateur. It is firm and substantial, if conscientiously made, is stable enough to support even large canvases and is rendered adjustable by the use of pins and the sliding holder that drops onto the top of the picture. This easel measures 5 feet high and 1 foot 8 inches wide. The feet are made 14 inches long and 1½ inches thick. The upright pieces are 2 inches wide and 1¼ inches thick. The top rail is made 2 inches wide, and the lower rail is 3½ inches wide. The two uprights are mortised together with the upper and lower rails, and dowel pins are driven through to bind the frame together. Each foot is made in two sections, and is fastened to the upright with dowel pins. Holes are bored into the uprights at regular intervals. Pins strong enough to support the picture are made to insert into these holes. These pins are made with a shoulder that rests against the face of the upright. In the center, connecting the top and bottom rails, is an upright that is used as a slide for the adjustable picture holder. This holder is made of three pieces of wood, one piece having the grain running one way and the other two pieces the opposite way. A holder of this shape made in any other way is apt to break. A back piece is glued to the front piece, which is made to fit around the center upright. This holder should be made large enough to slip up and down the upright easily. The tendency of the holder is, naturally to fall to the bottom of the upright, so that when the canvas is placed on the pins inserted in the holes at the height desired, and the holder lifted and allowed to drop on top of the picture, it will be kept from tilting forward.



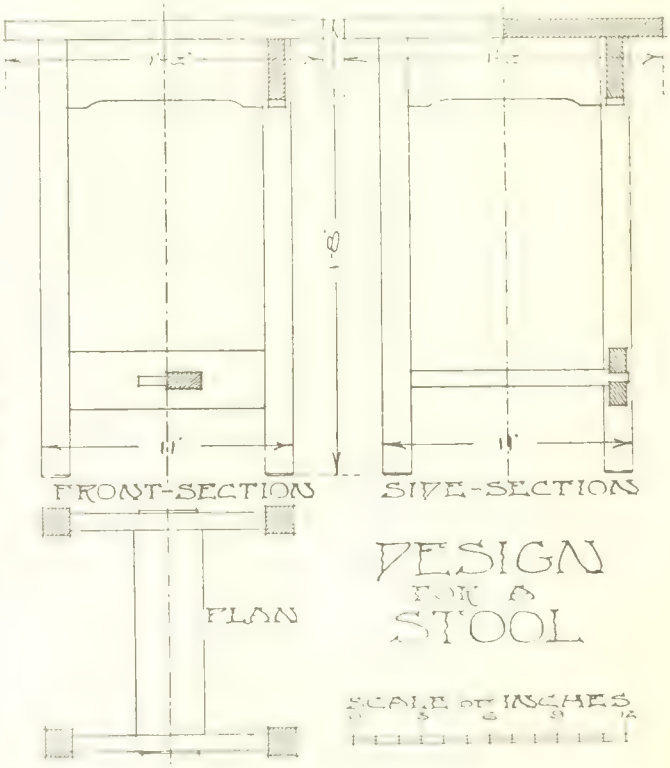
The stool we are illustrating this month is most staunchly made. It would be admirable for use as a tabouret, to support a heavy pot of flowers, or would find many uses in the working end of



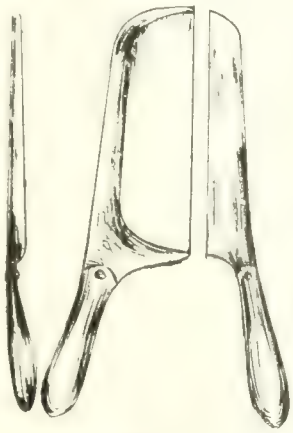
CRAFTSMAN TABOURET.

an artist's studio. Care should be taken in the finishing of this piece of furniture, for if it is not nicely made and the proportions accurately balanced, it would have a tendency to look clumsy. It would, however, be a good piece to practice on, for the construction of it is simple to a degree, and even if the worker were not quite as successful as he had hoped, the stool could still be made useful in a number of purely utilitarian ways. The proportions, as shown here, are 1 foot 8 inches high; top, 1 foot 2 inches square, total width from post to post, 11 inches. The top is 7/8 of an inch thick, the posts 1 1/4 inches square, and the connecting rails underneath the top are 3/4 of an inch thick. The two lower end rails are 2 1/2 inches wide and 3/4 of an inch thick. The stretcher that connects these rails is 3 inches wide and [illegible] inch thick. The four [illegible] are connected at the top by rails that are fitted with three dowel pins each, thus making the construction extremely firm. The stretcher at the bottom is securely mortised into the two end rails, and fastened by dowel pins. The top is secured to the posts and the top rails with the usual table irons. The posts should be chamfered at the bottom, so that they will not split when the stool is moved about on the floor, and the corners should be planed slightly so as to remove any objectionable sharpness. A small block plane should be used for this work, and then the corners should be sandpapered. In mortising and cutting holes sometimes the wood will splinter and pieces are apt to break off. If this should happen, or if, after the tenon is inserted, there should still be a crack around the tenon, these defects can be remedied by hammering wedges or small pieces of the same wood in the crack or fissure, and cutting them off with a chisel so that they are flush with the surface of the piece. Then the joints should be glued and the construction made solid.

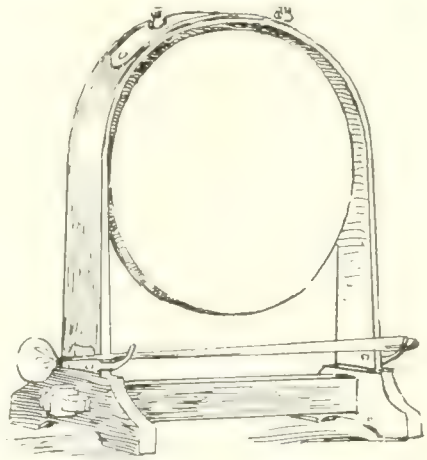
THE metal work shown this month is intended for dining-room use, and while the designs are quite independent of each other they could, of course, be used in the same room with delightful effect. The gong is by far the most difficult to make, as it combines both metal work and a finer phase of cabinetwork. The frame is made entirely of wood, and there is only one piece of metal, besides the gong itself, used in the construction. The frame from



which the gong is suspended stands 8 inches high over all, and is made of either 3- or 4-ply veneer 1-16 of an inch thick. This frame could not be made of one piece of wood, as it would be very apt to split or break while it was being bent into shape. The veneer should be left wide at the bottom of the frame, where it is joined to the feet, and cut to taper toward the top and center. The strips of veneer cut to the proper size should be shaped over a pipe or some other round object the exact size that it is to be when finished, and then the strips should be glued together. If it were glued in the flat strip it would be most difficult to shape the frame afterward, as the glue would be likely to crack or separate. As the gong in this design measures 6 inches in diameter, the frame should be shaped on some object 7 inches in diameter, as there should be about ½ an inch of space between the gong and the frame. A small piece of metal should be riveted to the top of the frame. Two holes should be drilled through this metal and the wooden frame, and the gong should be suspended by means of a silk cord threaded through these holes and two similar holes in the gong, and the cord knotted at each end. The bottoms of the frame should be mortised into the two feet. These feet should be made of wood 5 inches long, 3 inches high and ¾ of an inch thick. A connecting rail should be mortised through the feet and fastened with dowel pins, thus binding the feet against the shoulder of the rail.

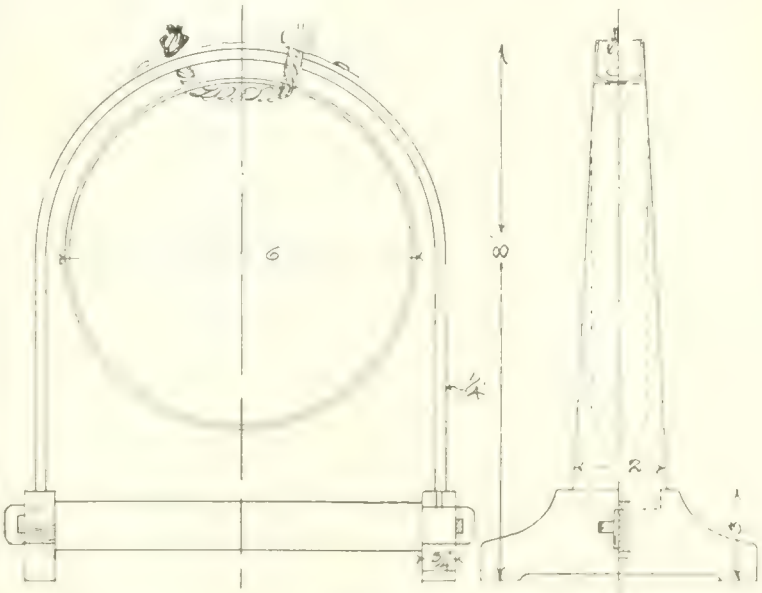


CRUMB KNIFE AND TRAY.



CRAFTSMAN GONG: METAL AND WOOD.

To make the gong, take a sheet of No. 16 gauge copper or brass and cut a disk 8 inches in diameter. Hammer it with a wooden mallet, bending the edges up until it measures only 6 inches in diameter and the proper gong shape is acquired. After shaping, it should be hammered over a mandrel which is held in a vise. Then the edge should be hammered with a flat-faced hammer until the edges are at right angles with the face of the disk. The irregular edges will have to be filed off, for in hammering some parts of the flange or edge will be hammered more than others, and this gives an uneven edge. This irregularity can



WORKING DRAWING FOR CRAFTSMAN GONG.

either be filed off or clipped with a shears. Next, the whole gong should be hammered with the ball-pein of the hammer, beginning at the center and hammering toward the outer edge as the disk is revolved in the hand.

A more usual design in metal work is illustrated in the crumb tray and scraper. These pieces are interesting to make, however, and are also decidedly useful. The tray measures 8 inches long without the handle, and the handle is about 4 inches long. The scraper is the same length, but is not as wide. When finished the scraper should be perfectly flat, and slightly thinner at the lower edge, like a knife. It should be made of No. 16 gauge metal. The handle is formed by cutting two pieces of No. 20 gauge metal and hammering them out in a rounded form. One piece should be laid on each side of the handle part and the scraper and soldered all the way around the edge. This soldering should be done with a soldering iron. Be sure to apply acid on the inside, so that when the solder is heated it will run in and bind the handles together. The outside should be filed and scraped off so that no solder can be seen. A rivet should be put through the handle near the edge of the scraper.

The tray should be made of No. 20 gauge metal. The lower edge of the tray should be slightly thinned, so that crumbs may be easily scraped onto it, and the raised edges should be left the natural thickness of the metal. To make this tray, cut out a flat piece of metal the same shape as the design given, but about ½ an inch larger all around. Then the back and ends should be hammered up and the center part hammered down. When this is done the metal should be trimmed the exact shape as the design. The handle is made in the same manner as the handle of the scraper. When the pieces are shaped all edges should be neatly smoothed with an emery cloth.

We are showing a picture of the edge of the tray to make more plain the slight elevation of the handle. This allows finger [illegible] it easier to hold the tray [illegible] on the table.

The kind of metal that would be most interesting to use for a set made from this design would be either copper or brass, whichever would harmonize best with the colors of the rest of the furnishings. Iron would be much [illegible] for anything that would be so often handled as this useful set.

MAKING HOME FURNISHINGS

ONE very distinct drawback in regard to cultivating one's instinct for and appreciation of beauty in household fittings here in America is that it is almost impossible to satisfy that appreciation without large wealth, because the majority of the ready-made things to be found in the shops are not intrinsically beautiful. They are either cheap and poor in construction or expensive and elaborate in construction, but the simple, beautiful, well-made piece of furniture or room fitting is as a rule not to be had except when made to order, and then, of course, at a very special price, so that with the present study of right living and a right understanding of the relation of furniture and dress to life many people are in the predicament of knowing good things and wanting them and being utterly unable to have them in their houses.

Here in America we have grown so to depend upon factories that most of us have stage fright at the idea of making anything. Now, as a matter of fact, if each one of us were to use all the time that we waste, not taken from rest or work, but just from idleness, we could have many beautiful things in our homes and have them without any effort which was not for our own good, because the amount of mental and physical work involved in planning and executing house furniture and fittings is extremely beneficial to the average busy man or woman whose activities are largely along the mental plane.

It is absolutely true that the making of a thing, brings not only a real cultivation, but a genuine understanding of the value of that article and an appreciation of the reasons for making it beautiful and for the fullest enjoyment of it that no amount of money expended could possibly attain. Every woman who has come to a realization of what beauty is in house fittings, how it must relate to the house itself, how it must express her own ideas of environment, knows that it is almost impossible to get together just the things that she would like to have in her own house, and yet if she is willing to furnish her house slowly, if she is willing really for the sake of the final beauty of this house to do a good deal of thought and hard work, she can have with very little expenditure of money, rugs and hangings, the colorings of her walls and the fixtures throughout her home practically as she wishes them.

HOW GERMANY HAS SOLVED THE HOUSING PROBLEM

CHEAP commutation rates to all settlements within a reasonable distance of cities, and small two and four-family houses for working people who would otherwise live in tenements, is the German solution of the tenement problem which is puzzling the authorities in all modern cities. This is possible because the people themselves want it. The home-loving German has a rooted objection to herding with hundreds of his kind in one of the large human hives with which we are so familiar in this country, and as a rule he refuses to do it. He prefers the country every time, and, if the nature of his work makes that impossible, he insists on having as much of a home as is possible within city limits.

Dr. Albert Suedekum, the representative of Nuremberg in the German Reichstag and a prominent member of the Social Democrat party, was in New York a short time ago for the purpose of seeing for himself how we handle our municipal problems, especially that of the congestion of population within the heart of the city. The result of his observations was that, in his opinion, they do things much better in the German cities, where public opinion is very clear and well defined regarding the needs of the people, and where the people have a fashion of getting what they want in spite of politics. Over there, the municipalities own the railroads and the street car lines, and,—what is still more to the point,—they also own large tracts of lands on the outskirts of the city which are used for housing the people who prefer country homes. This land is out of the reach of real estate speculators, so that prices are always kept down and it is available for use at any time.

One reason why it is considered so desirable is the cheapness of railroad and trolley commutation rates for workmen. In the vicinity of Berlin it is possible for a workman to live twenty miles out in the country at a weekly cost in fares of only 40 cents; others, who have not so far to go, need allow only 25 cents a week for traveling to and from work. The contrast between this and the commutation rates to points within the same distance of New York struck Dr. Suedekum as a very important factor in our own congestion problem,—this, and the acquisitive spirit of the ever-active speculator in real estate.

Where it is necessary for the German workman to live in the city, he can do so with health and comfort by becoming a member of one of the coöperative building associations which put up houses for two or four families. Each one of these stands in its own little garden, and about every twenty houses there is left space for a small park or playground. The coöperative society in Berlin, of which Dr. Suedekum is trustee, has built a number of these houses in the same districts formerly occupied by tenements, and the rental, although lower than that asked for much smaller accommodations in the old tenements, is affording a good return on the capital invested. The charge is 460 marks for an apartment with a large kitchen, which is also the living room, two bedrooms, a scullery and a bath, as against the former charge of 500 marks for one room and a kitchen, without any bathroom.

These building associations are greatly helped by their power to command cheap capital through the Workmen's Compulsory Insurance system. The capital of this fund now amounts to over a billion marks, of which 658,000,000 marks has been laid out in the building of workmen's houses. The interest charged on this capital is only two per cent., but an additional one per cent. is paid annually to furnish a sinking fund. The workman may sell his equity in this property at any time, and almost the only restriction placed on him by the building associations, through whom the capital is lent, is that his family shall take in no lodgers. This precaution has acted as a most effective means of preventing congestion. The houses may be built in either city or country, according to the needs of the home-builder, care being taken to keep the cost easily within his means in both cases.

Some German workmen, however, have solved their own problems without joining a building association. For a small yearly sum they rent a bit of ground in a vacant lot, either the whole lot or a portion of one, and raise on it some of the vegetables used on the family table. In some German cities there are many groups of vacant lots planted with orderly rows of vegetables, and perhaps an arbor where the worker may rest.

NOTES

THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY

THE annual exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy contained a number of excellent landscapes and portraits. Among the latter were canvases by Cecilia Beaux, John Alexander, Irving Wiles, George DeForest Brush, Robert Henri, Mary Foote, Wilton Lockwood, Lydia Emmet, James Hopkins, Adelaide Chase, Ellen Emmett, Henry Hubbell, Charles Hopkins, Joseph De Camp and Edmund Tarbell. Catharine Carter Critcher also showed a good characteristic portrait called "Eleanor." Ralph Clarkson, a portrait of John Farwell, worthy of mention; Ethel Mars, a clever portrait-study called "A Woman in Blue," that savored strongly of foreign Secession influences. Kathleen McEnery exhibited another, showing this same tendency, called "Colette." L. G. Seyffert sent a good portrait-study, and Margaret Richardson an excellent straightforward portrait of Miss Laura Hills, the miniature painter. Annie Traquair Lang sent a good portrait of Colonel Fearing, and Edward Dufner an excellent one of a gray-haired woman reading.

Miss Beaux's contributions while having—needless to state—her usual strong, fresh treatment, were not examples of her most brilliant style. The "Portrait of a Young Girl" seemed a little hard, but that of Charles Taylor gave the impression of having faithfully recorded the character of the subject. Mary Cassatt's contributions also were scarcely in her best manner. Her "Woman Reading in a Garden" was suggestive of Renoir and the pinks and greens in her "Woman and Child" had an acid tendency. Ellen Emmett's portrait of James Cresswell was excellent, and Mary Foote sent some fine canvases, of which the most striking, perhaps, was that of Mrs. John Carpenter—an exceedingly skilful management of a blue hat and red coat, with well considered "repeat" accents in the book and cup and saucer upon the table. Her portrait of Mrs. Hermann Kobbé also showed a fine and subtle modeling, and the color value of the pink necklace in relation to the peculiar flesh tints of the subject was happily expressed. The head called "The Fish Market Man" by Robert Henri is a brilliant and humorous treatment of a battered individual. The head of a dark-skinned red-lipped young girl called "Rika" is a vivid sensuous bit of painting.

Wilton Lockwood showed two portraits that have his customary good workmanship. Irving Wiles was represented by two canvases—the crisp freshly painted direct portrait of Mr. Chase's eldest daughter, and a very characteristic study of a young man in tennis flannels. George DeForest Brush's "Olivia" has some of his best soft and subtle workmanship. The delicate modeling, the sensitive treatment of the child's thin downy eyebrows are so fine that one cannot but regret that his brushwork must be quite so hard and tight. It is the result, no doubt, of the Florentine influence upon this painter, and, perhaps, the tone of time will help his effects. But with the positive color in dress and accessories that he elects to use the result seems at present to lose somewhat in the matter of tone and art quality. In another way Sergeant Kendall's brilliant mastery of drawing and modeling causes regret for the excessive sharpness and tininess of his canvases and their consequent lack of atmosphere.

William M. Chase sent a "Girl in Red," a young girl in a red kimono with green touches in the embroidery, holding a green teapot, an example of his usual skill in these decorative portraits, and also a still life of striped bass—a gentle insistence upon his theories. Joseph De Camp sent several portraits with good solid workmanship, one of James Tyson. Edmund Tarbell exhibited one of President Dwight, of Yale, an excellent portrait, which was awarded the Carol Beck medal. His "Girl Reading" is one of his pleasing interior effects. Another called simply "Interior" was an excellent study of tone, color and the contrast of outdoor and indoor atmosphere. Adelaide Cole Chase's portrait of a young girl in black against pale gray was excellent, as was Henry Hubbell's portrait of a woman with a green veil. John Alexander's decorative portrait of a woman was charming as usual. Frank Benson's "The Reader" was one of his delightful studies of a figure in the open. His "Girl Playing Solitaire" was perhaps a little too deliberately mannered. But his "Family Group," a study of boys and girls outdoors, was in his best style with that indescribable and skilful treatment of face and figure in outdoor light, of which he has so wonderfully caught the secret. The dog, so often a pitfall to the painter, was also successful.

Frederick Frieseke's composition "The

Parrots" was rather raw and flat in effect. Richard Miller, the winner of the gold Temple medal, showed two canvases disclosing good technique and sense of pattern. Fred Green Carpenter's clever café study, "The Vacant Chair," revealed excellent technique and some Parisian mannerisms. Charles Hawthorne sent two canvases, one a portrait study called "Girlhood," of unquestioned cleverness, but with rather deliberately affected mannerisms. May Wilson Preston, known as a brilliant illustrator, sent an interior. Ida Proper sent an interior, "Roses," freshly painted in a modern French manner; Susan Watkins, an especially good study of interior light called "In the Morning Room"—a subject, however, without especial originality. Robert Reid's "Pink Carnation," a decorative portrait, had the charm that his best canvases have, and Alice Beach Winter's "The Little Doll," was a delightful decorative painting of a child in the manner created by Jessie Wilcox Smith. Adolphe Borie's portrait of Walter George Smith was also fine. Murray Bewley's study of a woman reading a letter was exquisite in its delicacy of painting and subtle color management. John Breyfogle sent a rather good composition, principally in whites, blacks and grays, of two tired ballet girls.

Among the landscapes Jonas Lie's vigorous individual work was conspicuous. "The Market Place" was especially noticeable for its strong handling and telling and reserved use of strong color. "The Silent River," a dark canvas, was also beautiful. George Bellows' vigorous, almost brutal studies of the sterner subjects were also worthy of note, especially "Excavation at Night," and "The Palisades," a study of fierce winter blues and cold snow effects. "The Polo Game" seems a trifle extreme to be reckoned as art. Childe Hassam's three canvases did not contribute any element of surprise. But Elizabeth Roberts showed two extremely beautiful sea and shore subjects as eliminative as a Japanese print. Both revealed clear quiet sweeps of water and sand done in a few sure strokes, an indication of small figures, a touch of seaweed, a blue pool of water left on the shore—all said in the fewest words possible. E. Varian Cockcroft displayed a good study of Saint Sulpice on a gray Paris day with a procession of nuns and a nice spot of the green among the neutrals—the light of a *rive gauche* cab. Edward Redfield sent several of his strong sincere snow subjects. The Jennie Sesnan gold medal was awarded most mysteriously to Joseph Pearson, for a muddy and mannered landscape. Elmer Schofield's "Frosty Morning" was clear and fresh, and Hobart Nichols' landscape, "Flying Shadows," showed a masterly treatment of green grass and blue sky and white clouds. Emil Carlsen's "Ripening Corn" had a delightful bloom of dew and mist. Walter Farndon's "Hillside" was done in a broad clear manner, full of real outdoor color. James Preston's "Canal" was pleasing in its color harmony. Charles Morris Young showed a good fall landscape, and Elmer Schofield, what might be called an "exterior," characteristically American, a house, grounds and barn in early spring sunlight, all most veritable. Francis Murphy's "Rainy Day on the Hills" was expected and charming.

In the sculpture the exhibits seeming especially worthy of mention were Solon Borglum's "Washington of 1753," the bears of F. G. R. Roth and E. W. Deming, Beatrice Fenton's "Portrait-Study," Ernest Keyser's "Wall Fountain," Daisy King's "The Spies," Edith Burroughs' exquisite subtle bust, "A Child." Annetta Saint-Gaudens' "Sketch for a Group," Adele Schulenberg's "Doris," Herman Würth's "The Babe" and Hermon Mac Neil's "Mo-Li."

K. M. R.

GARI MELCHERS' PAINTINGS AT THE MONTROSS GALLERY

GARI Melchers must ever stand the very soul of sincerity in painting, for in his work one finds recorded so many vital indications of his individuality, and the direction as well as the source of its expression. Although Melchers, through his frequent sojourns in Holland, has chosen the Dutch peasant so often as the subject most dear to his sympathies, he has been so determinedly himself in his painting that he has avoided both the facile technique of the early Dutch masters and that of the later schools. In fact, he seems more nearly allied to the Belgian school, and although such detail as occupied the brush of Lys, or the livelier, more potent one of Alfred Stevens, interests Gari Melchers he avoids both the approach to the Meissonier-like incision and the latitude of the more unrestrained impressionists. In the matter of color Gari Melchers reaches results in an extraordinary manner. There is, when coming before a collection of his pictures

such as that exhibited in March in the Montross Galleries, a feeling that although this American painter has worked out the problems of light so dear to the study of the Impressionist, his problems have been concerned with the study of somewhat cool light, light that is never gloomy, nevertheless not scorching, or glaring; not even glowing light. He places his pigment where he feels called upon to place it, never with the academic precision of formula.

To the exhibition at the Montross Galleries Melchers contributed three mother-and-child subjects, as delightful as anything there. This winter New York had a veritable art-feast in paintings depicting motherhood. Of these, the Madonna, perhaps, was the loveliest, and emphasized the remarkable way in which Melchers paints eyes,—baby-eyes, mother-eyes, those wistful eyes that haunt one after gazing upon his painting there called "The Communion," and even the green eyes of the extraordinary black, white and yellow cat he has painted in his vigorous, straightforward work called "The Smithy." The place of honor in the exhibition has been given to a great canvas taking up the end of the room, "The Communion." This, without doubt, exhibits Gari Melchers at the stage where Belgian influence, conscious or not, has touched his sympathies; one would class it with the famous "Le Bénédicité" of Charles de Groux, though it is sweeter and lovelier. There is, in this master-work by Melchers the sense of all-pervading holiness, not the holiness that classifies and pigeonholes itself under this creed or that, but a true holiness of spirit as the artist has felt it revealed to him; no painting by Melchers has more potently set forth the fact that he has found it possible to put himself in touch with the inner selves of the people who serve him as subjects, discovering the sweetness or sadness of life that may be theirs. There is no doubt of Gari Melchers' growth, and yet he has not painted a stronger, lovelier, more lasting thing than "The Shepherdess," one of his earlier works (the frontispiece to this number of THE CRAFTSMAN), a picture filled with the sweet simplicity of the fields, seeking no futile transitory means of conveying it, but symbolizing almost the life of a people in its lovable directness, a picture that makes us proud to number Gari Melchers among our artists.

THE WORK OF THE SOUTHERN EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION

THE Southern Educational Association, which was organized in July, 1890, planned an important programme for its twenty-first annual session held this winter in Chattanooga, Tennessee. The field of its work has been steadily growing until now it is almost as extensive as that of the National Educational Association. The territory of the Southern organization lies, of course, exclusively in the South and in the District of Columbia. The Association is composed of the following departments: Southern Educational Council, Departments of Higher Education, Secondary Education, Superintendence, Elementary Education, School Boards, Manual and Secondary Industrial Education, Higher Technical Education, Drawing and Art, Physical Education, Libraries, Child Study, Kindergarten, Music, and Woman's Department. The Southern Educational Council has only recently been organized and is composed of thirty of the leading educators of the South. One of the main objects of the Council is to make systematic studies of educational problems and conditions. The results of these investigations are to be published. This year's subject for investigation was School Administration and Supervision.

The meeting held this winter was extremely interesting and significant. Symposiums were held of college and university presidents and professors on college education; of superintendents on supervision of rural schools; of high-school principals and instructors on problems of normal-school education; of State presidents and State chairmen of committees on education; of State federations of women's clubs on the educational work of women's clubs in the South. A most important feature was the meeting of all coöperative committees in connection with each of the departments, for the purpose of making plans for investigations, studies, etc., and for each coming departmental meeting. There were round-table discussions in every department so as to afford the greatest amount of informal discussion and suggestion. A special conference of teachers of agriculture in all grades of schools was also held. An important event was the meeting of presidents, chairmen of committees on education and special delegates of the State Federation of Women's Clubs, for the purpose of organ-

izing, and for coöperating with the Southern Educational Association in advancing the cause of education in the South.

General Southern and national educational problems were discussed in the general sessions, and technical subjects mainly in the departmental sessions. The subjects for discussion were all exceedingly vital; some of them are: education for civic life; American conceptions of educational efficiency; recent criticism of and proposed changes in the public school curriculum; preparation for life in the public schools; public health and public schools; present movement for moral education; education for the development of Southern rural life; development of industrial education in the South; the work of the Hook-Worm Commission in the South; educational progress and legislation in the South during the year; agricultural education in public schools and colleges; the movement for the improvement of schoolhouses and grounds; the educational work of the women's clubs in the South; education of girls for home life; the movement for the education of adults; influence of the Carnegie Foundation on college education; the standardization of American colleges and universities; recent criticisms of the college; social life of college students; university extension work by State universities; the function of the agricultural college; problems of college administration; development of rural high-schools; vocational training in secondary schools; the agricultural high school; the work of corn clubs in the South; development of trade high schools in Europe and America; new problems for normal schools; training of teachers for rural schools; supervision of rural schools; State inspection of elementary schools; school consolidation and taxation; school architecture; school board organization of different cities; the wider use of public schoolhouses; medical inspection in public schools, and the education of abnormal children.

Some of the organizations that met with the Association this year are,—the Southern Society of Philosophy and Psychology; American Peace League; Religious Educational Association; Association for the Improvement of Rural Schoolhouses and Grounds; Southern Educational Press Association and the Tennessee Library Association.

LITHOGRAPHS AND ETCHINGS BY JOSEPH PENNELL

IT is not without interest in the chronicles of the achievements of American artists to note that the South Kensington Museum, London, has acquired by purchase a complete set of the lithographs of Niagara drawn by Joseph Pennell during his last visit to his native country. In this connection one may call attention to the exhibition of etchings by Mr. Pennell of Cities and Buildings, under the auspices of the Museum Association of Newark, New Jersey, in whose gallery some fifty-three impressions from Mr. Pennell's plates were recently shown, these having been lent to the Museum Association through the courtesy of Messrs. Frederick Keppel & Company. Of Mr. Pennell's method of work Mr. Keppel has written: "To have seen Mr. Pennell at work etching a plate is a thing to remember. He loves to depict the towering buildings of crowded streets. Most etchers of such subjects would make a preliminary sketch on the spot and afterward toil laboriously over the copper plate in the retirement of their studios; but Mr. Pennell takes a far more direct course, and one which would disconcert almost any other artist. He chooses his place in a crowded street, and stands there quite undisturbed by the rush of passersby or by the idlers who stand and stare at him or at his work. Taking quick glances at the scene he is depicting, he rapidly draws his lines with the etching-needle upon the copper plate which he holds in his other hand, and what to me seems an astonishing *tour de force*, he never hesitates one instant in selecting the exact spot on his plate where he is about to draw some vital line of the picture, each line of it being a 'learned stroke' such as Seymour Haden insisted upon." Mr. Pennell's etchings have been discussed at length in a previous number of THE CRAFTSMAN.

THE ALFRED STEVENS EXHIBITION AT THE BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC CO. ROOMS

MARTIN Birnbaum, to the beautiful little catalogue of the twenty-three works of Alfred Stevens, the great Belgian painter, for the loan exhibition held in March in the galleries of the Berlin Photographic Co., contributed an appreciative and sympathetic essay on Stevens as its foreword. "Stevens," says the writer, "believed in the importance of painters who depict

their own eras and paint what they see. Their contemporaneousness gives them an historical as well as an artistic value. 'The masters of the eighteenth century," said he, 'are especially interesting because they were thoroughly inspired by the manners of their epoch and interpreted them with spirit.' * * * Long before Whistler appeared on the scene Stevens invented symphonies and harmonies in canary yellow, the sky's own blue, mother-of-pearl and delicate rose. In fact the eccentric American, who was his contemporary and admirer, owed a great deal to him. To chose a single picture in the present exhibit, which embodies most of his best qualities, we would point to the figure of the youthful mother, Sarah Bernhardt,—who had been Stevens's pupil,—sitting in the cool shadows of her garden. The perfect unaffected grace, the unusual refinement of the divine Sarah in her delicate rose-blossom crinoline, the expressive hands, the hidden mystery of the wonderful wistful eyes are watching with glowing happiness and maternal solicitude her quaint little boy who is chasing butterflies." As a great exponent of the school of Belgian painting Alfred Stevens's work, from his early days to the hour when Death stayed his hand, deserves study; he never permitted foreign influences to mold the direction of his own genius. His own attitude toward art is embodied in many of his epigrammatic sentences. "It is first of all necessary to be a painter," once wrote he; "no one is wholly an artist who is not a perfect workman." "When your right hand becomes too facile—more facile than the thought that guides it, use the left hand." "Do not put into a picture too many things which attract attention. When everyone speaks at once no one is heard." Indeed, the sayings of Stevens were precursor to Whistler's famous talk, *Ten O'Clock*. This exhibition inaugurated the new Berlin galleries, and other important exhibitions are soon to follow there.

CLAUDE MONET PAINTINGS AT THE DURAND-RUEL GALLERY

PAINTINGS by Claude Monet, covering a period of the work of that master of modern French Impressionism from 1872 to 1906, occupied the Durand-Ruel Galleries through February, where they succeeded the exhibition of paintings by Mary Cassatt. Monet has so strongly influenced many of our younger American painters,—(not that they have copied his technique, or have sought to imitate his effect in his own manner,—rather they have found inspiration in his painting for their own),—that he ought to be more carefully studied in America. This exhibition afforded an exceptional opportunity for the student of modern painting to review so important a contribution to its evolution as Claude Monet's work here constituted itself. We have it on Mauclair's authority that Monet, while experimenting with the problem of light expressed by clear color (the problem that created Impressionism), would, if he were painting haystacks for instance, take out into a field a dozen canvases, paint on each half an hour at a time, change them with the changing direction of the sun's rays, and with atmospheric changes, and finally finish them altogether. When assured of his technique he applied it, during his later period, in other directions, architecture especially attracting him. It will be remembered that he painted no less than seventeen views of the front of the cathedral of Rouen, taken from sunrise to sunset; these were shown in New York some years ago. The fog, mist and smoke effects of London attracted his brush, as paintings in the Durand-Ruel exhibition show, notably the two night effects of London Bridge. There can be no doubt of Monet's absolute sincerity in his art, and his skill and patience have remained unrivaled, as his vision remained unobscured.

ETCHINGS BY D. SHAW MACLAUGHLIN AT KEPPEL'S

FOR the past ten years Donald Shaw MacLaughlin, a young artist of Scottish descent, Canadian born, who has become a naturalized American citizen, has been devoting himself assiduously to the difficult art of etching, and his exhibition of some hundred impressions of his later work, at the Keppel galleries in March show not only his marked advance, but reveal him as one of the foremost etchers, not only of America, but of any country. So far Mr. MacLaughlin has been traveling and working abroad, following the example of many of our etchers, Whistler, Pennell and others, and thus has found his subjects in foreign lands; however, MacLaughlin may, and it is to be hoped he will, find a sympathetic field for his inspiration in American subjects in the not distant future, when he will return to work here. Already he has discovered the hidden beauties of London,

and as Wedmore says, "It is an American, saturated with Italy, steeped in France, impressed at last by the mountains, who, coming amongst us, has given with such exceptional power his rendering of the unforgetable and characteristic scene that our London river put before him."

AN EXHIBITION OF CITY LANDSCAPES AT THE NEWARK ART GALLERY

A collection of twenty-five paintings, mainly of city scenes and landscapes by the younger school of American artists was exhibited at the Newark Museum Association Gallery in February. The artists represented were William J. Glackens, Jerome Myers, L. C. Vogt, John Sloan, William Ritschel, Sidney Starr, Mary Helen Carlisle, Sophie M. Brannan, George W. Bellows, George Luks, D. Putnam Brinley, Colin Campbell Cooper, Stuart Davis and Paul Cornoyer.

CHARLES HOFFBAUER'S PAINTINGS OF NEW YORK AT KNOEDLER'S

IT is always interesting to note the foreigner's point of view concerning an American city, whether he is a painter, etcher or a writer. In the twenty-five paintings of the present exhibition twenty of them are views of New York, "Taken from the Singer Building" being most true to New York color, although the light effect in "The White Way" is as remarkably well achieved as "New York by Night" is unconvincing. Although his name suggests Teutonic extraction, Charles Hoffbauer is a young Frenchman, winner of the coveted Prix de Rome, with his canvas "Les Gueux" bought by the state. This is significant, when so many of the French Prize-of-Rome men seem never to arrive anywhere after their competitions, while M. Hoffbauer's "Revolt de Flamands," which one may see in the Willstach collection at Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, as well as the "Le Triomphe de Condottiere," exhibited in the Salon of 1906, and other later works (more important, one would believe, than this New York series, though not more skilfully painted), go to prove this artist a man of true and progressive ability.

THE CHICAGO SOCIETY OF ETCHERS

CHICAGO has strengthened its position as an art center with the organization of the Chicago Society of Etchers, whose object is to encourage the art and practice of etching, to stimulate a public interest in it and to inaugurate etching exhibitions. The first exhibit, filling two galleries of the Art Institute particularly disclosed an independent strength among its Western contributors, which indicates that the progress of the society will be well worth watching, and marks its organization as a significant step in American art. The jury of selection was rigid in its rejections, notwithstanding which some two hundred works were found to be worthy of a place in this exhibition.

AMERICAN ART IN FRANCE

THE French are to be given an opportunity for a more intimate study of American art as exemplified in the work of our artists of today, who now have a salon of their own in Paris, opened February 16th by the American Ambassador to France. One hundred and fifty works were shown, paintings, water colors, sculpture, etchings and engravings. This American salon is to be an annual affair, and French critics have given high praise to the works in the present exhibition.

NEW EXHIBITIONS FOR THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB, NEW YORK

MR. Harry W. Watrous, chairman of the Art Committee of the Union League Club, New York, has announced that for the forthcoming year paintings by American artists shall hold sway in the club exhibition. Moreover, the exhibitions will be assembled in group representations of the different "schools" of American painting. For instance, works by such men of kindred art-expressions as Gardner Symons, Cullen Yates, Paul Dougherty and Emil Carlsen, painters of vigorous landscape and seascape, will form one group; the "tonalists," such as Ballard Williams, Ranger Keith, Bogert, and Blakelock and others, and still again the group represented by J. Francis Murphy, Bruce Crane, Bolton Jones, and Charles H. Davis. Mr. Watrous announced that in April the club hopes to arrange for an exhibition of paintings by William Glackens, Everett Shinn, Ernest Lawson, George Luks, Robert Henri, George Bellows and other men of the younger school, often called the American "insurgents." The Union League Club is thus to be congratulated in departing from its old policy of such disastrous and meaningless exhibitions as the "Portraits of Actresses," which closed its exhibition season last year with a thud.

PAINTINGS BY HERMANN DUDLEY MURPHY AT THE PRATT INSTITUTE, BROOKLYN

TWENTY-SIX examples of the brush of Hermann Dudley Murphy were exhibited in March at the Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, for the most part paintings that exhibited coast scenes and landscapes delicate in feeling and refined in tonal qualities.

WATER-COLORS BY WINSLOW HOMER AT KNOEDLER'S

AN excellent collection of water-colors by Winslow Homer, well supplementing the Homer Memorial Exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum, was one of the February attractions at Knoedler's. These were, for the most part, painted in Nassau, the Bahamas, in Bermuda, and in Florida, and are all characteristic examples of Winslow Homer's vigorous, brilliant, luminous color.

A GREAT PAINTING BY BENJAMIN WEST ACQUIRED BY THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTE

IT will be of interest to students of the history of art in America to know that the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburgh has acquired an exceptionally fine canvas by Benjamin West, the "Venus Lamenting the Death of Adonis," exhibited by West in 1769 at the Royal Academy, and purchased at that time by the Earl of Halifax, in the possession of whose descendants it remained for many years.

REVIEWS

MODELING AND SCULPTURE: BY ALBERT TOFT: HUMAN ANATOMY FOR ART STUDENTS: BY SIR ALFRED FRIPP AND RALPH THOMPSON

"A book cannot make a man an artist—that is a matter depending on the possession of real artistic gifts—but" as Albert Toft, Hon. A. R. C. A., M. S. B. S., says in the excellent preface to his book, "Modeling and Sculpture,"—"many difficulties may be surmounted and unnecessary errors avoided if the student be shown at the beginning of his career the right way to go about his work."

This practical treatise of the methods and processes of plastic or glyptic art, of the purely technical knowledge that must necessarily be mastered by whoever desires to produce work of lasting value, will prove to be of great benefit to students who have chosen this art as a profession. It is a book that not only gives invaluable advice upon the minutiæ of the craftsmanship of modeling, but it quickens the student's love of this art and therefore makes him willingly go through the hard work, drudgery, discouragements and disappointments invariably to be met and mastered by all artists.

While emphasizing the importance of gaining technical knowledge, the need of thoroughness, the necessity of hard work, he takes care to impress upon the student the fact that satisfying joy springs from the accomplishing of good work.

Hand in hand with this significant book should go the treatise on "Human Anatomy for Art Students" by Sir Alfred D. Fripp, Surgeon-in-Ordinary to H. M. the King of England and Ralph Thompson, Senior Demonstrator of Anatomy, Guy's Hospital. The drawings by Innes Fripp, Life-Master, South London Technical Art School, used as illustrations and the appendix on Comparative Anatomy by Harry Dixon, help materially to make this an exceptionally valuable and interesting text book. Its object is "to give the shortest description of human anatomy compatible with the interests of the artist and essential for his work." It is a successful attempt to rivet the attention of the student upon the structural details of the human body, without an intimate knowledge of which the emotions cannot be portrayed, for emotion is accompanied by definite changes of muscle and attitude of anatomical parts of the body. The labor of mastering the nomenclature of this study usually makes it dull and uninteresting, but the author's manner of presenting the subject has shorn from it any suspicion of dullness. The drawings are especially fine, and eight plates, printed separately on heavy paper, will be much appreciated. With these two books a student would be well equipped to master the technicalities of the sculptor's art. (Both published by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. Both illustrated. "Modeling and Sculpture," 348 pages. "Human Anatomy for Art Students," 296 pages. Price $1.75 each.)

OUR HOUSE AND THE PEOPLE IN IT; BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

ONE always turns to a volume by Mrs. Pennell with pleasant anticipation, and "Our House and the People in It" is no exception to the charming entertainment one finds in the perusal of a book from her pen. "Our finding Our House," she writes, "was

the merest chance. It was all that we could have asked—as simple in architecture, its bricks as time-stained as the courts of the Temple or Gray's Inn. The front door opened into a hall twisted with age, the roof supplanted by carved corbels, the upper part of another door at its far end filled with bull's-eye glass, while three flights of timeworn white stone stairs led to the windows with, behind them, a flat called Chambers, as if we were really in the Temple, and decorated by Adam, as if to bring Our House into harmony with the younger houses around it. For Our House it became on that very day, now years ago. Our House it has been ever since." To this house came Whistler, Phil May, Henly, Stevenson, Aubrey Beardsley, Harold Frederick and hundreds of other famous writers and artists who have passed to the Great Beyond. These figure in the delightful pages of Mrs. Pennell's book, whose ten chapters, however, such as *'Enrietter, Our Charwoman* and *The New Housekeeper* form an entertaining record of the motley array of humanity with whom the London housewife comes in contact through her experiences with the servants under her roof. The concluding chapter, *The Quarter,* is a highly entertaining account of the quarter of London where the Pennells live and of their neighbors in it, with, now and then a deliciously subtle thrust. (Published by Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. 373 pages. Price $1.25 net.)

OLD PEOPLE: BY HARRIET E. PAINE

THIS is a posthumous volume of lovable essays of unusual charm, suggesting the fragrance of old lavender. The first of these is *Greeting Old Age;* "To most of us," the author wrote, "even to those of us who have loved variety in early life, quiet is most attractive in old age. It seems as if we had a right to a resting place between the active life and the new life awaiting us. Browning says:

'And I shall thereupon
Take rest ere I be gone
Again on my adventure strange and new.'"

In *Relations of the Old and the Young* and also in *After Fourscore* one finds some of the loveliest reflections. The closing essay, *Sunset,* is redolent with gentle optimism. This book cannot but recall the reader to some of the nobler ideals in a form of literature, we have of late, been somewhat neglectful of. (Published by Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. 256 pages. Price $1.25 net.)

PAGES FROM THE BOOK OF PARIS: BY CLAUDE C. WASHBURN

"THERE are two classes of people," writes the author of this book in his opening chapter, "who come to Paris,—those to whom, though they may be familiar with every monument, have wandered in every quarter, have crossed the Place de la Concorde daily for twenty years, Paris never means more than the sum of its thousand interests; and those who feel within themselves the overpowering, constantly increasing sense of the great city's personality. To the former Paris gives no heed, but in the hearts of the latter she is always writing her book," and Mr. Washburn's book and the drawings and etchings by Lester G. Hornby that illustrate it, have been inspired by the rapturous devotion both author and artist pay to the French capital. The closing chapter concerns itself with the writer's visit to Anatole France (Anatole Thibaut), the author of "Thaïs," a bit of personal biography that might perhaps, better have been substituted by some less glorifying chapter. (Published by Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. 277 pages. Illustrated. Price $3.00 net.)

ADVENTURES IN HOME-MAKING: BY ROBERT AND ELIZABETH SHACKLETON

PEOPLE who are looking for a country home and anticipating the exercise of their inventive faculties in making it all that their hearts desire, will find much that is helpful and inspiring in this book. It is well that the authors did not place the photograph of the house that they bought beside that of the house they have at present, for if the evolutionary steps were not carefully depicted and explained in the text, the reader would hardly believe such a transformation possible. The illustrations are clear and full of detail, and the text sets forth in an amusing and realistic fashion the alternate luck and misfortune that the industrious pair experienced. The history of the Shackletons' house cannot fail to inspire and encourage all those who feel the deeper charm of a home that is the tangible expression of the owner's plans and ideals. (Published by the John Lane Company, New York. Illustrated. 350 pages. Price $1.75; postage 20c.)

CONCRETE WORKERS' REFERENCE BOOKS: BY A. A. HOUGHTON

MANY business and professional men find their relaxation in manual labor. The same instinct that prompts the schoolboy to spend the hours outside his books in whittling a pine stick into a boat, makes the brain-weary, but preëminently energetic man fit up a work bench and turn to making furniture or to tinkering with machinery. Sometimes the relaxation and pleasure in this work comes as a surprise to the man himself and acts as a spur to more ambitious achievement. It is particularly to men who are interested in building that A. A. Houghton's series of booklets on concrete work will appeal. Concrete is continually increasing in favor as a building material and is no more difficult to handle than the more familiar wood. The first two booklets, now in print, discuss the simplest methods of constructing concrete walls, sidewalks and floorings. They cover the subjects admirably and are most inspiring to the amateur builder. (Published by the Norman W. Henley Company, New York. Illustrated. 63 pages and bibliography. Price 50c.)

OUR VILLAGE: BY MISS MITFORD

A most beautiful new edition of Mary Russell Mitford's book, with a preface by Anne Thackeray Ritchie, has just been brought out, which will prove of interest to new readers as well as the staunch admirers of this writer. Miss Mitford was one of the most interesting of the "literary ladies" of the eighteenth century, and though Mrs. Gaskell and Jane Austen are perhaps more widely known today, Miss Mitford has always her loyal readers, who will perhaps value most the new setting of the story of the little village that the author loved and wrote about almost a century and a quarter ago. The book is delightfully illustrated with line drawings by Hugh Thomson and with color plates made from paintings of rural England by Alfred Rawlings. (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. Illustrated. 256 pages. Price $3.50 net.)

SIENA AND SOUTHERN TUSCANY: BY EDWARD HUTTON

A new book by the author of "Country Walks about Florence" will need to commend itself to those who have read and enjoyed the earlier volume. This story of Siena and its environs does not fall short of Mr. Hutton's usual standard, either in interest or value, and is besides, delightfully easy reading. It contains gossipy bits of biography and anecdote about the many famous men of the period of Siena's power, and beyond that is an efficient guidebook over the territory and among the frescoes and pictures that are concealed from the casual tourist, like so many gems, in the moldering churches of the little Tuscany towns. The book is illustrated with sixteen color plates and twelve sketches in black and white. (Published by The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. 360 pages. Price $2.00 net.)

ONE HUNDRED MASTERPIECES OF PAINTING: BY R. C. WITT

MR. Witt approaches the *raison d'être* of his book in four pages, which might have courted brevity without harm. The choice of the pictures giving rise to his title depend on a consideration of the "general consensus of educated opinion" as to what works were masterpieces of painting. This book contains interesting data about each of the hundred pictures reproduced, but beyond that there does not seem to be a broad enough purpose behind it to make it a volume other than one for occasional reference. (Published by the John Lane Company, New York. Illustrated. 194 pages. Price $4.00 net; postage 20c.)

HANDICRAFT FOR GIRLS: BY IDABELLE McGLAUFLIN

THE writer of this tentative course in needlework, basketry, designing, paper and cardboard construction, textile fibers and fabrics and home decorations and care is supervisor of the girls' handiwork in the Denver public schools. Miss McGlauflin's book is mainly intended for school work directed by the teacher or for home recreative instruction under capable guidance. (Published by The Manual Arts Press, Peoria, Ill. Illustrated. 122 pages. Price $1.00.)

GREEK AND ROMAN METHODS OF PAINTING: BY A. P. LAURIE, M. A.

DR. Laurie's book is a most valuable contribution to our knowledge of the methods employed by the ancients in wall and panel painting. Pliny and Vitruvius have been the ancient authorities to whom modern scholars have resorted for data,

and this data, under the constructive discrimination of Dr. Laurie, is now made easily accessible to the student, who will find much valuable matter in the author's comments. Even the layman, interested in the history of painting, will find Dr. Laurie's book invaluable as an accessory to an appreciation of the evolution of the art of painting. (Published by The University Press, Cambridge and New York. Illustrated. 124 pages. Price 75c. net.)

MEXICO, THE WONDERLAND OF THE SOUTH: BY W. E. CARSON

THERE will be found in this entertaining and instructive book a concise account of its author's wanderings in Mexico, a description of the Mexican capital and other old cities, of the great *haciendas,* of the gold and silver mines, of some quaint health resorts, and of the author's experiences in mountain climbing, tarpon fishing and ranching. Mr. Carson's book thus presents an entertaining and informative pen-picture of the land of his travels—a book that is adequately illustrated by many excellent half-tone reproductions of the country and the people. (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. Illustrated. 439 pages. Price $2.25 net.)

AN INTRODUCTION TO AGRICULTURE: BY A. A. UPHAM

STUDENTS of agriculture in schools would be apt to find this little text-book more useful than the farmer would, for the knowledge it imparts is mostly that already possessed by any intelligent, experienced cultivator of the soil. As a text-book, though, it would be of much use to one who is learning the rudiments of agriculture, especially if he takes it for what it is, a mere introduction to the more extended study of the science. Learned in a school, it would not do much good, but taken as an accessory to practical experience gained by work on a farm, the lessons it contains ought to furnish the answer to many a question, as well as the inspiration to further investigation of the subject. (Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. 270 pages. Price 75c. net.)

HANDWORK IN WOOD: BY WILLIAM NOYES, M. A.

THE author of this book is widely known in the circles of industrial education through his work as Assistant Professor in the Department of Industrial Arts, Teachers' College, Columbia University. His book is intended primarily for teachers of woodwork, but professional and amateur woodworkers will find much in its pages of value and of interest to them. It is copiously and helpfully illustrated, and practically suggestive at every turn. (Published by The Manual Arts Press, Peoria, Ill. Illustrated. 231 pages. Price $2.00.)

HANDICRAFTS IN THE HOME: BY MABEL TUKE PRIESTMAN

THE author explains that this book is not intended to take the place or lessen the need of a thorough training in design and craftsmanship, such as is obtainable at the art schools, but that she hopes it may gain recruits from those who know not the joy of fashioning with their hands objects of usefulness which are also things of beauty. The author has endeavored to show how certain crafts may be done quietly in the home by mother or daughter, in town or country, as a relaxation, and to drive away the dreariness that comes from a lack of congenial occupations, or as a means of earning money. The chapters deal with a great variety of subjects, metal work, pottery making, stenciling, leather work, weaving, beadwork, quilting, etc., and are well illustrated. (Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. Illustrated. 228 pages. Price $2.00 net.)

NEW FACES: BY MYRA KELLY

A group of eight short stories by the late Myra Kelly are here published in book form. Most of them are familiar to those who have followed the work of this charming writer, for all have appeared in magazines. They are pleasant tales, full of interest and humor, but they lack the strong individual charm of Miss Kelly's stories of the East Side, and the experiences of *Constance Bailey,* that gentlest of teachers, with the quaint little aliens given into her charge to be taught how to become American citizens. There are only two stories of child life in this book,—the others are all about grown-ups who have a capacity for getting themselves into farcical scrapes,—and these two are far and away the best. (Published by G. W. Dillingham Company, New York. Illustrated. 278 pages. Price $1.50.)

THE SONG OF THE STONE WALL: BY HELEN KELLER

THIS is a remarkable song, sung in an unusual manner and one destined to haunt the memory of whoever reads it. The author says that a stone wall is "a chronicle of praying workmen" and she reads with sensitive fingers this "scroll of stone," setting down in blank verse the tale "of the men who built the walls, and of the God who made the stones and the workers."

It is touchingly dedicated to Dr. Edward Everett Hale, contains eight full-page reproductions of photographs of the author, and is beautifully decorated and printed on heavy paper. (Published by The Century Company, New York. Illustrated. 100 pages. Price $1.20 net, postage 8c.)

AN INTRODUCTION TO SHAKESPEARE

"THE advances made in Shakespearean scholarship within the last half-dozen years seem to justify the writing of another manual for school and college use." This quotation from the preface of this book by H. N. McCracken, F. E. Pierce and W. H. Durham, of the Department of English literature in the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University explains the presenting to students of another book on the life and writings of Shakespeare. Critical comments on individual plays form part of this scholarly treatise. (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. 222 pages. Price 90c.)

PHOTOGRAPHING IN OLD ENGLAND: BY W. I. LINCOLN ADAMS

THIS book is a collection of letters published in *The Photographic Times* during the summer of 1909. Although the author says that the letters were "written without literary pretense," and that the pictures are "merely what are rather aptly called snapshots and are not put out as examples of excellence in photography," the text is well worth reading and the pictures well worth seeing, and the book also contains much advice that those who contemplate taking a camera abroad will be glad to obtain. (Published by the Baker & Taylor Company, New York. Illustrated. 112 pages. Price $2.50.)

OUR LADY IN ART: BY MRS HENRY JENNER

THIS is a book dealing with the ever-inspiring Madonna, and is a carefully prepared summary of Our Lady's life as recorded by Art. It is the second of Mrs. Jenner's books issued by A. C. McClurg & Co. in the "Little Books on Art" series, and is written with the same accuracy and in the same reverential spirit prominent in her "Christian Symbolism." The subject is treated from the theological and devotional standpoint as well as from the historical and biographical. (Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. Illustrated. 204 pages. Price $1.00 net.)

THE MAN-MADE WORLD: BY CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

WHAT effect upon civilization is to be expected from the equality of womanhood in the human race? What will men lose by it? What will they gain? Mrs. Gilman has presented in this work the results of her thought, study and observation of the much debated question of the relation of man to woman and of woman to man. Starting from the premise that "the female is the race type and the male, originally, but a sex type," the subject is developed with much wise argument and a wholesome sense of humor. (Published by the Charlton Co., New York. 260 pages. Price $1.00 net.)

THE REMINISCENCES OF ROSA BONHEUR: BY THEODORE STANTON

THE lover of biography is offered an unusual treat in this book,—which is a compilation of letters from and to the artist and quotations concerning her taken from letters of her friends, interspersed with brief comments by the author. Relating to a personality as forceful as Rosa Bonheur's, every fragment of information is of fascinating interest, and Mr. Stanton has succeeded in culling the most significant. The book is illustrated with copies of this famous painter's masterpieces, and numerous sketches of and by her. (Published by D. Appleton & Company, New York. Illustrated. 412 pages. Price $3.00 net.)

CATHEDRALS OF SPAIN: BY JOHN A. GADE

IN the last dozen years many English books on Spain have appeared. They have dealt with this subject from the point of view of the artist or the historian, the archæologist, the politician, or the mere sightseer. The student of the history of architecture, especially that architecture which produced the early Mission styles in America, or the traveler desiring a more in-

timate or serious knowledge of the great cathedrals, has had nothing to consult since Street published his remarkable book some forty years ago. There have been, one recalls, artistic impressions, as well as guide-book recitations by the score, but it has remained for John A. Gade, author of "Cathedrals of Spain" to present an authoritative work on the subject in general. In the present volume Mr. Gade, who is a practicing architect in New York, has given the results of a recent close and enthusiastic study of the cathedrals of Avila, Burgos, Salamanca, Leon, Toledo, Segovia, Seville and Granada. These type-cathedrals cover nearly all periods of Gothic art, as interpreted in Spain, as well as the earlier Romanesque and succeeding Renaissance, with which, there, the Gothic was mingled. Mr. Gade is master of an admirable and vivid style that can present details without dryness and invest every page with warmth and color. His book is something more than architectural and æsthetic criticism. "It has seemed to me," he writes in his preface, "that certain buildings, and especially cathedrals, cannot be properly studied quite apart from what surrounds them, or from their past history." With this point in view he has enlighteningly sketched the traditions of the city which created its cathedral, and the civic temperament and ideals surrounding its local historic evolution. Thus the book cannot fail also to interest the layman. Not the least notable feature of Mr. Gade's volume is a series of remarkable photographs of the cathedrals and of characteristic details admirably reproduced. (Published by Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. 279 pages. Illustrated. Price $5.00 net.)

MY VOICE AND I: BY CLARA KATHLEEN ROGERS

AN unusual book on voice culture has been written by Mrs. Rogers, well known to concert goers as "Clara Doria," and an authority on musical theory as well as a singer. She draws attention to certain radical errors in the education of singers that have ruined many a good voice through the attempts made to train it by false and artificial systems which have become conventional. Mrs. Rogers has been convinced by the experience of her own career that these systems result in the gradual killing out of all true artistic impulse. Therefore, she urges a more natural method which depends chiefly upon the intelligence of a singer regarding his own tone production as well as the general theory of his art. While she does not minimize the necessity of thorough technique. Mrs. Rogers is inclined to put the chief emphasis upon the cultivation of both intelligence and temperament as being more necessary to true vocal art than the ultra-scientific methods of voice culture. (Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 265 pages. Price $1.50 net.)

HEARTS AND CORONETS: BY ALICE WILSON FOX

MOTHERS who are looking for a pleasant, wholesome story for their young daughters to read would find just what they want in this charming tale of English life. It is all about young people—jolly, well-bred boys and girls such as abound in the country homes of England, and the book gives an unusually truthful picture of life among the youngsters in a great English country house. Most of them are the children of an earl, but one young girl is a frequent guest. She is an orphan, and very unhappy in her home surroundings, but it finally transpires that she is the real heiress to the title and the fortune of her friends, and then, of course, there is nothing for her to do but marry the eldest son of the dispossessed family and go on with the gay, healthy life they had all been living. A very mild little romance, but so prettily told that it will delight the heart and give form to the dreams of many a school girl on both sides of the water. (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. 349 pages. Price $1.50.)

ITALIAN FANTASIES: BY ISRAEL ZANGWILL

ALTHOUGH the author of this book, a work of cultured reflection and forceful presentment of phases of Italian life, has chosen to call his volume "Italian Fantasies," it must not be assumed that there is anything fantastic about it. On the contrary, it is not only entertaining but illuminating, especially Mr. Zangwill's essays on the *Risorgimento*—the reorganization of the Italian states into an united Italy. The traveler who knows Italy only in her halcyon season will appreciate Mr. Zangwill's chapter on *Icy Italy*, which vividly portrays the disagreeable condition of the northern part of the peninsula in winter time. One could well afford to make many of the travel books on Italy step aside for this volume. (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. 408 pages. Price $2.00 net.)

INSURANCE: WHAT IT SHOULD MEAN TO THE HOME-MAKER AND WHY IT IS A MATTER OF THE UTMOST IMPORTANCE.

THERE is something significant in the fact that it is not a sense of security that impels home-builders to think insurance is a matter about which they need not concern themselves, for statistics and observations seem to prove conclusively that those buildings least immune to the possibility of accidental destruction are most often to be found in the class of uninsured properties. Therefore, one may only conclude that carelessness and neglect alone are responsible for the indifference with which too many home-makers still regard insurance of any sort. There are, of course, a few peculiarly constituted persons who feel that the payment of a small premium annually to insure against possible loss is like throwing money away on something they are not sure of, as though the *loss* were a thing to be bought or desired, and the *surety against* it a secondary matter; yet these very persons are the ones who cry most loudly when fate overtakes them with misfortunes their own short-sightedness leaves them without reimbursement for.

Indeed the only sensible attitude to assume toward any of life's possible future calamities is to *hope* they will not occur, but to be ready to meet them if they do. The man who has never slipped on an icy sidewalk, been thrown from his horse, or suffered personal injury at all may feel that he is immune from accident, a sort of favored being among his less fortunate fellows; therefore, he may deem it not worth his while to pay ten or twelve dollars out of his yearly earnings to insure himself against accident, *until* the unhappy day chances to come around when he finds himself disabled, if only temporarily. How much better for him to have provided against that rainy day, which, if he has taken the trouble to insure himself, will find him tided over with a stated sum per week during the period of his inability. As for life insurance that is a matter which surely every man who has a responsibility in life owes to those who are dependent upon him to provide.

A man may tell you his grandfather and his great-grandfather got along very well without it, and for that reason he guesses he can. Not only is this poor logic, but it is no logic at all. This will be seen when we take into consideration the vast changes in the physical aspects of the civilization of the present era.

With our travel, railway and street car, our tremendous building enterprises, our necessity for being in crowded, often in dangerous places, all these things make living actually more hazardous than it could have been ten years ago. Therefore, civilization, for imposing all this upon mankind has devised a palliating benefit in the form of insurance against any of the misfortunes our way of living and of having to live imposes upon our helplessness.

Moreover, *insurance is an invitation to thrift and not a gamble.* A man does not hire a watchman to guard his premises and pay him so much every so often because he hopes someone will break *into* the premises and damage it, he pays his watchman to guard it as a further measure toward insuring against any such misfortune. So, likewise, a man decides to insure his house, his person or his life, not because he hopes to meet with untimely misfortune, but that his personal sense of security may be strengthened through the knowledge that if anything *should* happen he would not be caught unprepared, in a measure, to meet it.

What is more pathetically heartrending than to find the home one has sought by sacrifices through all the years to build, suddenly consumed by flames, leaving nothing behind it but ashes to represent itself to us. Of course, all the money in the world could hardly replace, sentimentally, a home we have loved, and have watched built under our loving care; yet to find it all gone, and nothing left us wherewith to build anew is, indeed, pathos itself. And yet the home-builder who overlooks insurance may expect to find himself in just such a predicament, for catastrophes seldom carry bells of warning on their rounds.

Even one's household goods, furniture, or apparel, or books, ought never to be trusted to uncertain fortune without insuring against the possibility of their loss, even where we may be living in apartments, our houses that seem adamantine in their fireproof construction. A match carelessly dropped may completely wipe out by flames the interior of a building that still stands "fireproof," and it ought not to be necessary to have a personal experience of fire to lead one to acknowledging the wisdom of forethought in this as well as in other matters affecting the economy of the home.

See page 236.

SAMUEL CLEMENS (MARK TWAIN): FROM A PENCIL SKETCH BY F. SOULE CAMPBELL

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HOUSE FURNISHINGS AND HOME FURNISHING: BY WILLIAM L. PRICE

LIKE pretty much everything else in this age of specialization, house furnishing has become a business. And while there may be a certain gain in economy, or what is mistaken for economy, and in the direction of the so-called artistic through this specialization, the condition is only made possible by our other failure to comprehend the real problem of house furnishing. And this business of *house* furnishing is well named. It could not conceivably be called *home* furnishing. Given a house designed or rather compiled to meet no particular or individual wants, to express no purpose, other than that of sale or rent, given occupiers who have been carefully trained to believe that the youth in the store who talks so glibly of "styles" is the oracle of taste his blatant assurance would indicate, and you have a combination ripe for the marts of trade. Ask these carefully laundered gentlemen how to furnish your house, and you will run just about the same chance of having a home as you will of having your true fortune told by dropping a nickel in the slot at the next street corner. I am not going to compete with the aforesaid experts and tell you how you should furnish your homes; in case, of course, you prefer a home to a furnished house; if you really care for a stylish house, by all means go to the stylish furnishers; they know their honorable calling well, and will render you an account for taste with the bill for the goods.

It may, of course, be questioned if one has the right to have a house, the exterior of which is designed entirely to meet one's own purposes and ideas. We cannot stumble along the streets blindfolded, and must needs therefore look upon each other's houses, but there is no compulsion whatever upon the world to ring our door-bells. Here at least the feathers of our nest may be arranged to suit the eggs and the mother's breast. Here at least we may set things in the order that seems desirable to us and mold our surroundings to our individual wants, without offense to anyone but the deserted furnisher, whose perfervid concern for the salvation of our artistic souls seldom extends beyond the doorstep of his shop. The living rooms the painters choose to immortalize are not the product

of house furnishers, but of home builders, the simple surroundings of a life that has redeemed them to beauty. And the things we collect and treasure in useless cabinets or unrelated shelves, what are they? Brasses from Russia, fire-irons of the Colonies, embroideries of the East, rugs of the Orient, ravished from the floors of tents and the firesides of peasants, made for use and doubly hallowed by that use. These persons who sit in the outer darkness have lived their homes into being, while we cultured ones buy ours at a department store, or if we can afford it, hire draughtsmen who themselves usually live in quite humble surroundings, to search the records of the past for appropriate designs, and then have the things made in factories or by dwellers in the slums, whose lives are just so much more real than ours as makers always are than mere users.

And so our modern palaces are vapid and unrelated reproductions or modifications of the past, filled with junk, the hall of Italian Renaissance, the reception room blamed on one of the useful Louis, the library, Jacobean, the breakfast room, Georgian (Colonial having now become plebeian), the dining room Flemish and the balance of the house assorted according to taste, except the kitchen. The kitchen is American and modern; it has to be; there's work to be done in it. If I were going to be so rash as to advise you how to finish and furnish your house I should begin with the kitchen. I know approximately what is going to be done there.

OF COURSE, under economic conditions that make us mostly temporary tenants in our homes and button-pushers in our work, we cannot hope to have homes like mother used to make, —or is it grandmother now? When people made their own and their neighbor's possessions and were anchored so securely that they were compelled to live with and near the things they made, they just had to get a little fun out of the making, and so fashioned them that they were not ashamed, when they called on a neighbor, to look their handiwork in the face. Of course, nowadays, you never see the man who made your chairs, and he never sees you; that is mostly what is the matter with the chairs. And, of course, when you couldn't have very many things, you cared to have them good, and in those days necessity was the mother of invention and all the things were different; now invention is the mother of necessity and all the things are alike, and just about as appropriate as the application of the lady for membership in the Daughters of the Revolution on the ground that her grandfather was a Hessian.

I am criticizing our modern attitude toward life, not our modern business habits, which are the inevitable outcome of the attitude.

House furnishing is about the best we can do under present conditions, and we have improved in taste, if not in real understanding of life. Neither is it possible instantly to remake civilization at the call of the Prophet of a New Day. Civilization is not called into being, but is evolved out of life.

The mistake of the nineteenth century was in believing that all things good and desirable may be bought; the age took the tip of Iago, "Put money in thy purse," and so we have bought education, bought taste, bought culture (only the expensive schools furnish it), and it is inevitable that things should be made to sell rather than to use. Factories are built for profits, not for the manufacture of goods, the sole requirement being that they are good enough to satisfy our bought taste, and last till they are put across the counter. And if there was one grotesque joke in the whole nineteenth century it was in the noisy assumption that it was a practical age. Look at the devastating records of that age of "progress and practical advance"; a land almost swept clear of the forests that could have lasted a really practical people forever; the bowels of the earth ravished for coal and iron; its streams polluted or dried up; its water powers stolen; tariff walls built against the honest goods of other countries so that we should be compelled to buy inferior goods of our hurried making; a great tin industry, but no honest tin; a great steel trust with a few million dollars' worth of plant and hundreds of millions of dollars of thieving paper.

And now a little over a decade later, what have we to show for it? What glories of art, what treasures of craftsmanship to grace the homes or even the galleries of the future? What architecture, save the silly befringed mantle of the past, draped around the gaunt skeleton of our senseless, formless cities? A little babble about the "city beautiful," conceived out of books, a few marble libraries, whose real authors are so long dead that they are nameless. The furniture, the flimsy frame houses we stick and tack together, already shaking apart, or their ill-seasoned members falling to decay.

And it was for these things we harried our valleys and our hills and burnt out our pregnant lives in the mad race of a practical age that knew too much to have sense. It was so sure of its new-found knowledge that it forgot the end and aim of life.

OH, YOU practical business men, with your palaces, in which you *stop*, and your servants *live*, with your vaults full of fool-given powers to exploit, with your galleries of art,—why, the longest-haired artist of them all, the horniest-handed craftsman, the dust of whose labor you have shaken from off your feet, are more

practical than you. You collect and enshrine the crumbs that have fallen from the artists' tables, the hallowed evidences of their growth which your kind of work doesn't even give you the power to comprehend.

And you who labor and are heavy laden that these things should be, held only by the hope that you too may rise to the *gilded heights of usefulness*, what have you to show for your age of struggle; of pinched pocket and stupefied brain?

Rows of crumbling burrows to live in, ill-made tools to work with; except the marvelous machines whose soul-destroying levers you daily push; shoddy clothes, no light in your life, but the garish light of banal shows; no color but that of the crudities your wondrous machines toss out; poisons to drink and adulteration to eat, and all for the evanescent hope that you too may reach the top of that tinsel-tipped ladder of swords, a practical age has named success.

How shall I talk to you about furnishing homes who have only rented tenements? Why should I stop to tell you that plain papers are better than unrestful and dazzling pattern papers; why point out that roses on the carpet don't keep the feet any warmer than cool restful colors? Why preach of simple lines in the essential furnishings, since the desire for these things and the beauty of their appreciation can only come out of real culture, which when it comes will first demand a sane life and then a sane surrounding for it. I was asked to write about house furnishings. I find I must write about *soul furnishing;* about home making, not home fixing. If you are content to buy your culture and your æsthetics, go to those that sell; if you yearn, as more and more of us do yearn, for better homes, then let us realize that we must have a better world to build them in, and before house furnishing comes house cleaning; house cleaning mentally by realizing that what we really are striving for in our aching struggle is growth, and that growth comes by creative thought and work, and by no other road; house cleaning spiritually, by realizing that you raise yourself *by* your brother's shoulders, not *on* them; house cleaning artistically by perceiving that it takes the people beautiful to build the city beautiful; and first and last, economic house cleaning by the conviction that economic sin is the mother of all sins; that failure to adjust ourselves to the material universe and to the nature of man makes all other house cleanings of no avail. House cleaning mentally, spiritually, artistically - these without the last are like broom and dustbrush cleaning, they redistribute the dust, they put it out of sight, not out of being. But economic house cleaning is vacuum cleaning; it sucks the dirt from hidden places and takes it clean outside our walls.

HOUSE cleaning, however, is not house furnishing. After all, we have to know what to put in as well as what to take out. A cleaned house economically is a Democracy, and Democracy is the abolition of special privilege. A Democracy doesn't do things for us, it allows us to do for ourselves to the uttermost. But Democracy carries with it the compulsion to make social and industrial arrangements, since having abolished the king and the trust there is no one to make them for us. We must first free the earth for the use of man, by abolishing privilege, all primarily based on land privilege, and then we must organize the production of wealth on the basis of man's good, not more goods. And when we do this the factory will disappear, for the twin reasons that free men will neither work at the tail of a machine nor be satisfied with its monotonous product. Then art will come into the world again, applied to every commonest thing in its proper degree. Then we may begin real home furnishing; then we may begin to use the marvelous scientific discoveries of the last century, instead of being consumed and destroyed by them.

And your individual house won't be cleaned for furnishing until it, too, becomes a Democracy. If father and mother are king and queen, then there is no Democracy, and even this doesn't often happen; usually when mother is queen, father is only prince consort at the best, and lackey at the worst. And when father is king, mother's marriage is apt to be morganatic and mother's children subjects not peers. Your rights in a Democracy are equal, but your requirements are not, and you can always consult your children spiritually, even before you can mentally. How many houses do you know where the chairs are of heights suitable to the occupants? You consult the needs of the baby that can't tell and give it a footrest, but do you consult your children or even your wife who can tell, and would tell if you wanted to know?

The way to furnish a home is to democratize it first. Provide for and stimulate the expression of individual needs and desires, and then meet those needs as simply as possible, and don't be afraid of individuality. A real expression of your own needs will never fail to have in it some element of appropriateness. I think even the haircloth horrors, the dead shells and coral, the wax flowers of the middle of last century took on a certain dignity from their real expression of a narrow and inartistic age. At least they represented individual lack of taste, and that is better than the organized death of the school men's edicts of taste, which we have substituted for the crudities of their barren life.

AN ARTIST'S WORK, HIS OWN BIOGRAPHY: PAUL TROUBETZKOY'S SCULPTURE AN INSTANCE OF THIS TRUTH

OU are interested in Paul Troubetzkoy because everything he has ever modeled is a vital presentation of his own existence. His life's history is outlined for you in any fairly complete exhibition of his work. If you study the people he has represented or the animals, or the groups embracing both, you know more or less exactly how he felt about these creatures in life. You discover that while he is a prince he is also a democrat; that while he reveres strength, physical and spiritual, he is vegetarian; that the peasant of Russia or Italy is an open book to his socialistic heart; that the "fine lady" of France and America is a twice-told tale to his cultivated susceptibilities, and so wide are his sympathies that animals and children alike are his friends.

In other words, Prince Troubetzkoy is first of all a sensitive emotional human being, and then having the power to incorporate in his art his own vision of truth, he is in the second place an artist frank, vivid and sure. He has no traditions, no formalities in his approach to art, he never tiptoes about the Muses in futile reverence; established form in art is a gauze veil which he sees through and rends with swift audacity, leaving it to float away forgotten, or to cling eventually to some critical review of his work.

His interests in life are manifold; people of all nations, ages, classes, animals free and fierce or hurt by civilization. His philosophy is simple, freedom for himself without injury to anything. By anything he means all sentient life,—people, animals, insects, plant life. To accomplish much and to hurt nothing,—this he finds a sufficiently illuminating and comforting creed.

In manner he is utterly unaffected, a powerful personality swung through a mighty frame. He would always dominate his environment, either through force of conviction or muscle. Tolstoy was his friend for years; together they roamed over the wide Russian *steppes*. His portraits of Tolstoy are all full of action,—the creative philosopher, not the aristocrat in a peasant's coat, fearing the soil.

His figure of Rodin is also that of the worker, the man of furrowed brow, of wrinkled clothes, deep in his projects for pouring new ideas into marble, or propounding fundamental questions in curves and startling theories in colors. It is always the activities in life that Troubetzkoy perceives in his own work and in that of others, and it is always his own interest in these activities which his work reveals.

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PRINCESS PAUL TROUBETZKOY
PAUL TROUBETZKOY, SCULPTOR

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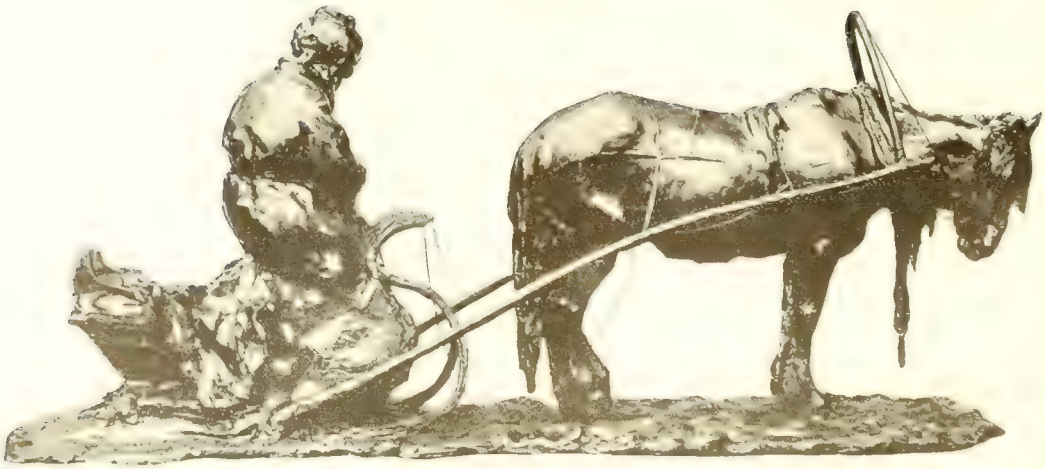
"YOUNG WOMAN KNITTING":
PAUL TROUBETZKOY, SCULPTOR.



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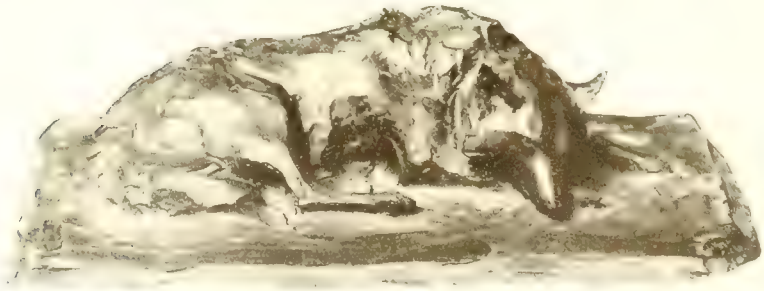

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"RUSSIAN SLEDGE AND DRIVER".
PAUL TROUBETZKOY, SCULPTOR.

"SAMOYED DOG LYING DOWN" (1):
PAUL TROUBETZKOY, SCULPTOR

The "Schools," ancient and modern, neither influence nor irritate him. He has studied as a painter in Italy, as a sculptor in Italy, Russia and France, not long anywhere. From the beginning he had the desire to do rather than the need to listen, and he has always wanted to say things swiftly, impulsively, to say fresh things about life, not to repeat old formulæ about art. Early in life he found himself stifled in the ateliers, and discovered that his only chance for progress was to work out his own desire, his own need in his own studio. He found his inspiration in the subject he wished to present; in the same subject he also found his technique. His opportunity and his technique seemed from the start the very same thing. He could not study them apart or attempt to portray his feeling through another's methods.

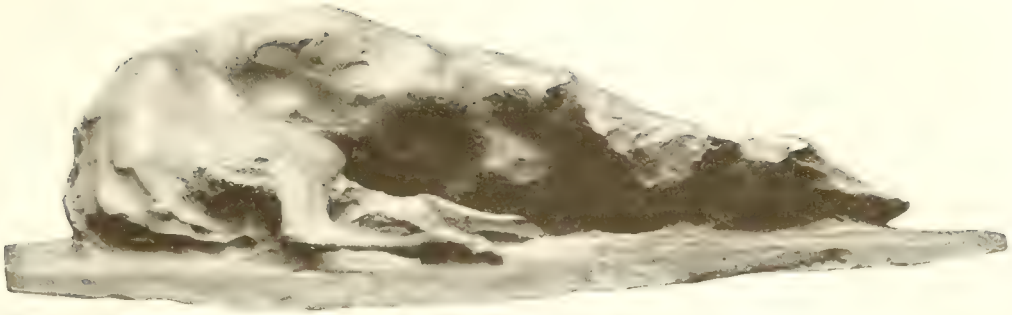
PAUL TROUBETZKOY becomes a type only in so much as his parents did not wish him to become a sculptor. When the sincerity of his purpose in art was realized he was sent away from Italy, where he was born, to Russia, the home of his father's people, with the hope that this change from one of the art centers of the world to strange crude undercivilized conditions would obliterate his desire to narrow down what seemed his splendid potential activities to the single channel of artistic expression. But life, vigorous fresh life, was what of all things this young artist desired. The atelier was what he craved the least of all; the living vigorous human thing, animal or man, was nothing new to the young Russo-American's imagination, and the new life more than all the life before stirred this imagination. It was what he had craved for the development of his art. In Russia, both in the great luxurious capitals and out on the barren plains, he found life a thousand times more vital, more stimulating, more inspiring, than in the land from which he had come. What if many of his days were spent on the isolated family estate. There to his great delight he found the picturesque peasant; he discovered the wonder of the animals that came and went over the solitary roads, the wolves, the fierce native dogs. And everywhere were stern primitive conditions that made the vigorous young nature more alert, stinging with desire to express in the one method of which he was sure the great pulses of life. It was out on the Russian plains that he acquired his love of animals and understanding of them. It was there that he saw what his soul had thirsted for, life at the core, and little by little he grew to realize the nature and value of work. He touched the big simplicities, he grew to know and to reverence the little people and the great men of his own land.

And when he finally returned to Italy it was with the outline of his character definite, with his art established, both on a simple, sincere realistic basis. Then the exhibitions sought him; he was courageous and new and frank, and little by little real appreciation of his purpose in art came to him. At last Paris welcomed him; there he was permitted to express his own individuality, and so there he established his studio; insisting always that he should retain the fulness of freedom for which he had fought through the days of his youth.

With powerful mind and body he has developed also perfect strength and health. By birth he has touched the two nations of the world most diametrically opposite in fundamentals,—Russia and America. By this dual inheritance he has also acquired an interest reaching from pole to pole. All of Russia touches his heart; all of America his brain; Italy his emotion. It is only by understanding the varied personality of Prince Troubetzkoy that one begins to comprehend the *wise simplicity* of his attitude toward life and art. The person whose life is empty through necessity and who craves luxury and complexity could never be regarded as living a simple life. Such a one is merely enduring privation. The true simplicity must be the outcome of a wide knowledge of existence and a conscious elimination of non-significant detail from it. To know all phases of life and to select the essential, that alone leads to real simplicity.

Prince Troubetzkoy, now slightly past middle age, has touched all phases of modern culture, social, artistic, æsthetic. For his own life he has chosen unhampered conditions about him, the people and animals he loves, and only those things essential to his peace and his work—simple big friendships, simple plain living and time unencumbered by casual detail, all his life free for his art.

AND the result is inevitable, an art direct, sincere, presenting the life the artist actually knows—the peasant, vague, blundering, heavy, naïve, intent on detail; the Frenchwoman, sparkling, sure, unreal, captivating, unsatisfying; the fashionable American woman, self-conscious, nervous about her chic beauty, accented, insolent; the successful American man, well groomed to sharpness, listening to the "ticker," weak at home, cruel on the impersonal horizon of life. It is difficult to separate his children into nationalities or to types. They are just youth, spiritual, fine, close to the realities. His animals, emotional, free, sensitive, as the individual animal would be in its relation to a personality so strong and yet so tender as the man who has modeled them, his friends.



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"SAMOYED DOG LYING DOWN" (2):
PAUL TROUBETZKOY, SCULPTOR.

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"MARE AND FOAL" [illegible]
BETZKOY, SCULPTOR

"YOUNG WOLF—MARGUERITE"
PAUL TROUBETZKOY, SCULPTOR.

"YOUNG WOMAN FEEDING A DOG":
PAUL TROUBETZKOY, SCULPTOR.

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DAUGHTER OF THE PRINCE SCIPIONE BORGHESE
ON HORSEBACK. PAUL TROUBETZKOY, SCULPTOR.

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G. BERNARD SHAW. PAUL TROUBETZKOY, SCULPTOR.

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YOUNGER DAUGHTER OF MRS. W. K. VANDERBILT. PAUL TROUBETZKOY, SCULPTOR

Troubetzkoy never seems cynical in life or art, yet sometimes brutal in art; for he presents conditions with scathing reality. The gourmand is to him unspeakably loathsome, and so he models him. Cruelty in any form, to people or to animals, is so unbelievable to this artist that in his work one finds the peasant sometimes making an appeal to sympathy and kindness beyond reality, the animal with a wistfulness that awakens a kindliness perhaps not always deserved. The artist is not sentimental; he is only seizing an opportunity to express the humanity of his own soul, to create in the heart of the world an understanding of and a desire to protect the suffering.

His technique in all work is direct, fearless, fluid, as it is individual; in fact, it is an outgrowth so definitely of his personality that it could only vary as the man himself varies. It is translucent, if one may use that particular word in connection with a method. It is so clear, so reasonable, so essential that it seems fluid; solely an opportunity to say freely, clearly, convincingly what the artist thinks of life. It is not an end, but a means. Troubetzkoy does not seem concerned with how he shall say the truth about life, but rather with the greatness of the truth.

It is an interesting fact in this man's art that while he is expressing frankly and freely what interests him, he stops absolutely before anything of which he is not sure. Where his vision ends, his work ends. Of course, one does not mean that he is not testing, experimenting, thinking, in wax; merely that he is experimenting for himself, not for the public. He finds conviction in his work before the bronze stage is reached. Thus you are interested in Troubetzkoy's achievement as you are in any expression of a vision of truth. Rodin has dominated his country because his vision has been far into the heart of truth. Kipling has revolutionized English literature because he has dared to say to the most conventional people in the world that truth was not at the root of their lives. And he has dared to say the truth to these people as he found it in a language colossal, splendid and fearless. England more than any other country has been ridden with the "Schools." But little by little we shall all find that no man's art is worth imitating; that each man can contribute only to the extent of his range of vision. It does not matter much whether men imitate Rodin or Kipling or Tolstoy, but it matters greatly that sincere men like Troubetzkoy realize the truths to be found underlying all life, and seeing them tell the world how great and beautiful and worth understanding they are.

IS OUR PUBLIC-SCHOOL SYSTEM BEHIND THE TIMES? JAMES CREELMAN'S REMEDY FOR EXISTING EVILS: BY ISAAC RUSSELL

UR Public-School System, that institution through which the nation's children are trained for the service of whatsoever civilization they may chance to be a part of, should never be approached in a spirit of mere captious criticism. Yet if the standards of civilization shift, as they are now unquestionably doing, obviously, schools for the children must change with them, if they can be made to do so, or the children, and thus the nation, will suffer. If the newer growth of the nation with its newer demands far outstrips the progress of the schools, as in the present case, it becomes a matter of vital importance to study into the stumbling blocks on which an educational progress halts.

James Creelman, a writer and famous war correspondent and a man who has long been intimately in touch with the secret springs whence Governments are controlled, has recently investigated the stumbling blocks in the way of the progress of Public Schools of the country's chief city.

What he has found has appalled him. He commenced his work as a member of the New York City Board of Education at the invitation of the Mayor of New York. Within a month he resigned, declaring publicly as he did so, that the System was wrong, the results disastrous, and the whole organization in sad need of a revolutionary overhauling from the bottom to the top.

It was not the school teacher,—as little overpraised as she is overpaid,—against which his indictment ran, but the managers,—the men who give direction to the course of work, which by the time it reaches the teacher is stereotyped and standardized.

I had heard much of James Creelman before he accepted the Mayor's appointment upon the Board of Education. I had heard of him as the first man from America to interview the Pope at Rome. I had heard of him as a man who met Stanley at the edge of the African jungle and sent the explorer's first messages home to the country whence he fared forth when Central Africa meant Darkest Africa. I had heard of him from the battlefields of Luzon, where he had ridden with Funston in the skirmish lines. And from the Capitol at Washington where he pled for an amelioration of the Press Censorship in Manila, news of him had come to me.

I regarded him as a man peculiarly equipped to see deeply and incisively into school conditions in New York,—conditions that must hold their lesson for the rest of us, wherever we may dwell.

That his view of those conditions was an extremely condemnatory one, and that he saw no hope for progress outside of the destruction of the entire present system, was something to catch my interest, when the newspapers printed his letter of resignation.

I approached Mr. Creelman to find out exactly why he had reached his revolutionary beliefs. He met me in a frank spirit and talked freely. As we discussed the situation his young boy—a youngster of thirteen years, who was born in the heart of Korea while his father was following the fortunes of the Japanese army—came into the room from school.

"He's not getting out of it what he ought to," Creelman said quickly. "The curriculum doesn't fit him, the men to make it fit are not on the School Board, and if they were they couldn't do their work."

I HAD just come from a gathering of young men who had met to plan some manner of memorial for one of their companions who had been killed. The young man was a high-school graduate who had died obscurely as a bookkeeper. His companions, met to honor him, were doctors and young lawyers and holders of Government positions. Invariably, as they told me of his work, they apologized for the place he had gained in life. They wanted to make it very clear that there was a reason he had not risen as they had risen; he had devoted his whole career to the organization of clubs—outing clubs, debating clubs, social circles, Sunday School clubs, swimming clubs. In other words, as I gathered their stories, they had thought only of themselves; he had thought of all of them together, and of himself only as a unit who perchance might find his work in the general welfare of the group in which he moved. For that they felt sheepishly to honor him among themselves, and yet to apologize to outsiders that he had not climbed as they had climbed.

The memory of this group of typical young school graduates was fresh in my mind when I sought out Mr. Creelman.

"Isn't it wrong," I asked, "that service to the mass should be so looked down upon, and the entire stimulus of the school spirit thrown behind the man who tries to forge ahead into the professions—out of the mass instead of into it with geared-up powers ready for more efficient workmanship?"

Mr. Creelman has passed the years of snap judgments and impetuosity. He was born in eighteen hundred and fifty-eight. His answer was not an impatient one, or an uninclusive one.

"That problem," he said, "is so infinitesimal in the group surrounding it as to be of no material account. The real charge against

the Board of Education is that it practically gives no serious attention whatever to any primary problem of education. The truth is that it has little more to do with the actual school problem than has the Police Department or the Fire Department."

The statement was so extreme as almost to challenge credibility. Yet as I watched Mr. Creelman I saw that he was very serious, and meant all that he had said, and was weighing his words carefully. "The real reason why I resigned from the Board of Education," he continued, "was that I felt I couldn't honestly consent to be a party to what I was convinced was mere official pretense.

"The truth is that the New York Board of Education which has to deal with the most formidable problem of human education known to any city in human history seems to me to be something of a fraud.

"The curriculum of the schools, the selection of text books, the apportionment of time to be devoted by pupils to various courses of study, and practically every other matter in the actual work of education is controlled by paid subordinates, the Board of Superintendents which being the appointees of the Board of Education, has no responsibility to the public at all.

"Yet under the charter of the city—an instrument which was skilfully manipulated in its making—the Board of Education can do nothing with its educational problems save on the recommendation of this board of subordinates.

"THE Board of Superintendents is composed of men overwhelmed with detail and routine work. They are subject to the will of one man, the City Superintendent of Schools, who directs their activities and assigns their labors. So that in actual practice the whole thing comes down to the mind and will of a single man, and that man an overworked official with his nose always on the grindstone of detail, and the nature of whose office compels him to manœuver to keep all the power in his own hands.

"The Board of Education itself consists of forty-six members. They serve without pay. They meet only twice a month for about an hour and a half for each sitting, and in the summer time they do not meet at all. The members of the Board are mostly lawyers and business men. The school system perforce is a matter which they only take up in their leisure hours. The sober fact is that more than three-fourths of the members are compelled to vote on matters which they know little or nothing about. The four or five members who control the principal committees dominate the Board absolutely.

"The result is that the vote of the forty-six members acts simply as a cloak for the activities and responsibilities of a small group,

who must depend upon the City Superintendent of Schools for facts, since it would take their entire time to keep in touch with school matters for themselves. And such a thing is not possible to a board of volunteers.

"This is the ramshackle, disconnected, loose system through which the taxpayers of New York spend thirty-six million dollars a year. It has in its care eighteen thousand persons on the teaching and supervising staffs. It is held responsible for pupils whose numbers approach seven hundred thousand on the enrolment lists. The result of this extraordinary situation is, as I have already said, that the school problem itself is virtually never mentioned in the Board of Education.

"Members of the Board as a rule vote with their eyes shut. Being unpaid, they cannot give the time necessary to inform themselves. Their paid subordinates have control of the really fundamental things.

"Surely any sensible man must see that such a system is deplorable; that it should be abolished, and a paid commission of efficient men put in its place, so that this gigantic, complex and costly work may be treated as a serious and responsible business. Several years ago I felt vigorously impelled to commend, and did commend, the New York Public-School System. But at that time I had not seen what I now know—that although there are a few special classes to take care of the exceptional pupils, the curriculum of the elementary schools—and there are about five hundred—is an iron-bound, inflexible system of study, enforced throughout the city regardless of the fact that the metropolis has become more or less an aggregation of foreign colonies; that children who seldom hear English spoken at home, or hear it spoken brokenly, go through the same school routine as the child of English-speaking, or native-born parents.

"The point that years ago excited my admiration and won my approval was the fact that the teaching in the schools was based more or less on the German idea of vocational education. But official statistics show that not more than one out of one hundred Public-School children go through college, and not more than six out of one hundred go through the high school, so that we have before us the inescapable fact that ninety-three or ninety-four out of every hundred Public-School children get no more education than what they get in the ordinary elementary schools.

"These then are the undisputable facts of the main Public-School problem. The children who receive neither high school nor collegiate training must be prepared for actual business life, especially

now that the industries are becoming more and more highly specialized.

"THE supreme cause of failure in life and of social unhappiness is to be found in misdirected energy. The boy who should have been an artist finds himself a blacksmith; the boy who was meant to be a plumber turns out to be a watchmaker, and so on. A carpenter sees other men pass him, as he thinks, in the race of life, and is sunk in despair when he looks upon the evidence of defeat about him. Yet as a printer or bookbinder he might have risen to the top.

"The theory of the old school curriculum was a narrow one, with an intensive drill. The present curriculum is wide and shallow. It includes all sorts of things intended to interest and arouse vocational instincts,—from plaiting straws, weaving cords and making pictures in color to industrial shop work.

"But these are mere preliminaries looking forward to a system of technical and trade schools such as exist in Germany. The trouble is that we have only a fragmentary beginning of such schools. Our beginnings we have not followed out. Yet we go on with the upper curriculum in the elementary schools just as though the graduates were going into trade and technical schools. The great mass of the children of New York—more than ninety per cent. of them—go out into life with a mere smattering of many things, and not a complete or even an approximate mastery of any of them.

"As there is no solid drill possible in such an overloaded curriculum the shallow education received in the elementary schools wears off very readily. The average boy or girl of foreign parentage has a confused and insecure knowledge of English and spelling, and these surely are essentials in all professions save those involving manual labor exclusively. Under the present system there is no effectual body responsible directly to the public for a broad educational policy, suited to the city as a whole. It is all routine or experiment, and the consequences are what I have outlined to you.

"New York has never been a mean city. It has always been generous with its schools. But the Board of Education, having the powers of a separate corporation and being simply a volunteer organization, has always, and sometimes offensively, held itself independent of the city Government. There is no coördination. Is it then a matter for wonder that the responsible city Government has shrunk sometimes from handing over so many millions of its taxpayers' money to be expended under such amazing auspices with such amazing results?

"We know that the great ideal of trained artisans has not been successfully worked out. We know that the foreign-speaking colonies are multiplying in the city at an ever-increasing rate of speed. We know that newspapers printed in foreign tongues are also multiplying. The Public Schools constitute the only instrumentality through which we can remedy this tendency which in the end must weaken and confuse the community.

"Language is the greatest means of unity or of division in a city like this, and our schools are conducted almost as though we were a racially homogeneous and English-speaking people instead of a congeries of races, nationalities and civilizations."

As the matter stands at present, Mayor Gaynor has the issue in hand. He is in consultation with Mr. Creelman about it; believing that the time has come for a change, he is shaping an education provision in a proposed new city charter, calling for what Mr. Creelman holds is vitally essential,—the appointment of a board of five or seven members who shall give their whole time to their work, and receive ample remuneration for it; as do those boards or "commissions" now replacing the forms of civic government in Western towns.

New York's problem is only one in a multitude. In your town the problem may be entirely different, but it will agree in that the need is for more efficiency in meeting fresh ideals that are replacing worn ones to which the system is keyed up—ideals of social service and social dedication instead of those of self-centered "careers." They are ideals that give us Brandeis and Pinchot and Kate Barnard of Oklahoma and Jane Addams of Chicago, instead of Chauncey M. Depew of New York and Aldrich of Rhode Island and Smoot of Utah as the finest flowering of our contemporaneous aristocracy.

Between the dying Past and the forming Future you and the schools have a large rôle to play; Mr. Creelman here has given you a cross-sectional view of your problem as evidenced in one specific example. What is going to be done about it? In how many years will Mayor Gaynor's plan of revision strike to the roots of the problem as he faces it today?

SUMMER

WISE old mule, as you stand in the field, day by day, patiently licked by a horse and scratched by the horns of a cow, tell me, what mean your smile and that ghost of a wink in your eye?

HENRI FINK.

AN IMPRESSION OF THE SPRING ACADEMY OF NINETEEN HUNDRED AND ELEVEN: SOME YOUNG MEN PRIZE-WINNERS

THE Spring Academy of nineteen hundred and eleven shows a light and cheerful general note. If any one man's influence is suggested, it is, all unconsciously so far as the exhibitors are concerned, Sorolla. Since Sorolla gathered up two hundred thousand dollars for paintings sold in America, it has become the fashion to twitter cynically about his art. And yet he seems to have pitched our art in higher key this year. Note Johansen's garden scene, and a dozen portraits and a dozen landscapes.

Paris with her new primitive expression of old subtle emotions seems to have left no impress whatsoever upon the Spring Show. There is no shadow of Picasso over the fair galleries, Matisse has affected it neither for good nor evil—Cézanne, in spite of his exhibition in New York with an attendance of fifteen hundred, has in this assembly found no disciple for his Franco-Japanese spirit.

While it is not an imitation exhibition, it is not on the other hand a vigorous fresh creative one. After the first sense of good cheer wears off, there is a nagging monotony, a dearth of inspiration; there is no sounding note of joy, no press of genius through living tone. You do not come away exhilarated or dreaming.

You are, however, mighty glad about some of the pictures shown. Fancy a Lawson, a Hassam, a Schofield, a Groll, a Lathrop on the principal wall of the Vanderbilt gallery. On another wall Bellows and Jerome Myers—these indeed are signs of hope for the future, and a mighty realization, too, if one recalls the attitude of a decade ago to men of this group. Hawthorne is also in the Vanderbilt gallery, with a canvas rich with imagination, but unhappily painted in such close suggestion of George DeForest Brush's smoothest manner, that unless you have a catalogue it goes as a departure in subject for Brush. What a pity that youth should have suggested tightness of technique to as open-minded, fearless a painter as Hawthorne. Lawson's "Harlem River, Early Evening" is strangely green at close range, but full of delicate escaping twilight at a distance, a haunting study of the mysterous pang of the approach of night.

Jerome Myers' "The Park Swing" is hung on the line in the South gallery, a canvas painted simply, but full of life, vital in intention and expression. It is quite wonderful how these children of Jerome Myers' fly about over his canvases. The frame seems the only reason for not finding them whisking about the rooms and possibly making faces at Louise Cox's elegantly aloof young people.

The Bellows' painting in the Vanderbilt gallery is a little confusing

A GROUP OF GEESE: JOSEPH T. PEARSON, JR., PAINTER.

A GROUP OF BIRCHES: F. J. MULHAUPT, PAINTER.

[illegible] PALLADE
[illegible] PAINTER

at close range and more so at a distance, but if you are fortunate enough to strike just the middle distance when you first see it you are filled with amazement, so full is it of motion, of stirring existence. Trucks are darting through the crowd. Men and women are hurrying across the streets, trolleys are clanging their way in and out, a policeman is keeping people from being run over, you feel the rush, you hear the noise, and you wish you were safely home. Yet at a distance again you are troubled that there is no center to the stage, no dominant note; though, of course, this may have been intentional.

One of the most interesting walls is the Academy room,—another Bellows; "The Yellow Butterfly," by Alice Schille; Albert Sterner's "Portrait of a Young Lady," and one of the most vivid coherent paintings in the whole exhibition, "Stanice," by Ben Ali Haggin. This young *Apache* with a nimbus of yellow hair is most interestingly thought out. To quote a well-known portrait painter's opinion, "the picture is psychologically true, and the painting definite and simple." Mr. Haggin has externalized a most interesting modern Parisian type. The girl belongs to her type. She is thinking as the young *Apache* would think. She is defiant, seductive, chic in an underworld way, without self-consciousness, audacious. It is all in the type and all in the painting. So simply, as a whole, is the figure laid in that the black note suggests one long perfect stroke of the brush from shoulder to tip of slender toe. There is no uncertainty in the artist's purpose or technique. Beneath the shimmering black frock there is a vital tense young body, and back of the luring eyes there is passionate thought and ruthless intention.

In both painting and sculpture it is interesting to note the increase of American subjects throughout the exhibition. Even among the more academic presentations we find New England, the West, New York, our own landscapes, our own children, our own great men, our own houses. The younger men are assuredly studying at home, or studying abroad with a different point of view, historically and scientifically as it were, and returning home to use their knowledge. It does not seem a matter of patriotism, but of interest. They have accepted their own land as their natural background. They are willing to become an integral part of the growth of this nation. Why not? Greece, Italy, France developed artistically through the same sane process; England has become self-consciously cultivated, too dilettante to develop an art; her modern source of supply is Scotland and the Colonies. You cannot *know* too much of all the world if you would *do* much yourself. The price of superculture is a weakened power of self-expression, and so we are glad of the men who express themselves in their own land, according to their own ideals.

MY HOME

MAKE me a home, oh builder;
You that at work in your office,
See in the blue of the spaces,
Corners and angles and gables
Gathering and fitting the landscape;
Watch disappear among treetops,
Line upon line in the distance.
List to the home of my visions,
Caught from rapt dreamland's dominions,
You that are maker of houses.
Alone shall it stand on this hilltop,
Heedless, but seeing the valley,
Laughing and courting the sunshine,
Watching the sun through the treetops,
Set low but spreading and spacious,
Ever avoiding the public;
Thus shall it stand, my own cottage.
Make me the outside in stucco,
Ending in dainty trimmed capstones,
Broken with wandering woodwork.
Brown shall it be in the landscape,
Dreamily watching the trees' green,
Framing its ends in their foliage.
Thus shall you plan for the neighbors;
Never offending their eyesight,
Quiet and restful and lovely,
Waking their souls in the morning,
Giving them pleasure at noonday,
Resting them ever at evening.
Public the outside for neighbors,
Inside 'tis mine and forever;
List while I tell you the inside.
Low stretching ceilings and hallways,
Windows that hint at the outside,
Seats that have chosen their places,
Wainscots plain-paneled and straight-lined,
Nooks that suggest farther vistas,
Room into room opening onward,
Always the soul undiscovered;
That must I seek to the utmost.
This you will do for my dwelling;
Do, and I praise you forever,
Calling you friend,—almost brother,
You that have planned me a dwelling,
Planned for the world on the outside,
Inside, a home planned for my soul.

KENNETH GRAEME.

THE HOME NAME: HOW IT MAY BE MADE TO EXPRESS INDIVIDUALITY AND INTIMATE SURROUNDINGS

CERTAIN things have always impressed mankind as especially beautiful, as the glint of the rising sun on water, the flight of birds in the spring, a snow-crowned mountain against the evening sky. When primitive man first noticed that these things were lovely, and also that they were significant of the coming of day, or the change of the seasons, he desired to record his feelings of delight at sight of them and also his newly discovered fact of the truth concerning them.

Striving to express his emotion about them he took up a sharp stone and scratched upon a tree, clay cliff or flat rock, rude circles to represent the sun, rude triangles to represent birds in passage, and thus began all art, literature and history.

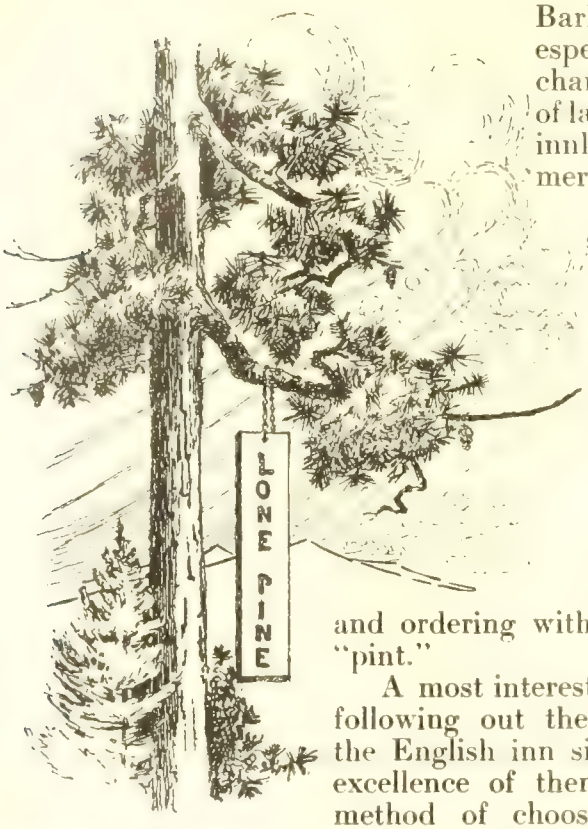
Absorbed in his work he would look up at times from his stone tablet or bark scroll and then some particular object in the landscape would attract his attention. It would so dominate the place that it seemed to his mind (sensitive from the effort to convey his thoughts) as if it spoke to him, or that it was the dwelling place of some god.

He would try to make an image of it and he honored it by naming the hill, cove or valley after it.

We can trace the growth of art, religion, history from such signs or picture writings on the Egyptian obelisks, the totem-poles of the Alaska Indians, the carvings of the Chinese. A study of the seals of our own States shows that we still use this method of perpetuating the notable feature or event of a locality.

The signboards that swing outside English inns are interesting examples of this manner of naming places. The famous "Fox and Hounds" Inn at

RUSTIC GATEWAY FOR SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

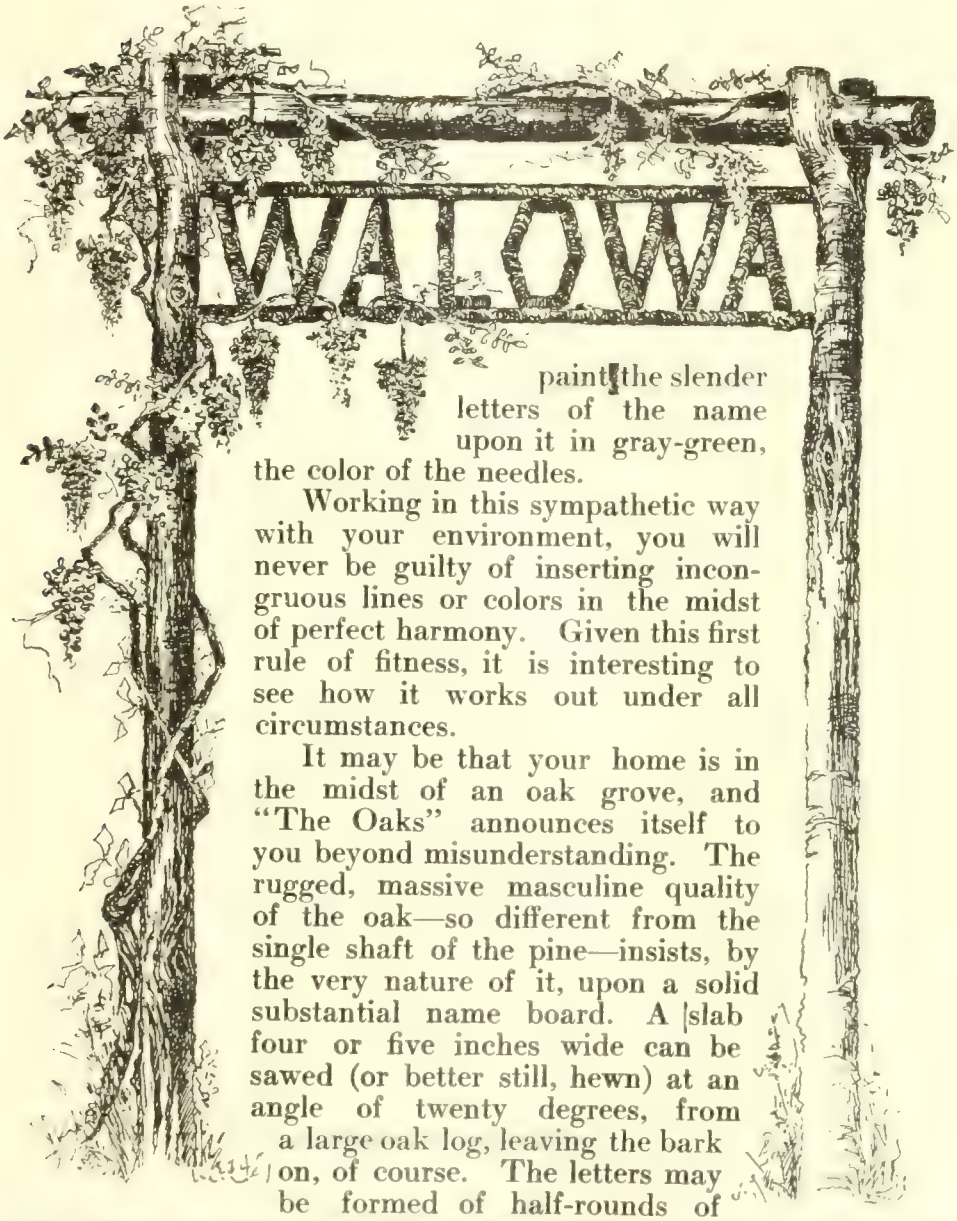


Barley, Hertfordshire, is especially illustrative of the charming and artistic method of lauding local features. The innkeeper was not content with merely choosing a descriptive name, but he carved a fox pursued by hounds and followed by two horsemen. These he set in stiff line across the top of his sign in manner so quaint, so altogether fascinating that it would be a stolid observer, indeed, who could resist following the lead of the fox, dashing with the hounds in the front door, and ordering with the hunters a refreshing "pint."

A most interesting book could be written following out the historical significance of the English inn signs, as well as the artistic excellence of them. But it is of our own method of choosing and objectifying the name of our home that we wish to speak, and there can be no more poetical, artistic or eminently fitting way to do this, than the way that has been in use since the naming of things began.

If you will look with open sensitive mind upon the country all about you the name will almost speak itself to you. Perhaps you have built your home among maple, elm or birch trees, yet near your door stands a solitary pine. This pine, conspicuous because of its loneliness, is a veritable landmark, and the name "Lone Pine" at once comes to you. There would be no mistaking the place if your friends, desiring to visit you, possess this name in lieu of the monotonous street and number directions resorted to by cities.

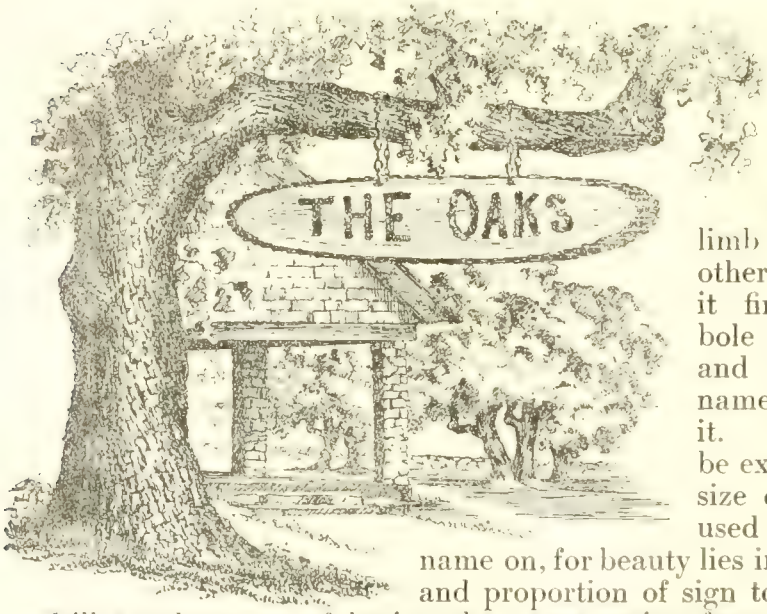
Having the obvious name, the manner of making a suitable signboard for it comes to you in the same way, for unmistakably the tall slender shaft of the tree tells you to make the signboard long and slender. To parallel a line (as is so often done in Nature, especially trees) is to make a decorative effect simple and irresistible in charm. Then hang it upon a limb of the tree, pendant like the cones of it, and



paint the slender letters of the name upon it in gray-green, the color of the needles.

Working in this sympathetic way with your environment, you will never be guilty of inserting incongruous lines or colors in the midst of perfect harmony. Given this first rule of fitness, it is interesting to see how it works out under all circumstances.

It may be that your home is in the midst of an oak grove, and "The Oaks" announces itself to you beyond misunderstanding. The rugged, massive masculine quality of the oak—so different from the single shaft of the pine—insists, by the very nature of it, upon a solid substantial name board. A slab four or five inches wide can be sawed (or better still, hewn) at an angle of twenty degrees, from a large oak log, leaving the bark on, of course. The letters may be formed of half-rounds of small-sized branches, carefully selected as to suitable curves, and nailed in an invisible way with finishing nails upon the surface of the slab. This board should be hung by iron chains from an outsweeping branch of a tree that is near your gate or door, but if by chance no limb grows at the suitable height or projects in the

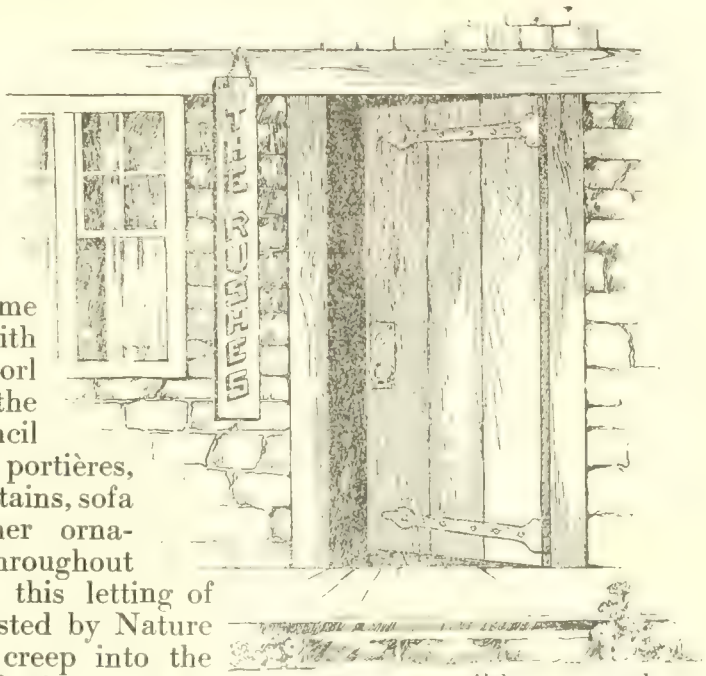


desired direction, a bracket can be made by using the natural crotch of a limb from some other oak, spiking it firmly to the bole of the tree, and swinging the name board from it. Care should be exercised in the size of the board used to put the name on, for beauty lies in the balance and proportion of sign to tree.

Still another way of letting the name spring from a tree is if the home be located in the West or Southwest—to use the Spanish name for it instead of your own. A gateway could be made of rustic and built under the arch of a madrone tree which is always brilliant in color, not only in its evergreen glossy leaves, its fragrant blossoms, its gorgeous orange berries, but in the "burnt sienna" bark that each year splits off, showing the new wonderfully tinted light green bark beneath. By using the Spanish name "Madrona" and making the letters, as shown in the accompanying sketch, of open latticelike letters, with rustic, you will have an entrance that is distinctly in keeping.

Still another way is to use the Indian names which are suitable in every part of our land, for where is the fertile valley that has not harbored their tepees? The Indian names like "Shohola," "Walowa," signifying sparkling and rushing waters, could also be made of open rustic letters, set in a frame, such as Indians make for their weaving or their campfires, using the natural crotch of trees as shown in the illustration.

In one country house that we know of, the narrow space between door and window was used to advantage by hanging a long heavy board lengthwise, with chains, from a heavy square-headed nail, and the name of the house put upon it. The letters were of inch-square strips of the same wood as the board, cut in a miter-box at the right angle and nailed upon the board in a perpendicular line.



The name of this particular house was "The Rushes," chosen because close by the door ran a little brook that was heavily fledged with rushes. This same interesting plant with its decorative whorl of leaves was the motif used in stencil designs upon portières, candle shades, curtains, sofa pillows, and other ornamental effects throughout the house. And this letting of the design suggested by Nature at the doorway creep into the house gave one of the most pleasing effects possible to produce.

Another decorative way to display the home name is to draw shapely letters upon a thin plate of sheet iron and then to cut them out with a chisel. The village blacksmith can do the cutting for you if you cannot do it yourself. Paint this plate with a lusterless black, brown or dull green, and you will have something that is impervious to weather and most attractive.

If by chance you contemplate erecting a rough brick entrance to a driveway, the name may be revealed by skilful laying of the brick. The bricks forming the letters could be set out, projected the width of the brick from the smooth wall of the gate posts. If the name should be of two words, like "Western Crest," one word could go on each post, or else both could be placed on the post at the left of the gateway.

Perhaps no home sign is as effective as the carving of the name upon a beautiful piece of wood. Well-proportioned letters carved in bold relief on a well-seasoned slab of oak have a charm difficult to improve upon. They seem to be, as they really are, an integral part of the board itself, and are not something stuck on foreign to its nature. It is not at all difficult to carve the wood away and to leave the letters in high relief. Neither is it difficult to cut them into the wood, intaglio, and either method is beautiful.

THE LATTICE-WORK TRELLIS AS AN ARCHITECTURAL FEATURE

WHO does not remember the old lattice-work fences, painted green, running seven or eight feet high, and assigned the duty of dividing the backyard from the front yard? These covered a multitude of sins, and in turn, it took a multitude of thick heavy vines to cover their ugliness. It is a wonder we stood them so long, a wonder it never occurred to us, in the old days, that a trellis could be made a thing of permanent beauty. Not that these old trellis fences with their two-inch strips of clumsy lattice-work were descended of ignoble ancestry,—on the contrary, the trellis in Italy, in Germany and in France had long been a thing of refinement in design before even it came into England in the early seventeenth century. In the Colonial period certain of the old American manor houses, particularly those of Pennsylvania and the South, often had their architectural design enhanced by well-chosen lattice-work trellises, and our departure from them in the "Dark Ages" of American architecture is a neglect now happily past.

There is probably no exaggeration in the statement that today American architects are showing a greater sense of decorative refinement, of consistency in line in trellis design than is being shown by the German architects, for instance, who are so oppressed at present with their Art Nouveau spirit. These have, more often than not, made the lattice-work of their trellises so conspicuous that the eye finds no architectural harmony between it and the lines of the dwelling, but instead a bizarre impression that cannot but awaken antagonism finally, no matter how striking and novel its appearance may be in the first place.

Indeed, restraint in the application of the trellis as a decorative feature in architectural design is of paramount importance to good home architecture, for it must always be borne in mind that the dwelling house as a home should have its environment in harmonious relationship to its exterior. That alone will enable it to maintain an aspect of individual completeness which will not be marred by the emphasis of any feature in a way that would make it a thing apart from the rest of the house.

The prime reason for a trellis as applied to the house wall is that it shall serve to support growing vines. Now it often happens that planting cannot be effective for some time, or that vines planted prove themselves to be of unusually slow growth, as in the case of the wistaria. Bearing this in mind, an architect has always to take into consideration the beauty of the trellis within its own lines, as it may, perhaps, have to stand revealed some time before plant growth

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A CLOSER VIEW OF MR. DAVIS' HOUSE, SHOWING DETAIL OF TRELLIS WORK, ALSO INTERESTING USE OF BRICK IN PATHS.

softens the exact lines of its design. Therefore, it will readily be seen that overornate trellises will simply appear as fantastic ornaments of lattice-work uncovered against the side of the house, whereas a well-designed trellis will always carry out the idea of a consistent decorative feature. The house of Mr. Herbert E. Davis of Glen Ridge, New Jersey, designed by Messrs. Davis, McGrath & Kiessling, which illustrates this article, is a thoroughly consistent example of restraint in design. The reader will note that the trellis, as here applied to the house exterior, does not obtrude itself unduly, but instead serves as a strong adjunct to complete harmony in the design of the whole. The planting has not yet reached an advanced stage, nor has the planting at the doorway been begun at all, yet the lattice-work does not seem out of place or in any way as a superfluous ornament.

THE trellis has another architectural advantage not to be overlooked, that of adding a note of interest to exterior walls in the bleak season of winter time. One of the most beautiful trellis effects the writer has ever seen was a gray plastered wall of a little cement house in Connecticut. This house followed Italian architectural lines and the vines of the false bittersweet (*Celastrus scandens*) which had grown on the lattice-work, bore pods of bright red berries with orange husks. The effect of this after all the foliage had disappeared and the brown stems alone had clung to the trellis was particularly beautiful and suggested what thought for the winter season might bring about in the way of planting for trellises with such effects in mind.

In the collection of the farm buildings of Mr. Charles Steele in New York State, designed by Alfred Hopkins, attention should be called to very clever trellis arrangement attained through the use of lattice-work of excellent design between the pillars upholding the porch roof. In this way greater privacy is gained for the porch area without detracting from the sense of lightness or interfering with the vistas. In this instance the lattice-work is preëminently decorative and it is not in all probability intended that heavy vines should be a drag upon it. Indeed, so far as decorative effect is concerned vines are frequently too heavily massed on porches, and more often than not seem to choke them with very luxuriant growth.

It must not be thought that there is anything freakish about lattice-work in connection with architectural design. It is simply an evolution from the past and fulfils rational functions just as many other architectural features do. The detail of lattice-work design is one that may be worked out in an endless variety of patterns, which,

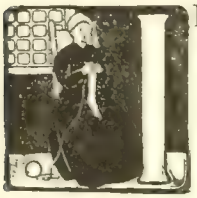
of course, should always be dictated by the limitations or requirements of the space where it is intended a trellis should be put. It stands to reason that where the practical point of view suggests the trellis more substantial lattice-work is required for the ultimate support of such vines of heavy growth as the wistaria, than where the trellises are to be mainly used to support light vines such as the clematis.

As to the matter of color, while there are no rigid rules to determine this, it is almost always safe to choose white as a color for the painting of the trellis-work. Then when the plant growth covers it, there will be very pleasant little glimpses of white showing through the green verdure.

The trellis-work which one occasionally sees applied to exterior walls without any ground connection, invariably suggests an upper story without means of reaching it. Therefore, as lattice-work is obviously connected with the suggestion of growing things, whatever latitude may be given it in connection with this main purpose, it should always be borne in mind that some portion of the trellis decoration should touch the ground. Trellises are not alone confined to walls of dwellings, but may run along the tops of walls, of high fences, and lend decorative interest to various outbuildings. They are used for screening purposes, and assuming an ugly thing is to be screened, the screen itself should be a thing that is beautiful in design.

The principles of lattice-work design are simple, and the trellis is one form of architectural decoration which can easily be attempted in the home workshop. In fact, the lattice strips can be supplied by any millwright, strips that can be cut later to proper lengths at the home work bench, and anyone skilled in the ordinary use of hammer, saw, nails, paint and brushes should be able to make all the simpler sorts of lattice-work. It is a subject that home builders should give thorough consideration to in planning a new house or in renovating an old one.

"IF I WERE A PREACHER": BY WALTER A. DYER



IF I were a preacher, I would preach the gospel of the richer life—the life of the personal human soul. I would advocate the quiet life, the good life. If I were a preacher, or a teacher, or a leader of men, I would raise my voice in behalf of the individual life. This is an age of types and masses and combinations. We speak of labor as a concrete thing, of capital, of the child, of woman, of the Negro, of the immigrant, of the poor, and we endeavor to solve their problems en masse, by formulating a remedy for the ills of a group. The needs of the individual are lost sight of in contemplating the needs of society. The personal, individual, human soul is starved while we consider the great problems of mankind.

I do not find fault with the preachers and teachers and leaders who take this grand, broad view of things. We need them sorely—we need more of them. But I have been straining my ears in vain to catch the voice of one crying in the wilderness, "Make peace with thine own soul." For after all, we are individuals, you and I. We may be a part of this movement or that class, and as such we share the common problems of humanity; but individuals we remain to the end of the chapter.

You may call this view a selfish one, but I maintain that we are by nature selfish. The struggle for existence is selfish. The instinct of self-preservation is selfish. We can't get away from the personal factor. I am more important to myself than are all the heathen in the world. If I have a toothache my interest in child labor in Pennsylvania wanes. I cannot help it; I was born that way. So were you, and you will admit it if you are honest. And the best form of unselfishness that I know of lies not in sacrifice to some great cause, but in making the troubles of other individuals your own; that is the only way you, an individual, can really understand them.

So, while I would sympathize to the fullest extent with the great leaders of human progress, I, if I were a preacher, would seek to influence individual consciences and to awaken individual souls.

I attended a dinner not long since, and listened to ringing speeches from four great leaders of men—Bishop Williams of Michigan, Francis J. Heney of San Francisco, Champ Clark of Missouri and Theodore Roosevelt of Oyster Bay. Each preached his own gospel in his own way, but each preached of the national life, of righteousness in politics and business, of the soul of ninety-odd millions. They were thrilling, inspiring speeches, but not one of them struck home to me and my little household on Long Island. And I thought

that perhaps there might be something that they, with all their loftiness and breadth of view, were overlooking.

While we are reforming great masses of men, why can we not perhaps take a little thought on self reform? If I do not go to the dogs, and if you do not go to the dogs, and if we two help to keep our neighbor from going to the dogs, and if some millions of other people could be induced to make the same effort, I have a feeling that perhaps the country wouldn't go to the dogs.

AND I, if I were a preacher, would preach the gospel of the quiet life. Matthew Arnold had something to say once about sweetness and light that made somewhat of an impression on men, I believe. Aren't we neglecting to meditate on the beauty and usefulness of sweetness and light? Bishop Williams said that our Americanism was Hebraic. It is. We worship a mighty Jehovah, not a kindly Christ. Our national life is the apotheosis of storm and stress, and he is the greatest reformer whose voice is loud enough to be heard above the tumult, and whose arm is strong enough to beat down other strong arms. It is inspiring. War is always inspiring. But here and there, I fancy, a weary heart is saying, "Let us have peace."

This is my apology for not preaching national reform and the strenuous life. For if I were a preacher I would doubtless neglect these great duties, and preach to the heart of my neighbor, if so I might bring some peace and joy and soul-awakening into his life. For I can love a man; I find it hard to love a race.

If I were a preacher! I have sometimes sat in a church and wondered if the preacher in the pulpit knew what he was preaching, and why. I have wondered if he had any conception of the character and needs of the individual souls before him. I have wondered if it could ever occur to him how little I cared for his expounding of doctrines and texts.

Sometimes I have been a little hard on the preachers. I have scorned their cloistered lives and closed my ears to their ineffectual logic. But I was wrong. I asked a ministerial friend quite frankly, one day, why he did not preach better sermons, for I knew that he was a thoughtful man and did not lack knowledge or purpose.

"You people who write," said he, "can take a month or a year to crystallize your thoughts. You can take the time to wait for inspiration. If a writer like Emerson should produce a dozen great essays in a lifetime, he would have done a man's work. But we preachers cannot wait for inspiration. We must prepare one, two, or even three sermons each week, no matter what state of mental

depression we may be in. And the average pastor has enough things in his work to cause mental depression. It is only the genius like Beecher who leads a life of continuous inspiration. We cannot all be Beechers."

I was silenced, I will admit, for I caught a glimpse of a preacher's soul. And very likely if I were a preacher I would find myself worse than the poorest of them. Meanwhile, however, when the sermon is dull, and my mind goes wandering, I continue to fancy what I would preach if I were a preacher.

I would preach a little less theology and more philosophy, I think, —less scripture and more ethics. And I believe I would be right in this. Christ's miracles were of secondary importance. His real influence lies in His teachings, and those are personal and ethical.

If I were a preacher, I would study the Sermon on the Mount, in season and out of season. I would preach a sermon on charity, and a sermon on love, and a sermon on gentleness, and a sermon on kindness, and a sermon on courtesy. I would try to understand the lives and hearts of those before me, and minister to them in a personal, practical way. I would try to preach something on Sunday that would help to sweeten Monday.

Above all, I would preach the gospel of the richer life. I would try to teach my congregation to feed their souls. I would try to lead their thoughts away from material things to the life of the spirit within them. I would try to show them the incalculable value of their own souls to themselves. I would try to point out definite, practical, reasonable ways in which they might become happier in spite of circumstances, calmer, braver, less easily disturbed by those things which can only harm the bodily comfort and not the immortal soul.

If I were a preacher!

WAGNER MUSIC

RASPING sounds of contest. Hark, to the war's alarms!
Din of fife and trumpet! Discordant blare of arms!
A thund'rous crash! The surcease. Lo! crystal-pure and strong,
And poignant —like Love's sorrow— one Silver Star of Song!

HENRIETTA LEE COULLING.

NEW LIFE IN AMERICAN HOME BUILDING SHOWN IN THE ARCHITECTURAL LEAGUE EXHIBITION: BY CARLETON M. WINSLOW

THE exhibition of the Architectural League this year was full of encouragement in many branches. As a bird's-eye view of our national progress it emphasized some of the most hopeful signs in the modern trend, and showed a development in the architectural field that is significant in its relation to many of the big social problems of today. But perhaps the most delightful and encouraging part of it, to me, was the progress shown along the lines of home-building. It almost seemed as if at last the architect had forgotten the open book of photographs lying on his drawing-board, and was building from his own heart and mind. And when that happens we may well rejoice! There was much of that originality which comes not from a mere striving to be different, to produce some new effect, but from a genuine endeavor to get the most harmonious and sensible results possible from the material at hand. It showed that careful and intelligent thought which alone can mold to success the first impulse, the first spark of inspiration. It showed how much can be accomplished when judicious handling and knowledge of the art is combined with loving interest in the task.

Although many of the examples drew considerably upon the various styles and characteristics of a bygone period, there was a certain freedom of handling, a compelling touch of individual taste that infused new vitality into old forms and gave a new meaning to what might otherwise have been mere imitation. There was no blind adherence to a much-taught creed, but rather a careful selection and adaptation of past beauties to present conditions and environment, a statement which is beginning to be more and more applicable to both our public and private architecture.

Among the most significant illustrations of domestic architecture which the exhibition afforded was the country home designed by Mr. Edward Shepard Hewitt, at Boonton, N. J. It is solidly built, with a fine, intentional simplicity about its lines that makes for comfort and beauty. The arrangement of the roof, broken so pleasantly by the dormer windows; the suggestive touches of trellis-work about the open-air sleeping room, with its long window-box of thick trailing and climbing plants; the inviting entrance porch; the ample, well-spaced windows, relieved of any danger of monotony by small square panes; the few dark shrubs breaking the ground line and seeming to help root the house more closely in the soil, and finally,

the happy carelessness—or rather thoughtfulness—that has left the foreground rough and broken with its natural bits of rock, instead of taming it into the formality of a well-trimmed lawn—all these, together with the pleasant shelter of the trees, combine to give the place that air of quiet charm and dignity that grows out of respect for what Nature in the first place has provided.

"KILLENWORTH," Trowbridge and Ackerman, architects, rather imposing in its size, though evidently a wealthy home, is beautifully free from ostentation. The uselessness of Newport finds no counterpart here; on the other hand, the very style of the building expresses intelligence and refinement. The use of English traditions in its construction is not akin to plagiarism, for no one can contradict our right to express ourselves in the old architectural language so long as we use it honestly, free from mannerisms which mean nothing, and singularities which ought to be no part of us. Besides, no other style lends itself more readily than this English form to an unsymmetrical plan.

A more delightful example than "Killenworth" could hardly be found of what mere windows can attain. In this building the windows are the very life and essence of the place, not just so many glass-filled openings in a wall. Their beautiful balance and relation, the pleasant way they grow out of the structure, capped by balconies, and emphasized by the protecting gables above, permeate the whole building with interest and invest it with reminiscent touches of romance.

Turning to Mr. Freedlander's sketches of bungalows at Manhattan Beach, one feels at once the appropriateness of the design. Long and low-roofed, suggestive of the spaciousness of ocean, sand and sky, they seem just the thing for a seashore home, and give one the impression at once of freedom, coziness and hospitality. The horizontal lines,—their most distinctive feature,—are gratefully relieved by the pergola pillars and the wide approach, while the well-placed chimneys save the whole from a too perfect geometric balance.

Very different in style, but no less charming in effect, is the photograph of the little octagonal building which makes up part of the James Speyer farm at Scarsboro, N. Y., by Alfred Hopkins. There is an air of quaint originality about the place that is particularly enticing. Very interesting, too, is the touch of exterior ornament, chiefly so, perhaps, for the reason that its use is not yet extensive, although it is beginning to be found here and there. It is easy to imagine how the subdued but varying tints of the inlaid tiles might relieve the flat tones of the wall, and without seeming mere unrelated

ornament, give to what would have been a blank surface a suggestion of unexpected color interest.

Very homelike against its wooded background is the suburban house of Charles Rustin designed by Mr. William A. Bates. There is a warmth and hospitality about it that the very simplicity seems to emphasize, while the deep shadows of the trees behind, repeated by those of the broad piazza, deepen the effect. The long shelving roof, the big chimneys, the interesting windows of the second story, are all in keeping; but the piazza is after all the chief feature of the house. Here were a man who wanted large verandas and an architect who knew how to design them and make them a part of the house. Generally porches, in their various forms, are about the most difficult feature with which an architect has to contend. Our climate and our people demand them, yet it is difficult not to make them look as if they had been dumped on the premises from a dray and pushed against the house. On the other hand, to cut a corner out of a building often interferes with the feeling of openness and airiness that the attached veranda gives. The Rustin house, however, combines all these elements and yet keeps the veranda an integral part of the dwelling.

A WATER-COLOR sketch of Mr. Tracy Dows' house at Rhinebeck, New York, by Burch Burdette Long, Albro and Lindeberg, architects, is another interesting, vital design. This is one of the most charming Colonial homes seen at the League exhibition. In general the house makes one think of Washington's mansion at Mount Vernon; there is the same sobriety, symmetry and character. True, the columns are round instead of square, and the roof is steeper and gabled instead of hipped; but both these things are improvements on the original—if original it was,—for the conjunction of the balustrade and hipped roof of the Mount Vernon house has never seemed successful. Of course, the arrangement of the wings in Mr. Dows' house is quite different, but it has the same charm and the same character of utility. You feel in looking at the house that everything is as it should be, -the pillared and covered walks just the right length, the little houses at the sides just the right distance from the main house, isolated yet connected. There is not a superfluous thing about the whole place.

Comparison of this portico with the piazza of the Rustin house shows the good qualities of both. Each is perfectly adapted to its structure. While that of the Dows house is dignified and that of the Rustin house intimate, both are equally successful in expressing a feeling of hospitality. The Rustin house is helped by being raised

William A. Bates, Architect.

Edward Shepard Hewitt, Architect

SIMPLE AND BEAUTIFUL DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE AT LAWRENCE PARK, N. Y.

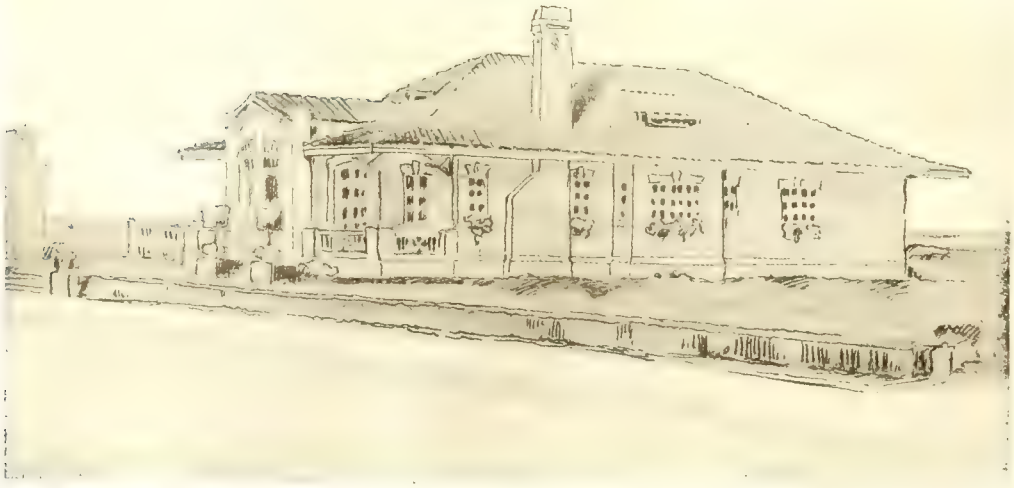
A COUNTRY HOUSE, MOST HARMONIOUS IN DESIGN AND SCHEME OF CONSTRUCTION AT BOONTON, N. J.

Trowbridge & Ackerman Architects

SHOWING THE BEAUTY TO BE GAINED FROM A VERY SIMPLE
DESIGN WITH CONSIDERABLE WITH UNUSUAL ATTENTION
GIVEN TO [illegible] OF WINDOW

[illegible] Lindberg, Architects

MODERN COLONIAL HOUSE AT RHINEBECK, N. Y. [illegible] PROPORTIONED AND EMINENTLY FITTED TO ITS SURROUNDINGS



L. H. Freedlander, Architect

TWO BUNGALOWS AT MANHATTAN BEACH, ESPECIALLY INTERESTING IN THEIR SUITABILITY TO LONG LOW STRETCHES OF GRAY COUNTRY.

on a terrace while the Dows house is kept from aloofness by having the floor level just above the ground.

The Dows house seems thoroughly American in the best sense of the word. There is a spirit of loyalty to the best of our traditions pervading it. Patriotism is, I should say, its keynote. The French architect, visiting New York, who was enthusiastic over a Georgian house in Washington Square, must have realized that it expressed this spirit of American character and was therefore good architecture. The Dows residence, while quite unlike the Washington Square house, breathes this same spirit.

On looking over this group of houses, there are certain characteristics common to all. Practically no fences are shown in the pictures, no spirit of exclusiveness or fear of intrusion is evident. None of these places would be improved by being fenced or walled off, appropriate and useful as fences and walls often are. The treatment of the roofs, too, shows simplicity and good proportion; no mannerism, no affectation anywhere. As to materials, plain shingles are used for the frame and stucco houses, graduated slate for the more costly and solid "Killenworth," and glowing red tile for the little cottage by the sea.

DOGWOOD BLOSSOMS IN WALL STREET

I SAW a girl, when the first flush of May
Came to the fevered City unaware,
Bring a bright spray of dogwood blossoms where
The wildest tumult fills each desperate day.
Against her breast the starry flowers lay,
As if half frightened in the thoroughfare;
They were a whispered orison—a prayer,
High above all the noise, a nun might say.

Then through this cañon vista I beheld
An old, old lane, fragrant with breaths of Spring;
Lilac and hawthorn, cherry and peach compelled
My spirit, and the mad City's murmuring
Died for an instant while I walked again
Where drifts of dogwood trembled in the rain.

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

WHAT THINGS ARE CHEAP OR WHAT EXPENSIVE? BY MARGUERITE OGDEN BIGELOW

HAT things are cheap and what things are expensive? Let us consider the question.

It has been said that a flat is cheap and a cottage expensive, that an ash and can pile is cheap and the services of a city ashman expensive, that tainted air and darkness are cheap and fresh air and light expensive, that durable clothing and nourishing food are expensive and rags and vile messes cheap, that education is expensive and ignorance cheap, that beauty is expensive and ugliness cheap, that even virtue is very costly and that anyone may sin without price. Is it true?

Rent a flat with a small backyard and a large ash and can pile. The rent may be low, but where is the garden that would supply fifty per cent. of your food? Enjoy the foul air and the darkness if you will, but there will be a bill from the doctor and perhaps, also, one from the undertaker. Let children remain untaught, or poorly taught, if you think best, and tomorrow the world will have gone back a hundred thousand years. Deny beauty and virtue to any people and they will degenerate and die.

There is no cheaper cure for all man's ills than a few hours of garden work in the morning or evening. There is no cheaper way for a woman to care for children than in a garden, where child labor need not be forbidden and can be richly productive. No food is cheaper than the nourishing delicacies grown in your own backyard.

No illiteracy is cheaper than the knowledge of centuries offered in the public school and the public library, and no factory-made ugliness cheaper than the beauty of things made to fit home needs by home people. There is nothing cheaper in the way of pleasure than out-of-door sports in the vacant lot, or the glee club of men and women in each community, met together to sing only good music. And virtue never yet taxed the people to pay for prisons.

The best things are ultimately the cheapest for us all. The simple home, the well-kept garden, nourishing food, durable clothing, fresh air and light and decent pleasures produce no criminals, no lunatics, no tuberculous patients, no degenerate children, no orphans, and no paupers. They foster self-reliant citizenship, health, sanity, and progress. They are really so cheap that no society can afford to do without them.

THE BEAUTY AND CHARACTER OF OUR NATIVE HARDWOODS OF THE EAST: BY JULIAN BURROUGHS

EVERY summer evening when we see the steamer gliding up the Hudson River, I like to think that her timbers and frame are mostly of butternut that grew on the hills along the river that have echoed the music of her paddle wheels for over fifty years. There is a pleasing fitness about it, a proper association of sentiment. In my father's house are doors made over forty years ago from the same noble wood that grew on these same hills, and today these doors are as true and perfect as the day they were made. Time and use has only mellowed the melting, tender color of the wood and enriched the Gothic-like grain. How much men miss who build themselves a house without learning something of the character of our native woods and without using some neighborhood tree in its finishing, some tree in whose shade you have idled away a summer afternoon in day-dreams or gathered nuts as a boy and which you have saved from the woodpile to make a window seat or mantelpiece for your house! If our beloved trees must die, let them live again in our homes where the associations and memories can be kept warm.

Contractors and carpenters today will not use our native woods if they can avoid it; they say they are hard to work and warp easily, —both of which statements are but half-truths. Our thin stony Eastern soil does produce trees whose wood is hard, tough, given to warping and shrinking. Yet by taking care in selection I have been able to get nearby oak, butternut, black walnut, chestnut, maple, ash, cherry and birch that possessed all the good qualities of Western woods with also the hardness and close grain of the Eastern tree. Not only does the furniture and trim that I have made from these trees of my own selection mean much more to me, but being able to do the work myself they cost much less. Where one hires all the work done, native lumber is likely to cost more than the regulation Western lumber. Nevertheless, when age or accident makes it necessary to cut a noble old tree it is fun to take its rugged bole to the mill and see it sawed into boards, seasoning and using the boards oneself. The carpenters despise such lumber, it means labor to overcome its hardness, and intelligence and a sense of the fitness of things to avoid all its bad traits while bringing out its good qualities. Western lumber is all alike, a dull, dependable sameness; Eastern trees are never twice the same, every one is different; lumber from each tree has a character of its own.

OAK is justly the best of all woods—it is a masculine wood, hard, enduring, strong of fiber and strong of character, a wood with the kind of personality that looks one in the eye. White oak is among oaks what oak is among other woods—it is called white oak because the bark is light in color. To make good lumber, white oak must be large with a smooth bole and should grow in good soil—in a pasture or on low ground. Beware of the oak that looks much like white oak but has small twigs all up and down its trunk. If you wish ribs for a boat or something like that you may use it; otherwise it is useless. It is always fun to have oak, especially white oak, forks or crotches sawed up into thin boards for panels, etc. Four times out of five the crotch will have a streak of bark through the middle that spoils it, but when a sound one is found you get your reward—what beautifully gnarled and grained lumber it does saw! In sawing, always stand the crotch on its edge (after taking off a slab from that edge), thus getting the widest boards possible with the gnarled streak or union down the middle of each board. Few of our Eastern oaks are large enough to quarter-saw and few of the local sawyers have brains enough to quarter-saw a log anyway. Therefore the best plan in sawing oak is to let the sawyer first square up the log, then saw it up without turning; this gives good grain in the outside boards, and the wood is quarter-sawed or flaked on all the boards from the middle of the log. If planks or material for table legs are wanted it is best to take these off first, because in sawing them up afterward one side or edge can be had with flake. Red or chestnut oak cut from large, straight trees is often a fine wood, as is black oak. It is seldom worth while to experiment with any of the other oaks. Oak, especially white oak, requires some kind of a finish.

Our Eastern chestnut is a fine wood and when at its best is far superior to the Western or Tennessee chestnut, being less dry and coarse; it is also harder, taking a finer and more velvety finish. Like oak, it should be cut from big trees that have reached their prime, or even better, have passed their prime but still sound. It is a soft wood as compared to oak and quite easy to work, and needs a finish identical with that given oak, except in some cases where it can simply be rubbed with a wax floor oil.

FOR fine graining and inimitable natural color give me butternut. It is a very soft, feminine wood, a delightfully easy wood to work and one that hardly ever warps or splits. It varies in color from olive browns to a golden honeycomb shade and on into copper reds, no two trees being exactly alike. It grows best along the mar-

gins of swamps, where often straight trees forty feet high and two feet in diameter are found. It is a scarce wood, the trees always being scattered and often the best logs in external appearance will be hollow or full of black knots. It needs no finish but some good oil. From it are built the swiftest ice boats and some of the finest yachts. It has a pointed soaring grain that always suggests the Gothic to me—no other wood is grained like it. In seasoning butternut, great care must be taken not to let it mold. The strips that separate the boards in the stack must be dry, seasoned strips and as narrow as possible. Butternut has a peculiar and delightful odor, a sub-acid, pungent aroma that always suggests bee-bread to me. Also because of its very softness it is easily marred or scratched.

Cherry and black walnut are two neglected Eastern woods, both hard and handsome and both take a beautiful color with a simple application of oil. I have seen cherry, both from wild and cultivated trees, that was as flawless as plate glass and from other trees that was impossible to use except in short narrow strips. Cherry needs time to develop its color; it is nearly ten years before it comes into its own. It seems to take a more brilliant, rich color when it can remain for years dressed but unoiled. I had an example of this in some furniture that I made from lumber sawed from a big wild cherry tree that stood along the highway near home; part of the furniture I oiled as soon as I made it, and part was left unoiled for about four years in the expectation of doing some decorating on its surface, and as the oil was put on (a simple floor oil containing wax), a glow of deep warm red spread over the wood, much more beautiful in tone than that seen on the wood which was oiled at first. A crotch of cherry or black walnut will, like oak, often saw most exquisitely gnarled and grained wood, and even where there is bark down through the middle one can often get narrow boards from each side that delight a wood lover's heart. Such wood is very hard to dress, only the sharpest planes, scrapers and wood-files will render it smooth. Also, since such lumber cannot be had in market, it being only obtainable through one's own intelligence and effort, it takes on an added value.

Black walnut must be sawed from big trees. Such lumber can be "worked," and as a proof it is being sent to England, the very same Eastern grown trees that our own builders despise. In Jamaica, land of mahogany and mahoe, I saw a newly imported store-counter front that was made from New York State red oak! Boards of our cherry and black walnut at least eighteen inches in width have remained flawless, without check or warp, withstanding both time and furnace heat.

IT WAS an old custom to make all inside doorsills of apple wood—how many houses today have applewood sills? Apple wood is a good wood, too, often wavy in grain, rich, dark reddish brown in color and always close and fine in texture. I find it an ideal wood for knobs, handles and pulls of all kinds. So little is it used that I have been able to buy it at the mill for one cent a board foot, one-third the price of hemlock. It is given to warping, and so of little use except in small pieces.

Hard maple, ivory white often ripening to a golden honeycomb color, is a wood for bedroom floors and furniture. When it becomes "bird's-eye" it is rarely beautiful, though this wood, real or imitation and finished an unnatural gray, has been somewhat overdone. Maples grow to great size and often furnish nearly perfect wood even from the carpenter's point of view.

Always interesting is the study of our woods, always bringing surprises and delights. Sometimes a tree betrays its character on the outside, as in the case of a wavy or curly birch; at others, its rare qualities may not be known until the tree is sawed, and sometimes not until the lumber is dressed. Trees are like melons, the true character is seldom known until tested. There is sumach, not properly a tree at all, but a shrub, yet at times furnishing a short butt big enough to saw, and an indescribably lovely colored wood—a satiny, glowing green-gold wood. Exposed to the light, unoiled, it fades like the rose tint from a dying sea bird's breast.

And our red cedar—could anything be more fascinating than its unforgetable reds and pinks and its delicious aroma! Exposed to the sun, unoiled, it fades in less than a quarter of an hour. By tending the humming planer myself and stacking the boards out of the light, then oiling before working, I have been able to save much of the color. With care it can be used, unoiled, as a lining for chests, wardrobes, drawers and closets, keeping the fragrance and most of the color.

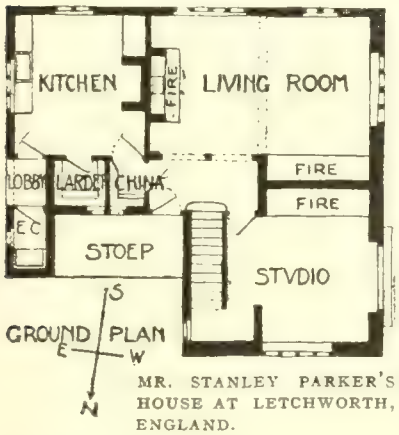
Never can I forget the surprise that an old chestnut ship-timber gave me. I had pulled it up on the beach and started to split it up for firewood when I discovered that the wood inside was, through and through, a most delicate soft gray streaked with blue, the two colors shading into each other and blending in a way that would have been the despair of any imitator.

So often is it true that what we seek is near at hand—in looking for unique woods we may find it on our neighbor's woodpile or in the big oak or maple that for some reason has to be cut. Once in clearing up a meadow we found a wavy or curly oak, and one might search the world in vain for another!

MODERN COUNTRY HOMES IN ENGLAND: BY BARRY PARKER: NUMBER THIRTEEN

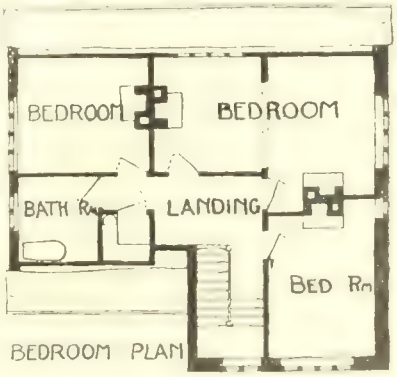
E COME now to houses costing between two thousand two hundred and fifty dollars and two thousand six hundred dollars. Two things have made me realize that, though constant reference has been made to the influence which the effort to secure sunshine has had upon the planning of the houses illustrated in these articles, no reasons have yet been given for attaching so much importance to sunlight. As the search for sunlight has largely dominated the development of the plans for the two houses at Letchworth which are given in this article, it may be interesting to quote a statement in a recent issue of *The Lancet*, to the effect that architects "do not yet fully appreciate the question of direct rays of sunlight, that a room into which no sunlight ever penetrates can never be a healthy habitation."

And apart from the actual direct health-giving power of sunlight, a room made cheerful and bright by it has the same effect upon us which beauty in our surroundings has. To quote again from *The Lancet:* "Joy is essentially a wholesome feeling. Beauty is preventive and curative medicine; it helps to make us happy and therefore in good health, while if unfortunately sickness has successfully invaded our system we are much more likely to find the necessary vitality to recover in the contemplation of things that are graceful, pleasing and inspiring than in the contemplation of drab ugliness." In this connection it is interesting to note that bacteriological laboratories used for the culture of disease germs must have a north aspect. These germs die in sunlight. If you wish to cultivate a disease you must first have a room facing north in which to do it.



MR. STANLEY PARKER'S HOUSE AT LETCHWORTH, ENGLAND.

From Mr. Stanley Parker's house at Letchworth the finest view is out to the west, so the living room must occupy the southwest corner of the house to secure this view. The

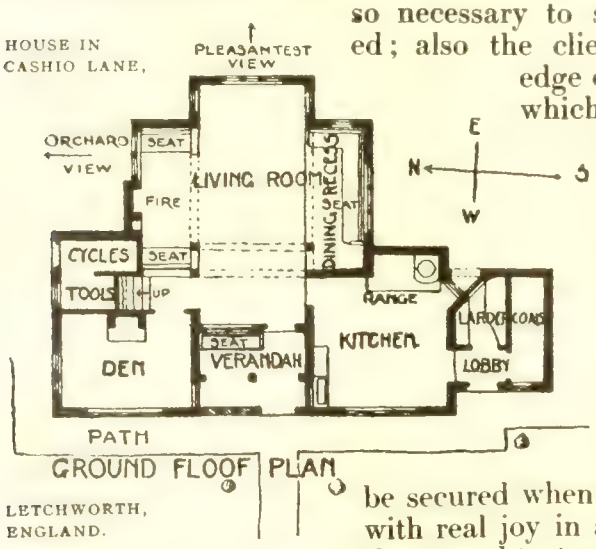


STANLEY PARKER'S HOUSE.

studio, of course, should have a north window, but my client, wishing also to enjoy the western view from this room, was willing to sacrifice a little of the efficiency of the room, as a studio, for a window looking west. He also wished for a south window in the kitchen, and was fortunately able to arrange his menage in such a way as to minimize the objections to this, valuing as he did the purifying effect of sunshine more highly than any avoidance of inconvenience arising from a superfluity of it.

The architect for Mr. Parker's home was his own brother, so that the intimacy and coöperation between client and architect which is so necessary to success was easily realized; also the client had a special knowledge of construction and design, which made it possible to evolve this house as a product of combined thought in a way not always practicable under ordinary conditions. Mr. Stanley Parker also executed the furniture and fittings for his own house with his own hands, and this has tended to produce some of the feeling which can only be secured when the craftsman is an artist with real joy in any work which gives play for the exercise of his own fancy and taste.

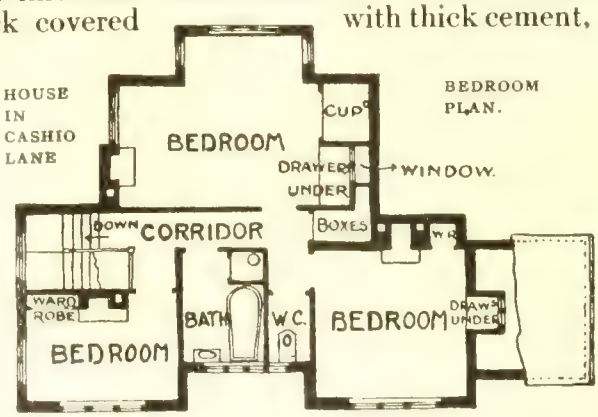
HOUSE IN CASHIO LANE, LETCHWORTH, ENGLAND.



The house was in a very exposed situation, so that much of the wall was built with greater thickness than is usual in a house of this character. It was of brick covered with thick cement, roughcast, whitewashed with Russian tallow mixed in the whitewash to render it more damp resisting and durable.

The window frames were cast in concrete, reënforced, and whitewashed as are the walls. This method of construction eliminates the risk (in-

HOUSE IN CASHIO LANE



BEDROOM PLAN.

[illegible]

MR. [illegible] HOUSE [illegible] SOUTH AND WEST ELEVATION.

MR. [illegible] HOUSE [illegible] ELEVATION [illegible]

MR. STANLEY PARKER' HOUSE, LETCHWORTH, HERTFORDSHIRE, ENGLAND. LOOKING FROM STUDIO INTO LIVING ROOM

LIVING ROOM IN MR. PARKER' HOUSE

A VIEW OF THE LIVING ROOM [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

LOOKING INTO THE [illegible]
THE LIVING ROOM

[illegible]

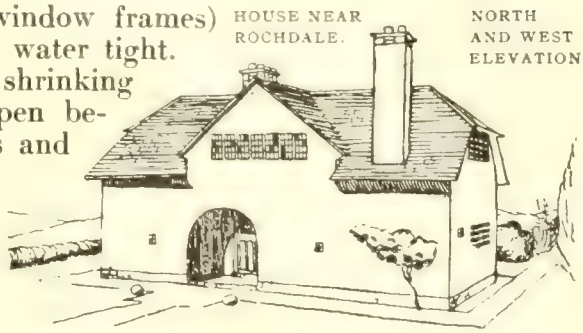
HOUSE IN CASHIO LANE, LETCHWORTH, HERTFORDSHIRE, ENGLAND. WEST ELEVATION

LIVING ROOM IN CASHIO LANE HOUSE, SHOWING DINING [illegible] AND ENTRANCE

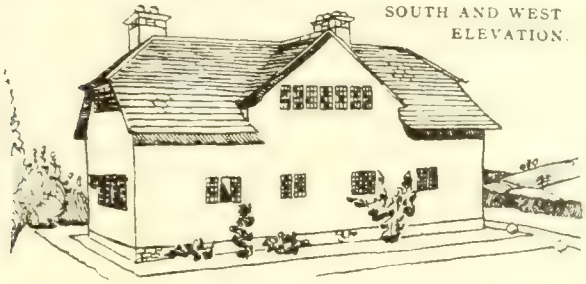
[illegible]

GROUP OF THREE HOUSES AT A BEND
IN A ROAD HAMPSTEAD LONDON N.W.

separable from wooden window frames) of their proving not to be water tight. Owing to the inevitable shrinking of the wood the joints open between the window frames and walling, and this is an important consideration when building in an exposed situation. An additional advantage that these concrete window frames have over any wooden ones is that the cost of repairs and upkeep is reduced to a minimum; no constantly recurring pointing and "making good" being necessary, and the original expense of painting being done away with. The exposed position is also partly responsible for all the casements being in iron.

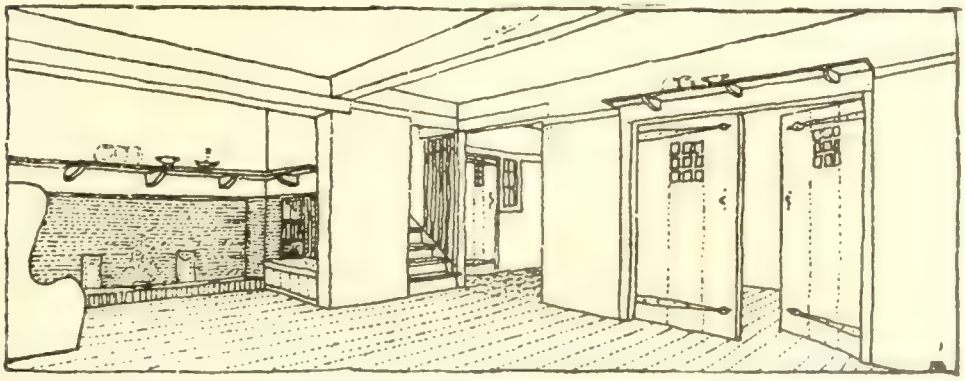


HOUSE NEAR ROCHDALE. NORTH AND WEST ELEVATION.

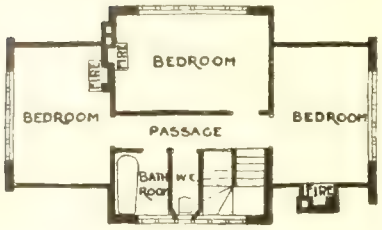


SOUTH AND WEST ELEVATION.

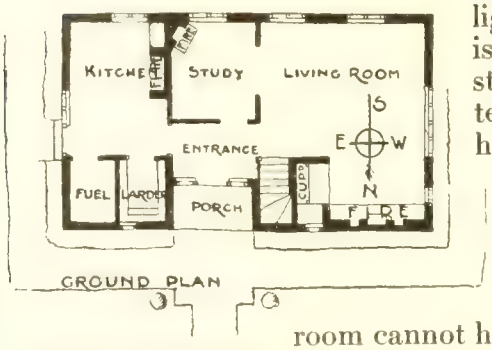
Iron casements are far the most water- and wind-tight form of window known, and they rattle far less than any other. Of all parts of windows the sash is the most liable to defects arising from shrinking, warping and decaying wood, because it is built up of a greater number of comparatively thin and small timbers than any other; it is therefore more costly in repairs, upkeep and painting; it also rattles more than any other, and gives trouble from jamming and getting out of order,



LIVING ROOM IN COTTAGE NEAR ROCHDALE.



BEDROOM PLAN



GROUND PLAN

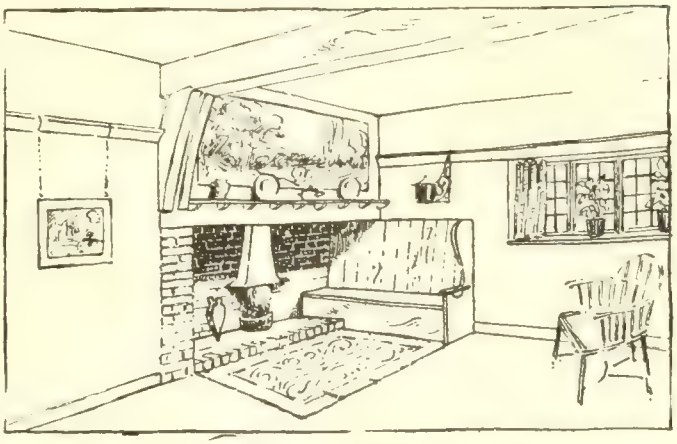
HOUSE NEAR ROCHDALE

and owing to its weights, pulleys, cords and beads it is far more complicated in construction. Wood casement windows are freer from these defects, but metal casements in stone or concrete are freest. These latter have the additional advantage over both of the former that in them the glass, in such lights as are not required to open, is let directly into grooves in the stone or concrete, still further tending to reduce the defects I have been enumerating. The only advantage that a sash window has over the casement is that it may be opened a little at the top for ventilation when the weather is so bad that the occupants of a room cannot have it open even a little way from top to bottom. An equivalent advantage may, however, be obtained with a casement window if one or more top panes are made to open in addition to the casement opening as a whole.

The other house at Letchworth (in Cashio Lane), illustrated, was built upon a site which dictated a very special plan. The client wished to have a window in the living room looking west, out on the road which passed the house. The finest view was out east, but on the north was an orchard into which it seemed a pity not to obtain a peep from the living room. This room had necessarily also to have windows on the south. To gain all these advantages with reasonable compactness of plan was the problem. To do this the living room had to be on the east side of the house, and to be thrown out enough to get north and south windows, and the west window had to be contrived between the other rooms and overlooking the porch.

A house somewhat similar in general scheme to the foregoing is the one designed for a site near Rochdale in Lancashire, and the illustrations here given show at a glance how much more compact and four-square a house may be when the conditions laid down by the site are favorable, and when compactness and squareness do not entail a sacrifice of greater advantages owing to the relations of approach, aspect and prospect. These latter two houses taken together illustrate how that balance of advantages, which it is ever

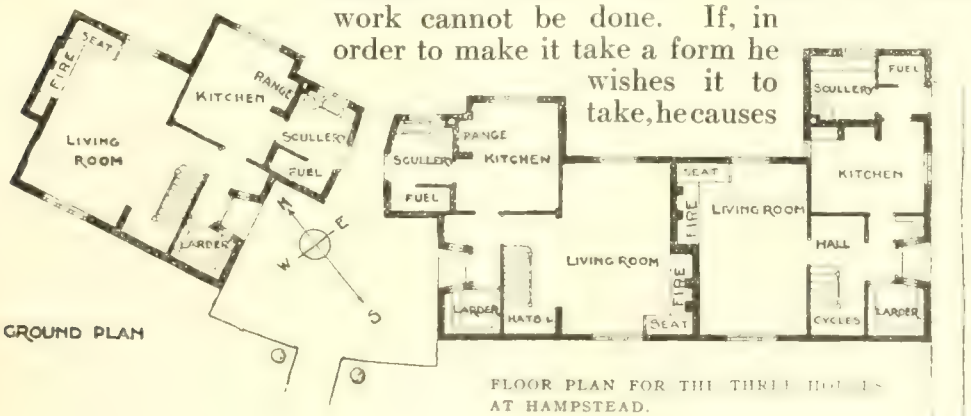
the architect's business to watch, cause him sometimes to forego those of squareness and simplicity of roofing, legitimately seizing the opportunity afforded for more picturesque and varied roof lines and grouping, which would be false and wrong if introduced for their own sake.



LIVING ROOM IN ONE OF THREE HOUSES AT HAMPSTEAD, LONDON.

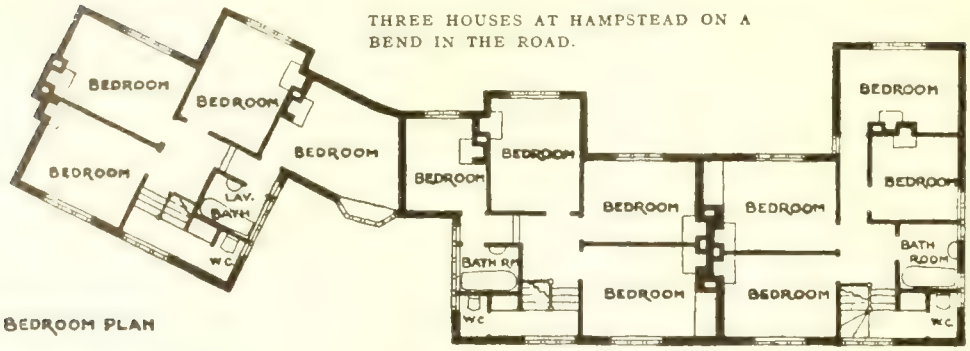
Another example of the way in which the site may lay down special conditions calling for unusual planning and resulting in individual characteristics such as it is the architect's business to turn to account and regard as an opportunity for giving interest to his work and not as crippling and tiresome, is afforded by the illustrations of the three houses at Hampstead. There was an awkward turn in the road at a very obtuse angle which had to be followed in the line of the frontages of the houses. To enable the reader to realize this more fully a sketch and plans are given of two of these houses which might have been built as a simple pair were the special condition of the turn in the road absent.

As soon as the designer can see that the purposes and conditions he is designing to fulfil have ceased to be his inspiration and have come to be tiresome and irksome to him, he must beware, for his attitude of mind is one in which the best work cannot be done. If, in order to make it take a form he wishes it to take, he causes



FLOOR PLAN FOR THE THREE HOUSES AT HAMPSTEAD.

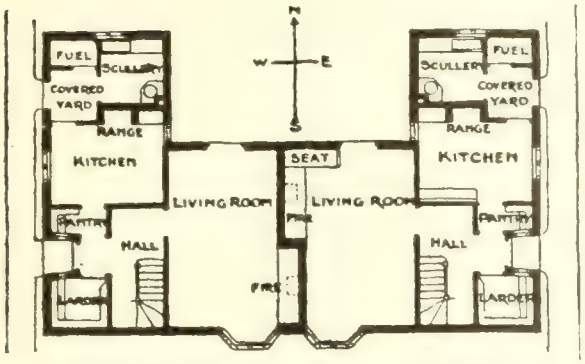
THREE HOUSES AT HAMPSTEAD ON A BEND IN THE ROAD.



BEDROOM PLAN

what he is designing to fulfil the purposes for which it is intended one whit less well than might have been, he is in sore danger of artistic failure, and should go very warily. Flagrant examples of such failure are not easy to find because the public will not tolerate them, but examples of modified failure from this cause we have on every hand, especially in our household furniture. How much of this seems grudgingly to provide every little useful accommodation fitted into a compilation based on some curious ideas of balanced parts and proportions. If it is difficult to see into a drawer because something projects out over it the public will decline it. If the entrance into a cupboard is awkwardly placed, causing some loss of the designer's symmetry or cherished conception, the public will see through this and ask for convenience instead of display; but the designer gets the better of the public by leaving out that drawer and cupboard altogether, and they cheerfully buy his balanced and proportioned compilation of inanities without realizing how much more accommodation and convenience they might have had within the space it will occupy. Or the designer sinks still lower and palms off something worse onto a public not oversensitive to sincerity or falseness in art. He causes the brackets or moldings which apparently support something above the drawer and which come in the way of those who want to see into the drawer to move either with the drawer or with what is above them. His pilasters which are apparently important constructional parts of his compilation, but which come where they prevent his placing the cupboard doors in the convenient position, he attaches *to* the cupboard doors so that they move with them.

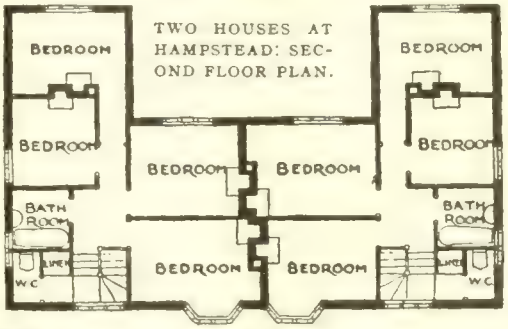
Before beginning to design anything always make a clear list of all requirements, then most vigorously ask at every stage as you proceed, even when the minutest details are reached, *why* do I include this or that? Is it simply because it is customary? If so, is there any real foundation or sober reason for it? Sometimes we shall find that what appears to be a meaningless convention has a foundation



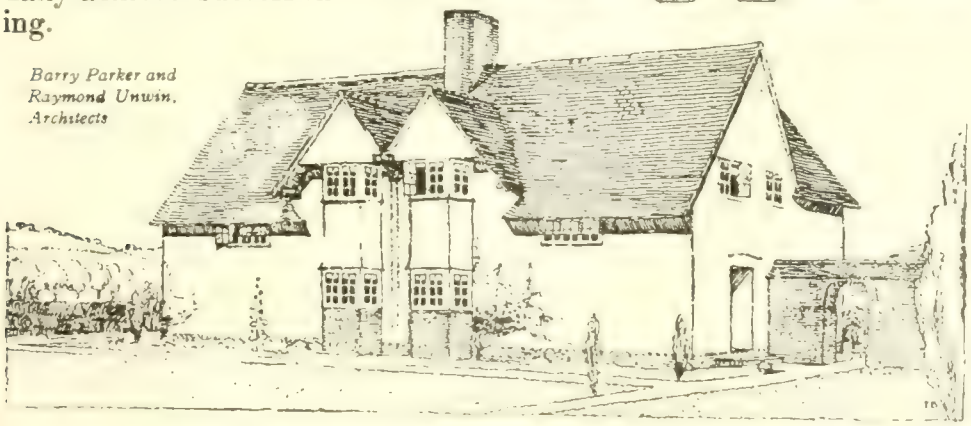
TWO OF THE HOUSES AT HAMPSTEAD ARRANGED AS A PAIR FOR A SIMPLE SITE WITH NO SPECIAL CONDITIONS AND LIMITATIONS: FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

in true convenience, just as we often find that much which is apparently groundless in etiquette and conventional politeness and propriety has a basis in good feeling and consideration for others. But on the other hand the comfortable sophistry that, because almost universal, a custom must have advantages we do not see, is responsible for the perpetuation of many absurdities which have almost as little basis in reason as has that of putting blinkers on our horses.

And by just so much as we allow ourselves to rest content in this sophistry will our work lose in vitality and reality. For it is only by originality and sincerity of thought and action, by personal ingenuity and adaptation to whatever new or perplexing conditions may confront us, that we can eventually achieve success in building.



TWO HOUSES AT HAMPSTEAD: SECOND FLOOR PLAN.



Barry Parker and Raymond Unwin, Architects

SKETCH SHOWING HOW TWO OF THE GROUP OF THREE HOUSES AT HAMPSTEAD WOULD HAVE FORMED A SIMPLE PAIR HAD NOT THE TURN IN THE ROAD AND THE FACT THAT A GROUP OF THREE HOUSES WAS REQUIRED INTRODUCED FURTHER CONDITIONS, RESTRICTIONS, OPPORTUNITIES AND DIFFICULTIES.

NEW METHODS FOR GETTING THE GOVERNMENT BACK INTO THE HANDS OF THE PEOPLE: BY THE EDITOR

IT MIGHT be plausibly argued that no class is more tenaciously conservative where its own traditions are concerned than the professional politicians. Farmers do not organize to check the advance of intensive agriculture, nor physicians to warn an unsuspecting public against the seductions of bacteriology or serum therapy. The advent of wireless telegraphy was not regarded as a call to arms by the electrical engineers, nor when aeroplanes began to dot the blue were we deafened with warning cries from the physicists. And even among the theologians that disconcerting new arrival the higher criticism was not altogether anathema. But when any scientific and progressive mind turns its attention to the machinery of politics what a chorus of admonition rises from the ranks of the politicians!

Thus every effort to restore to the people the reins of government which have been so gradually but surely transferred to the hand of special privilege is noted with apprehension and misgiving by our lawmakers, who see in such reforms as the Initiative, the Referendum, the Recall, popular election of senators, and direct nominations generally, only insidious attacks upon our representative form of government. The Initiative and Referendum, they tell us, are repugnant to the republican form of government guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States. Although no less a Republican than Lincoln was content to describe our Government as "a government of the people, for the people and by the people," latter-day guardians of our liberties would have the last clause amended to read "and by representatives of the people." The Constitution, they tell us, makes this a republic and not a democracy—a representative and not a popular government. But however we describe the system the fathers fashioned, the fact remains that the central idea they sought to embody therein was an affirmation of the equal rights of men. And these new devices, inasmuch as they are aimed at special privilege, are merely fresh applications of this principle. Granting the original intention to have been that our laws should be framed not by the people but by their representatives, the fact remains that it was not intended that they should be framed by representatives of the public enemy. It was never intended that the fattening and pampering of special interests should supersede the ideal of the greatest good to the greatest number. It is certainly not imaginable that the authors of the Constitution

would contemplate with equanimity some of the uses to which the mechanism of government they so lovingly devised has been put. Yet it is these very abuses, apparently, which makes the mechanism so peculiarly sacrosanct in the eyes of the professional politician.

The original purpose of our political machinery was to express and enforce the will of the people. Gradually, but to an astounding extent, it has become an instrument for enforcing the will of special privilege in its many guises. The sole purpose of such changes in the old machinery as are contemplated in the Initiative and Referendum is to give back to the people the control usurped by special privilege. But the politician, who knows every bolt and crank and valve in the old machine, naturally shies at the new model with its baffling contraptions in the form of safety devices and automatic brakes.

In this connection it is interesting to note that in the last session of the Sixty-first Congress Senatorial opposition to the amendment for the popular election of Senators was largely confined to the same element which rallied to the defense of Senator Lorimer when his more squeamish colleagues tried to oust him from a seat in which purchased votes had helped to place him. In the same connection it is also pertinent to remark that with our Senators elected by the people instead of by the legislatures we would be spared such wasteful and unseemly deadlocks as the old system has recently inflicted upon Colorado, Montana, Iowa and New York. In the latter State, after more than sixty futile ballotings had resulted in nothing more than the wasting of the legislators' time and the people's money, a candidate, selected by Boss Murphy, was elected, and the Tammany tiger acquired a new lair in Washington. Even when the old machinery is utilized for purposes of reform instead of for purpose of reaction the result is not always edifying, as witness Theodore Roosevelt's last attempt to lift New York State politics out of the mire. The echoes of that fight had scarcely died before Boss Barnes was again in the saddle, with the girths tightened.

Special privilege, with its agencies of corrupt politics and corrupt business, makes for the ultimate destruction of Americanism. In opposition to this tendency there is a growing demand for a more popular type of government, a government by the voters. The response to this demand has been particularly notable in the past year or two, both in the Federal Government and in the States. Thus last year the progress of democratic principles was marked in Congress by the restriction of the arbitrary power of the Speaker, and in many of the States by the adoption of various methods of nominating to public office by the direct vote of the people. This

tendency is making itself felt even in New York State, where the waves set in motion by Governor Hughes' fight for direct primaries are still troubling the political waters.

Although the constitutional amendment necessary to legalize the popular election of United States Senators has not yet been authorized, Oregon has shown the way to evade this difficulty, and Nebraska and Nevada have followed her lead. The Oregon plan requires the nomination of party candidates for senator at a direct primary election. At the same primary candidates for nomination for the State legislature are given the option of placing either of the following statements after their names on the primary election ballot: (1) I promise to vote for people's choice of United States senator; or (2) I will not promise to vote for people's choice of United States Senator. At the ensuing general election the people indicate their choice in the same way that they choose a governor, and the legislature chosen at the same time will naturally be pledged to ratify the people's choice. In nineteen hundred and eight this scheme afforded an interesting illustration of the breaking down of mere party lines when a majority of the Republican legislature elected a Democratic governor whom the people had indicated as their choice.

Oregon, moreover, is the only State which has yet made any considerable use of the Initiative and Referendum, although these devices have been nominally adopted by some twelve States. The Initiative consists in the initiation of legislation by a certain fraction of the voters and its subsequent enactment by a majority of the voters to whom the proposed legislation is referred. The Referendum signifies also the popular veto upon acts of the legislature. The two measures together enable the people literally to make their own laws. "Perhaps no proposal is more attractive to the thoughtful voter impatient with the perverse legislation of misrepresentative legislatures," remarks Arthur N. Holcombe in "The American Year Book," "than this of direct legislation." It puts a weapon in the hands of the people with which they should be able to end the reign of crooked politics, special privilege and the spoils system. Another new instrument in which the public is becoming interested is the Recall. This provides for the retirement of an elected officer before the expiration of his term of office if he has forfeited the confidence of the voters. It has been adopted by a number of American cities, and in Oregon it is applicable to State officials. Most of the opposition to Arizona's proposed constitution centers around the fact that it would apply the recall even to the judiciary.

One cannot discuss the development of popular government in this country without constantly recurring to Oregon, which under

the guidance of the People's Power League has become a sort of political experiment station. There the Initiative, Referendum and Recall have been in effect for eight years. Speaking to a New York audience recently Senator Owen of Oklahoma explained that by these instruments the people can initiate any law they want and veto any they don't want. He declared that the sentiment for the Initiative and Referendum was growing rapidly, and that it wouldn't be long before every State in the Union adopted them. The Initiative, he said, is the best method of law making because it is speedy, direct, simple and efficient. He went on to say:

"The idea has swept the West as well as Maine. It was the leading issue in Massachusetts, and it will be the leading issue in New York in the next campaign—I think. Among the objections that have been made against the propositions are that under them the people will act imprudently and pass laws for their own government that are not wisely drawn; that such laws passed under popular clamor or excitement, will attack property.

"Now, the answer to this is the record of what has been done already in Oregon. Out of sixty-four propositions that have been actually submitted to the people in that State during the past eight years, not a single proposal has ever been offensive to the people, and not one ever assailed private or corporate property. It is a very economical method of law making. It cost Oregon only forty-seven thousand dollars to put through those sixty-four proposals. They were passed on with care and wisdom.

"Here is an illustration of how the people there do their own thinking. The professors of the University of Oregon were asked to indicate how they would vote on thirty-two of the propositions. Their vote was found to be identical with the vote of the people on every proposition except one. The professors voted for Woman's Suffrage, and the people voted against it.

"In the slum districts of cities, where the people are least informed, the vote on these proposals of government were much neglected, showing that the ignorant vote of the State can be depended upon to eliminate itself. This is a very important matter. It shows that the vote was the vote of the more intelligent classes."

Some of the most important and progressive laws enacted directly by the people of Oregon had previously been rejected by the legislature.

No one watching the progress of popular government can have failed to note the remarkable growth in State politics of the movement for the nomination of candidates for elective office by direct vote. Thus during the legislative sessions of nineteen hundred and

nine and nineteen hundred and ten important legislation concerning direct nominations was enacted in a dozen States. In fact, at present only Colorado, Utah, Wyoming, Montana, West Virginia and Vermont are holding entirely aloof from the general movement toward direct nominations.

The conservative, with his face turned to the past, complains that these various reforms were not contemplated by the fathers of the nation when they framed the Constitution. But neither did the fathers foresee the astounding changes which have come about in the actual physical conditions of our civilization. The proposed changes of political method would, indeed, have been practically impossible of application under the old conditions of transportation and communication. But now, thanks to the telegraph and a ubiquitous press, any proposition can be submitted simultaneously to all the voters not merely of a State, but of the whole nation. Because the machinery of intercommunication has become incomparably more efficient it becomes possible to make the machinery of government more simple, more direct, and more responsive to the will of the people. Why should we hesitate to do so?

But far more important than any question of precedent or intention is the consideration of the results that these new devices are likely to produce. In the case of Oregon we have an opportunity to study the kind of laws that a people will make for itself, and this object lesson affords no ground for pessimism. But more important again than the fact that good laws have been written directly upon the statute books by the hand of the voter is the growth and development that must come to a people, individually and collectively, through the exercise of this legislative power. A nation, like an individual, grows through responsibility. And the more every individual is made conscious of his share in the national or communal responsibility, the greater becomes the hope, the more noble the possibilities, of that nation.

HAPPINESS: AN IDYL: BY EDWARD LLOYD

THE babe, lying on its mother's breast, wanting neither more food nor warmth, closes its eyes, sleeps, and is happy. The child, able to run about in the sunshine, tires of its play; it drops on the soft grass, sleeps, and is happy. Grown a little older, the boy lies on the mossy bank and gazes up at the patches of blue sky among the green leaves and listens to the murmur of the stream as it passes. Not sleep, but a waking intelligence, full of the wonder of the world, brings happiness.

Time passes, and the young spirit wanders off into the solitudes. His fellows attract him; but he is afraid of these men who hide their inner lives from him. His friends are the birds and the squirrels; they have no secrets, they hide nothing from him. He understands their life and is happy.

The young man and maiden, hand in hand, now wander again in the solitudes. They understand the flower, the bird, and the squirrel. They also understand mankind; but each is sufficient to the other, and they are happy.

But it is only for a time. Nature calls, and they hear and obey. The knowledge comes to them that they, too, must be creators; that they have work to do, pleasures to enjoy. The old-new wonder returns again; the wonderful gates swing wide, a new life comes into the world, and they are happy.

They grow old. Their children and children's children are around them, doing the work of the world, living life and finding happiness. They see and understand, and, full of happiness, they end their days.

In like manner, happiness comes to all who live the common life of man.

It comes not so easily to the dreamer, the searcher. He goes forth over the whole earth, up and down among its people, among those who style themselves good and among those who are styled bad. He seeks for happiness in the palace and the hovel, in lofty thought and sensuous abandon, on mountain top and in valley, and fails to see that Love stands waiting, stretching out open arms to him. She bids him come and enjoy; bids him come and find happiness in loving and serving the whole world. He, too, may understand and find happiness.

Each man, each bird, each beast, all seek happiness, and each may have such happiness as he can enjoy. As each does his part in the work of the world, he finds happiness. The bird sings its last little song, and, fluttering with weak wings down to Mother Earth, leaves behind a brood of young to love and sing and be part

of life. The beast of burden does its work in the field, pulls the plow and hauls the grain for its master—Man. He feeds it and builds barns to protect it from the storms. It also leaves progeny to go on with its unfinished work.

Man, alone, is doubly endowed, and doubly burdened. Like the beast and the bird, he lives and loves, and does the simple duties of his life and, dying, leaves behind his offspring to carry on the work he has not completed. He also leaves them a heritage of the mind. He bids them find happiness in doing the wonderful things already conceived in his fertile brain, but that he has been unable to do; to then find happiness in more wonderful attainments and in doing things of which he could not conceive in his richest imaginings.

Herein lies the hope of happiness for mankind; in the going forward to unconquered fields; in the climbing of hitherto inaccessible mountain-tops, and charting the way so that "the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein."

Physical happiness, the animal happiness of man, is so easily attained. A bit of green grass, or even cool, clean earth, on which to lie, a tree, or a few poles covered with grass, for shelter when the sun shines too hot and for days when the rain falls, the pure air that is all around, the pure water in the stream that flows by the simple home, a bit of food from the garden or the chase, a mate to love and with whom happiness may be shared, children growing up to fulfil a similar destiny—these primal, essential things are so few and so easy to obtain that every man, if he will, may have such happiness. For many people, this is sufficient; they have attained happiness.

There are left the others, in whom mind or soul has awakened or is awaking. They are the searchers; those who seek after new things and their happiness is seldom complete. They attain heights of happiness undreamed of because unknown to those who live on the physical plane. As the Oriental dancer removes, one by one, the veils that hide her loveliness and drops them at the feet of majesty, so each happiness won only removes another filmy veil from the face of the future and discloses new beauties to be attained before happiness may be achieved. Always there is one more veil. The wondrous beauty remains veiled, and we do not know that we are searching for the Truth and that ultimate Truth cannot be attained. As mankind advances, truth advances and becomes greater. He who delays taking happiness to himself in the hope of first removing the last veil is doomed to end his life unsatisfied.

CRAFTSMAN WOOD AND STONE BUNGALOWS FOR THE COUNTRY

A HOUSE should be designed to harmonize with its environments. The materials used for the exterior, the colors of the walls and roofs, the lines of perspective, should all combine to tie the house to its surroundings. The two designs for Craftsman houses shown this month were planned especially for those of our readers who want suggestions for bungalows to be built in the country, and the exteriors are shown with sufficient landscape to suggest a proper setting.

Both houses are constructed of wood on rough stone foundations, while the roofs of both are of colored ruberoid.

A somewhat unusual, but withal, practical and artistic method has been employed in the log construction of the exterior walls of house No. 115. This construction is so simple that it may be undertaken by those not experienced in log-house building, as the troubles incident to building up, tieing and plumbing the corners are not encountered.

The logs should be from 12 to 14 inches at the foundation and tapering to 10 to 12 inches at the plate. All bark should be removed. Where one desires a log interior, the log should be left round, but in this case they should be hewn on the inner side, so the interior walls may be kept true and even to receive the furring strips for wainscoting and lath for plaster. All crevices between the logs should be carefully filled in from both sides with cement. This will insure a tight solid wall. Contrary to the usual results we find that the logs do not shrink away from the cement and leave an open crack. The irregularity of this line of cement, together with the fact that the cement will take the stain the same as the logs, makes this a most simple, useful and artistic method of chinking.

Rafters, purlins, posts, and in fact every part of the exterior is of logs. Cypress gutters are used, but the leaders have been omitted as unnecessary since the surroundings will permit of stone heaps being made at the corners of the house; this will serve the double purpose for preventing the water from washing holes in the ground, and furnishes rockeries for ferns and other plants.

The entrance porch is recessed, but the cement floor has been extended several feet beyond the house line, and terminates in a rough stone wall with the entrance steps at one corner. A log pergola set on a cement floor at the rear of the house completes the exterior features.

HOUSE No. 116 is constructed entirely of dressed lumber, yet with its rough stone foundation and chimney, its hewn posts, rived shingled walls and V-jointed gables, has sufficient of the rustic character to harmonize with its surroundings of woods and mountain. No effort has been made at ornamentation. The lines of the house are simple to a degree, yet the proportions are so calculated and the details of construction so carefully observed that with all this simplicity and

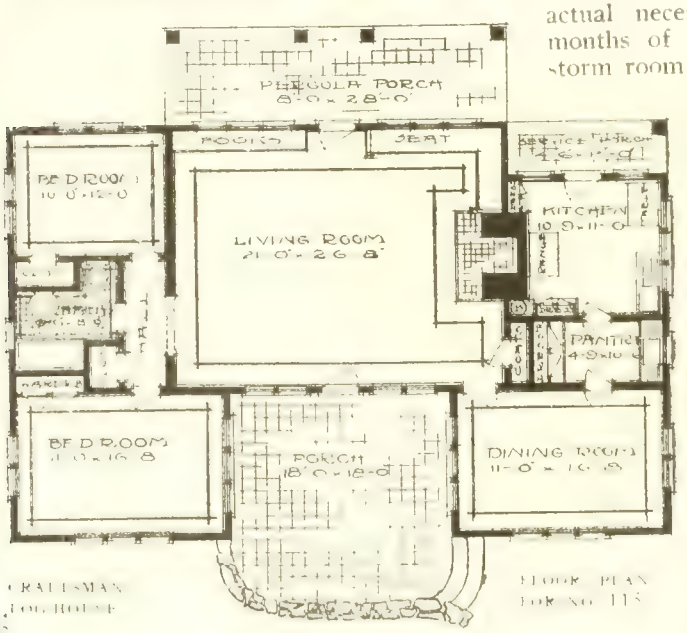
freedom from pretense there is no suggestion of crudity, and the simple dignity of this little house will no doubt appeal to many who would not care for the primitiveness suggested in the other.

As in No. 115, no cellar is provided. It is not needed for the heating plant, since in both cases that is located in the fireplace. We like to see a house built to rest almost directly on the ground, with no visible foundation to separate it from the earth in which it should almost appear to have taken root. The house is protected from dampness by excavating for the foundation down to solid bearings, and filling in with broken stone and concrete to a depth of several inches for footings. The walls should be built of stone or cement or whatever materials are most easily obtainable and all the foundation should be tile drained both inside and out.

Where the material is at hand the entire floor space should be filled in with broken stone and leveled up with concrete. Two by four scantlings may then be used for floor beams by simply embedding them in the concrete before it sets. Where the floor space is not filled in, it should be ventilated on all sides, so that the air may circulate through to prevent dry rot in the floor timbers.

The floor plans in both houses have been worked out with much care, and with an idea of economy in labor in the general housework. At the same time a sense of roominess and hospitality is felt because of the bigness of the living room and its central location, with the service rooms grouped on one side and the bedrooms and bath on the other. The central feature of the living room is the fireplace, and both of the houses have really been planned around this feature.

Vestibules have been purposely omitted, as is usually done in Craftsman houses. There may have been a reason for their use before heating plants were perfected and when it was necessary to conserve every bit of heat generated by the old-time fireplaces. But in a general way we think the vestibule has outlived its usefulness, besides we like the frank hospitality of entering directly into the living room from the entrance porch. Where for some reason a vestibule is an actual necessity during the cold winter months of a severe climate a removable storm room and door would seem to meet every requirement.

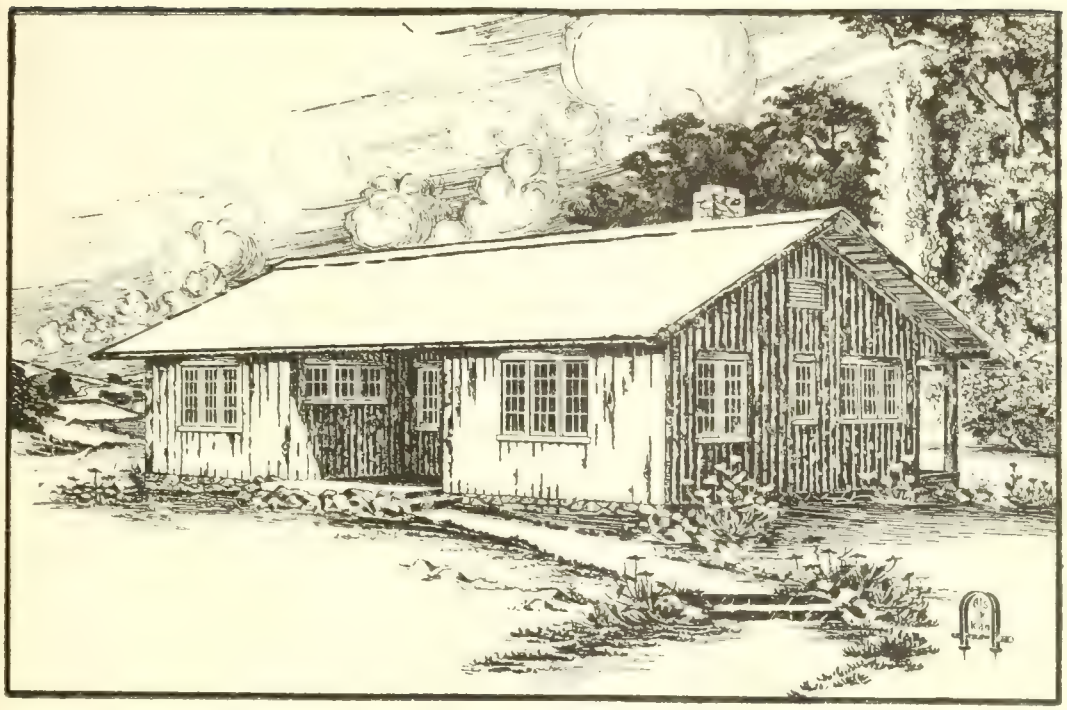


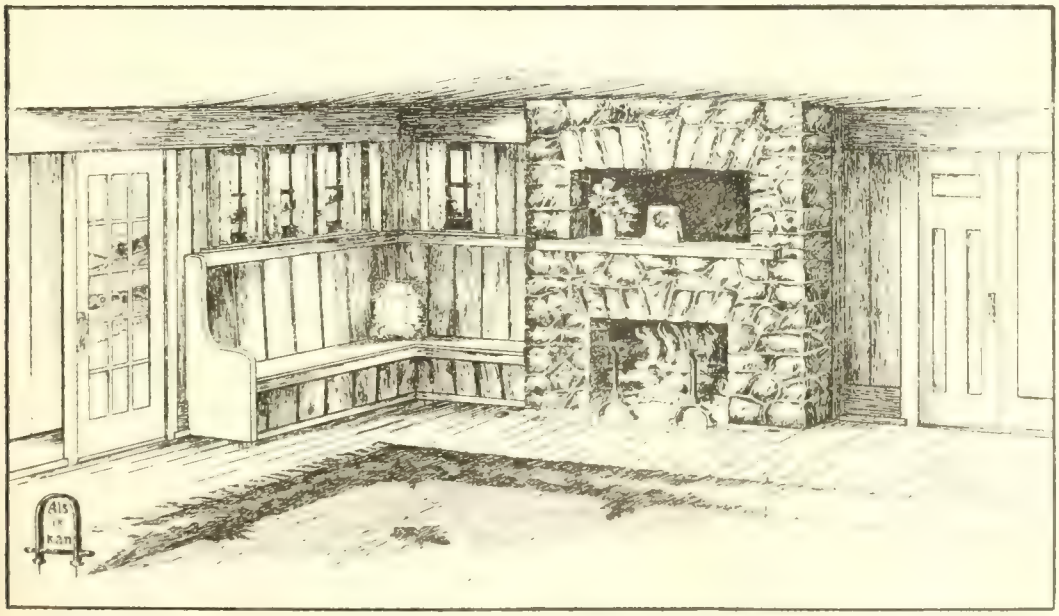
CRAFTSMAN FOUR HOUSE

FLOOR PLAN FOR NO. 115

In the first house the coat closet is conveniently located on one side of the fireplace, while the space on the other is filled with a comfortable seat; this has been extended past the corner. The open book shelves on the other side of the door to the pergola, and the groups of high casements all serve to break up the wide expanse of wall space, and at the same time form an interesting group of furnishings. The remaining wall space has been left as a suitable place for a piano.

Both bedrooms are separated from the living room by a narrow hall and the bath is located between the bedrooms; an ar-





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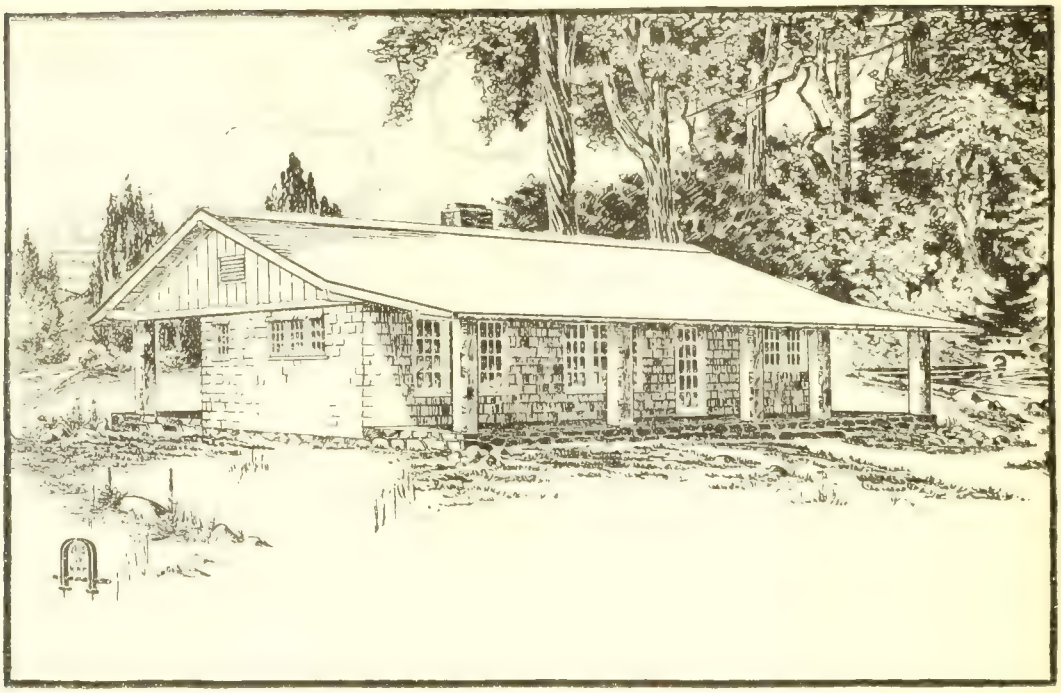
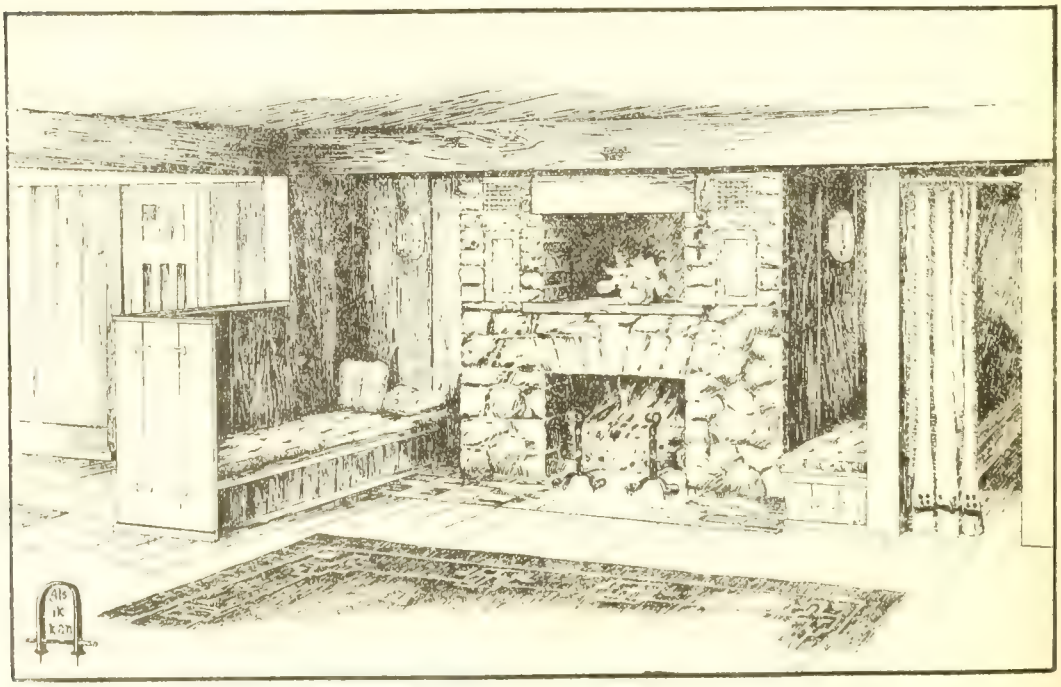




CRAFTSMAN COUNTRY HOUSE OF DRESSED LUMBER AND STONE NO. 116

CORNER OF LIVING ROOM WITH BUILT-IN SEAT EITHER SIDE OF FIREPLACE FRONT

rangement combining convenience and privacy. Ample closet room is provided in both rooms, and the groups of windows are so situated as to allow for cross ventilation. The little rear porch built under the main roof adjoining the kitchen may be glassed in in the winter, and screened in in summer, and will thus serve as additional room for kitchen and laundry work. The kitchen and pantry are each provided with such built-in furnishings as would seem necessary, and are arranged with an idea for economy in labor. No built-in furniture has been shown in the dining room, but the room is sufficiently large to accommodate a sideboard and china closet and these may well be added, where the owner is not already provided with these pieces.

The plan of the second house is worked out more elaborately and has many interesting features. On entering the living room, the open shelves of books, the fireplace nook with its cozy and comfortable cushioned seats, and the china closet and wide sideboard in the dining room, present a most interesting picture. The large groups of casement windows arranged in the front wall together with the group over the sideboard will flood the rooms with light and air. One seat has been extended beyond the nook to merely suggest a separation of living room and dining room, while in reality the general effect is one large commodious room with so much of the furniture built in, that only a table and a few chairs are necessary to complete the furnishing.

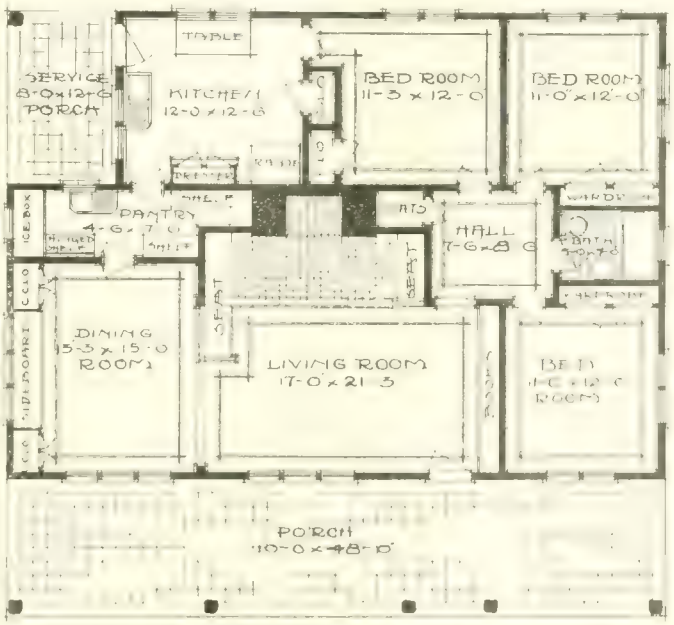
An especially interesting arrangement of bedrooms and bath is found here, and the little hall is curtained off from the living room by portières to insure more privacy. A door leading from the kitchen affords communication to the bedrooms without having to go through the dining and living rooms. Here, too, the kitchen is well arranged with ample pantry and closet room and a small service porch. In both houses the fireplace is made the central feature of the living rooms.

With the advent of steam heating we were bewitched with the labor-saving idea, thinking we had discovered a way to avoid the extra work entailed by the ashes of the open fire, and we discarded the fireplace for the radiator. Today, even, a house would hardly be called modern unless its cellar was equipped with one of the various heating systems. Yet, in almost every house we find in living room or parlor a mantlepiece, in many with no detail of the fireplace neglected, neither tongs, shovel nor fender, except that generally no chimney is provided. During the last few years many fireplaces have been constructed, but in a house that is already overheated the open fire becomes a luxury and its hospitality is seldom enjoyed.

The living room is the place where the business of the home life is conducted—the executive chamber of the household—where the family life centers and from which radiates the home influence that shapes the character of the rising generation. In this home influence the dominating spirit should be honesty.

There is a growing demand for a return to the open fireplace, with its companionship, its influence and its hospitality, and it is just here that the Craftsman Fireplace Furnace meets all the demands for an open fire, and yet has none of the disadvantages of the old-time fireplace.

The fireplace furnace burns either coal, wood or coke, has a positive regulating device, and will furnish heat for all rooms of



FLOOR PLAN FOR HOUSE NO. 116

the house. Having fire on the first floor there is no need of a cellar and this saving may be put into other parts of the house. A shaking grate is provided and the ashes fall into a pit, which needs emptying but once a year. By the use of the regulating device, the necessity of almost constant attention to the fire is now reduced to the adding of fuel but once during the day, while the regulator maintains a steady fire, assuring an even temperature throughout the day and night. Our greatest problem, however, has been the ventilation. Any system of heating which depends upon the bottling up of the heat in the rooms, by weather strips on doors and windows, and which requires the occupants to breathe and rebreathe the vitiated air over and over again is vicious, and it is due to these conditions that contagious diseases are so prevalent and disastrous. By bringing in from the outside, pure air, warming it and circulating it through all the rooms in the house to take the place of the used and impure air being consumed by the fire in the process of combustion, we have solved the ventilation question.

A window need not be left open for fresh air, with its accompanying draughts, but the whole house with doors and windows closed is constantly being flooded with pure, fresh, warm air. The whole scheme is so simple, so practical and so perfect in its operation that we wonder why it has not been done before.

AS the pendulum of progress once swung toward the city, it is now again swinging back to the country. In the first place, country people in America were anxious to get to the city for the greater opportunities of growth, to get in touch with people who were doing interesting things in new and fearless ways, and especially for the chance of better educational advantages. It is hardly necessary to add that the increased comforts and conveniences of city life also made a great appeal, as well as the opportunity for so-called amusements. The country man found that the city quickened his perceptions, raised some of his standards of living, inspired him in many ways. He liked the excitement of it, the "style," the greater sense of humor.

And yet, now that the city's population is vastly increased and many long stretches of the country are empty and dead, we suddenly find the pendulum swinging back to the land again. For the city-born people have grown conscious somewhere of a loss, of the need of a home, of a longing for quiet, a desire to sort out the many impressions acquired in metropolitan existence, to select the wheat from all the chaff, to get away from the rush of the city life long enough to understand its faults. And so, slowly the reaction toward the country has set in, and city people are beginning to talk of the charm of a *real home*. They want fresh winds to sweep where they have been laboring breathlessly. They want the kind of health only to be gained by outdoor life. And when the American man actually wants a thing he is very apt to get it. The "very sticks and stones fly to do the bidding of him who knows where he is going." And it would seem as though all conditions were favoring the home-loving, sane-thinking men and women who are seeking the chance for more wholesome life in the country.

Designers and architects are at last succeeding in planning attractive, convenient, large and small homes for the real country and for the suburbs—homes which have most, if not all, of the conveniences of the city house, and in addition the great charm of being set apart in gardens of their own.

It is very wonderful to the city-bred person of moderate income to find fresh fragrant air coming in at the windows, instead of the odor of many different kinds of dinners; to wake up in the morning with the song of the lark instead of the heavy truck or the singing student; to drink from a spring instead of a faucet; to walk on soft earth instead of hard pavement; to find that the summer means something besides heat and exhaustion, and that the spring has so many varied aspects of beauty that no art gallery could ever compare with it.

It is because these things are wonderful that so many city people are planning to save or to sell, and to build or rent a little home somewhere in the country for at least part of the year. With the increased facilities for railway travel, and with the small motor-car at a moderate price, it is becoming easier and easier to live in the country and work in the city, and as plans for the country home are becoming more and more simple, it is not only possible for a man to design his own house, but in many instances to help with the building of it, and thus to increase tenfold his joy in its construction and his happiness in living in it.

A FOREST HOUSE: BY M. KENNEDY BAILEY

ONE of the most artistic achievements in rustic architecture in all America is probably a building or set of buildings designed by a man who declares that he "knows nothing of architecture," and that his designs are based purely upon a knowledge of forest forms and colors. And yet, has not this rustic designer been to the fountainhead of all art instruction?

Nature is undoubtedly the greatest of teachers, and the man who knew "nothing of architecture" was Enos A. Mills, a distinguished lecturer on forestry, the author of many Nature articles and a well-known book, "Wild Life on the Rockies."

He had lived for twenty years in solitude in a little cabin on the trail to Long's Peak, which is more than fourteen thousand feet above the tides. Near this cabin he began to build a simple refuge for those who desired to make the pilgrimage to such lofty heights. His is the last of the stopping places in Estes Park, a wonderful, mountain-walled, natural flower garden, in which cascades and birds are rival singers. It is a place in which one may lose a year's accumulation of effeteness in a single month.

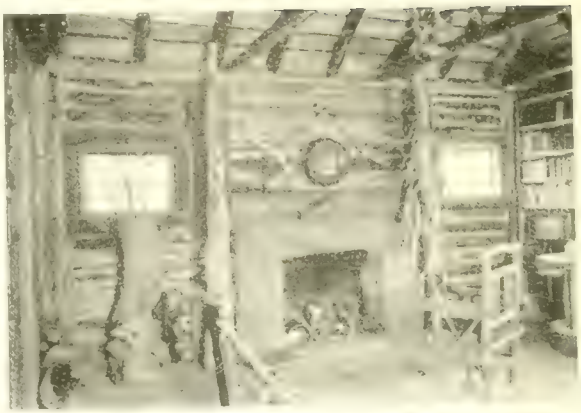
"Rustic" is hardly the term for this dwelling, since it is quite unlike any other rustic structure in America and has no suggestion of the uncouth. Sylvan more nearly describes its architecture, for it is built with tree trunks standing upright as they do in the forest, fire-carved and wind-sculptured trees appearing as pillars and balustrade supports. A fire-killed forest is still standing within a half mile of Long's Peak, and in it the material for the buildings and the cabin studio in which Mills writes had been shaping and curing for a number of years. Wherever the fire had done its most exquisite work in seaming and fluting the tree trunks, there Mills selected his porch pillars and newel posts. Outside staircases are among the conspicuously beautiful features of his buildings, particularly of the larger ones. Balconies, beamed over with rich brown, bark-covered spruce, and furnished with seats and chairs made of curious, twisted growths from the region of timberline, are greatly admired accessories, while the curious and the eccentric in timber growth has been used with rare artistic instinct.

SIDE VIEW OF OUTSIDE RUSTIC STAIRWAY.

TREE STAIRWAY AND FOOT SCREEN IN THE FOREST HOUSE

The larger outlines of the buildings are simple, following in a greater or less degree the early cabin ideal, with occasional incursions into bungalow and chalet effects. "The Forest," one of the larger sleeping cabins, in which the rooms are all named in honor of forest trees, is a happy combination of

sloping-roofed, two-storied chalet and modern bungalow. The lower story spreads broadly and slopes low, while the second rises over the center, with wide, shallow windows and blinking roof. "The Forest" has a roomy balcony and back and front verandas, the front commanding one of the best twilight views obtainable anywhere in the Rocky Mountains. It looks out upon Twin Sisters and Game Pass, down upon Lily Mountain's multiple crest, and over upon Estes Cone with its even slopes, while from its western end one can see Long's Peak rising in its might.



THE CABIN STUDIO—HOWING FIREPLACE

The main building around which the others are grouped is two-storied, long, low, with one very interesting inset veranda and another projecting out toward the east and sheltering a fountain of finely aerated spring water. Beneath this spreading veranda, the steps of which are wide enough to permit the drawing up before them of two or three touring cars at one time, runs a mountain brook, its velocity keeping the air musical and providing a perfect orchestral accompaniment to the song of the white-crested sparrow that rises above it. The stream runs

RUSTIC SUNNY DINING ROOM

diagonally through the grounds, dividing them almost evenly. The inset veranda faces south and is heavily pillared with tree trunks that have been furrowed and hollowed by fire, the grain of the wood showing the soft gray of incessant weather wearing, and brown left by scorching flames. They are pillars that will grow even more beautiful with age. The seats and chairs depend equally for their beauty upon the designer's taste and the unusual tree shapes that Nature has provided at this point in the mountains, where winds have battled for thousands of years, and courageous pines at timberline have attained a century of age, and perhaps not more than two or three inches in diameter save at their blunted stumps.

The living room is thoroughly consistent and harmonious, deep brown bark showing on the walls and ceiling and soft tans and grays appearing in the slim saplings that fill interstices between the larger timbers.

The fireplace is colossal, its hood made from a single slab of granite and its various parts formed of large smoke-colored stones. It mounts in rocky substance straight to the ceiling, and is even now suggesting a sister fireplace at its rear, the room to be enlarged to twice its present size, leaving the double fireplace in the center.

Out of this room and from the south porch rise burned-branch staircases, full of effective detail and revealing some new attraction to the eye at every mounting.

Into the east veranda support Mr. Mills has introduced a giant pine root, rock-flattened and weather-carved. This root screen is one of the most remarkable distinctly ornamental pieces that Nature has contributed to the building of the Forest house. It reaches easily from floor to roof and is equally wide, its more conspicuous lines radiating from a solid center and forming the framework for a myriad of slight, sketchy lines that interweave as only Nature can sketch and weave. The dining room is the largest in the house and thoroughly forest-built. It is many-windowed and looks out upon Long's Peak, Lily Mountain, Lady Washington and Mt. Meeker. It faces the west at its widest exposure and is a favorite vantage point for sunset effects. The bed-

rooms in this building are named for the objects that make up the life of the mountain —the Brook, the Dawn, Sunset, and other suggestive titles.

Another cabin that is unfailingly attractive to the visitor is the author's studio and home. It has three rooms, the largest lined with a thousand books. The roof is four-sided, the ceiling of slabs covered with warm-tinted bark. Even the casements and bookshelves are of bark-covered wood. On either side of the fireplace rise strangely beautiful tree pillars from timberline, the kinked and tortured grain showing on their naked sides.

A triumph of Nature's genius forms an inner, ornamental ceiling for this room. It is a double tree root, rock-flattened, two-centered and so thoroughly united that the sap of the two trees seems to have mingled for their mutual support. The steps leading to the studio form a small outdoor museum of forest freaks and oddities, strange distortions from fertile timberline and large stumps cut down by beaver.

Each piece of furniture is made from bark-covered or partially burned and fully weathered wood. The center table in the living room has for its standard a spreading root, the trunk extending high above the table top and holding a reading lamp in its hollowed bole. Everywhere are pieces of furniture that show the hand of the original designer. No two pieces are precisely alike, even the bedsteads presenting each in its turn some novel combination of bark-covered wood.

It is, perhaps, in its vast amount of artistic detail, rather than in its larger outlines, that this forest house is persistently attractive. The panels made from trees and saplings of varying width in "The Forest" are as beautiful as they are surprising, while in a hundred small appointments the cabins command admiration.

These details, as well as the larger outlines, are absolutely and unfailingly in harmony with the surrounding forest, which clothes the mountain for two thousand feet above "The Forest's" nine thousand feet of altitude.

Only a man who is an artist, forest-schooled, could have built these houses, and retained in every line and curve, every angle and bent, the forest idea of harmony that is achieved from infinite variety. Such architecture as this must have been felt before it was conceived.

The setting is most inspiring. The collection of buildings occupy the center of a wide amphitheater in a glacier meadow as green and flower-strewn as any peaceful valley at sea level. Peaks rise in magnificent terraces, their base covered thickly with aspens and spruce and pine, their sides garmented in dark pine foliage, their tops rising in sheer naked rock to splendid heights, the snow and ice fields remaining throughout the year wherever the steep summits permit their lodgment.

"The Master of the house," as his friends like to call him, shares his own love for Nature with all who visit his mountains.

LIVING PORCH OF THE FOREST LODGE.

First, fashioning his house of material "rejected by the builders," mere "dead and down" timber—although some of it was burned and scorched into greater beauty and longevity than it otherwise could have—he demonstrated at every turn his own respect for Nature's handiwork. He succeeded in using the rejected material in a manner to convince even the artificially trained eye of its genuine artistic quality. From that it is an easy step to the gospel of the unplucked flower, the wild creature that, unfrightened, takes you further than you could otherwise go into the companionship of Nature. "The wilds without firearms" has become a slogan at Long's Peak, and the world, which seems to be finding a pathway to this door, must inevitably learn to constitute itself a protector of everything wild, be it bird or beast or flower.

A BUNGALOW BUILT NEAR LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

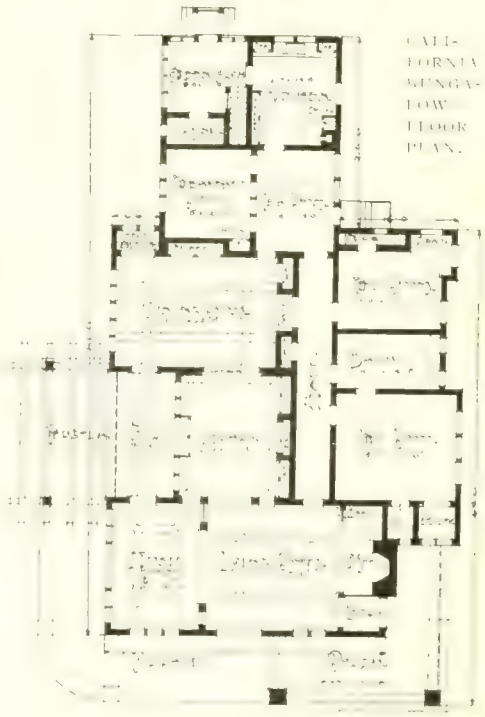
A THIRTY-EIGHT HUNDRED DOLLAR CALIFORNIA BUNGALOW, REVEALING MANY DETAILS OF COMFORT AND LUXURY: BY CHARLES ALMA BYERS

THE adobe houses of the Indians are built of the very ground that they stand upon, and are fashioned after the cliffs and buttes that are all about them, so they look as if they had been formed by Nature instead of man. No type of architecture has ever been devised that fitted more harmoniously into an environment than these simple dwellings.

The modern bungalows of California are being constructed in almost the same suitable, practicable and artistic manner. The sweep of the roofs is like that of the hills all about them, and they are low and broad like these same hills. The material used in their construction is generally redwood, often rough hewn and nearly always unpainted, so that in color and in what might be termed "texture" they fit in with their environment in a most satisfactory way.

Though they blend in color and shape with the surrounding country and look almost as if they might have been designed at the same time, they are really perfect examples of the most up-to-date architectural methods of construction. They are beautiful in line, in color and in their harmonious relation to environment. They are wonderfully adapted to the needs and the comforts of this semi-tropical country, and they are so simple in design that the cost of building is very little.

There are many features incorporated in the bungalow here illustrated that should prove especially interesting to architects and builders, particularly in the arrangement of the floor plan. Besides the bathroom, a hall and numerous closets, the house contains 9 rooms, all on one floor,—living room, music room, library, dining room, breakfast room, tea room, kitchen and two bedrooms. There is a small corner porch, 9 feet wide, on the front, a pergola and court, the latter 9 by 17 feet, on the side, and a screen



CALIFORNIA BUNGALOW FLOOR PLAN.

porch, 9 feet 6 inches by 11 feet 9 inches, at the rear. The front porch and side pergola are connected by a terrace of a width corresponding to that of the porch. Exclusive of the terrace, the house has a width of 48 feet, and a total depth of 89 feet.

The living room and music room occupy the front of the house; the front entrance is located on a side wall, instead of on the front. To the right of the entrance is the fireplace with its massive brick chimney. The fireplace and entrance end of the living room is converted into a sort of nook, with brick flooring, and in one corner of this nook there is an excellent built-in seat. In both rooms the floors are of oak, the ceilings are beamed, and the walls are paneled. The two rooms are connected by a broad, open arch. The woodwork is treated to resemble fumed oak, and the plastered portions of the walls and ceilings are tinted a rich buff, producing an effective and harmonious color scheme.

LIBRARY SHOWING BUILT-IN WALL BED AND BOOKCASES.

The library is located just back of the living room and music room, and is connected with the former by an arch. Along one wall of this room there is a series of windows, looking into the side court and pergola, provided with built-in window seats, and on the opposite wall there is a built-in disappearing bed, with built-in bookcases on each side. The bookcase arrangement is particularly interesting, each case extending to a height of about 4 feet 6 inches, each top thereby creating a sort of shelf for pictures. The space above is arched, and lighted by a hanging globe. The floor is of hardwood and the ceiling is coved. The color scheme of the room is in harmony with that of the living room and music room.

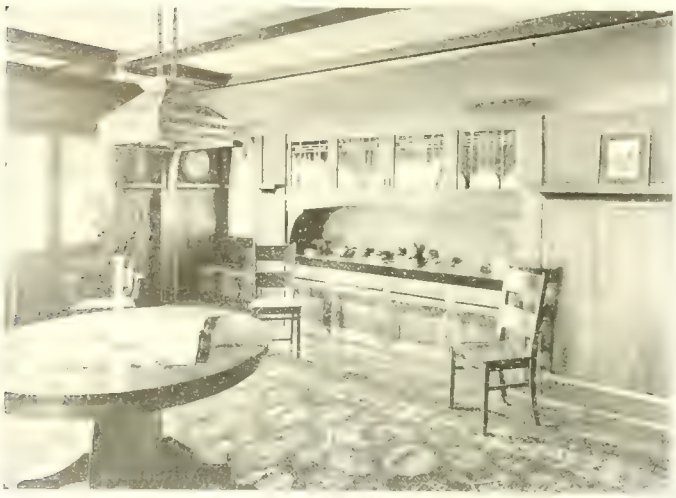
DINING ROOM FIREPLACE AND BUILT-IN CORNER SEAT.

The dining room is at the rear of the library; the two rooms are separated by a broad gate, hung by large hinges of hammered brass. A similar gate also separates the room from the hall. A broad, well designed buffet and a small built-in alcove seat are interesting features of this room. The ceiling is beamed, the floor is of hardwood, and the walls are paneled to a height of about 5 feet, capped with a plate rail. The woodwork is treated similarly to that of the other rooms described; the ceiling is tinted buff, and the plastered portions of the side walls are of a rich chocolate brown.

A narrow hall leads from the living room to the tea room. The breakfast room is located to the left of the tea room, and the kitchen to the rear. The walls of the tea room and breakfast room are papered with delicate patterns, and those of the kitchen are enameled.

The hall leads by the doors of the two bedrooms and the bathroom. The front bedroom, which is 14 feet by 17 feet 6 inches in dimensions, contains a small appreciable alcove, and the rear bedroom, which is 13 feet by 16 feet, possesses a built-in window seat; both rooms have spacious closets.

The house is provided throughout with numerous windows, mostly of the casement variety, giving every room a flood of sunlight and materially adding to both the interior and exterior charm of the home.



CORNER OF DINING ROOM WITH BUILT-IN SIDEBOARD

Considerable attention has been given to the side and rear gardens, to which access is had from many parts of the house. Doors from both the music room and the dining room lead into the court and pergola, which offer excellent outdoor lounging places.

Characteristic of the bungalow type, the house possesses a low, flat roof, with broadly projecting eaves, and the exterior finishing and framing timbers are undressed. The siding is of split shakes, spaced about three-quarters of an inch apart and laid with about 17 inches of their length exposed. The chimney, the porch pillars and the terrace corner pieces, as well as the flooring of the porch and terrace, are of brick. The woodwork is stained a rich brown, which, with the natural color of the brick, produces a very effective color scheme.

The bungalow is located near Los Angeles, California, and was built for approximately $3,800. The cost of duplicating the house elsewhere, however, would vary according to the prevailing price of labor and material.

Especial attention might be called to the use of shakes in this bungalow. There are many methods of laying shakes and they all have a decorative effect that is charming in the extreme. These split shakes give the house the impression of being "made by hand." They are generally different widths, and the texture obtained by the method of splitting, gives the uneven appearance that goes with nearly all hand-made, rather than machine-made, products.

They can be put on so that only three or four layers are needed to cover the walls of a bungalow, instead of the many rows of shingles generally used. They are of the same width at top as at the base, instead of being slightly less, as in the case of ordinary shingles. This partly accounts for the decorative effect gained by their use. They are suitable with all undressed timbers, and their color blends admirably with the brick of chimney, porch pillars and the terrace flooring.

The arrangement of music room, living room, library, dining room around the court and pergola is a noteworthy part of this bungalow plan. It not only affords the easy entrance to the house that gives sense of great hospitality, but is a unique centering of the living interests of the house. The court and pergola also extend the comfort and pleasure of the dining room; for breakfast, luncheon, tea or state dinner needs no better sauce for the appetite than the mere serving of them in such a spot. It would be difficult to find a more charming sewing, reading or reception room than this court finished with the pergola. Endless are the possibilities for swinging vines, brilliant flowers, restful vistas in this combination porch and pergola. It would also serve the purpose of an out-of-door sleeping porch, a necessity in the modern country house.

The built-in features of this bungalow are especially interesting. More and more are people appreciating this simple, direct way of finishing and furnishing a house. The book shelves, seats, china closets, bedroom lockers, are inherent parts of the room, instead of movable articles set here and there. The use of wood is equally interesting, the ceilings are beamed, the walls paneled, the rooms arched together, giving a delightful sense of compactness and roominess. The library treatment is noteworthy in this respect, for the built-in shelves for the books, the shelves for the pictures and ornaments are bound even closer into the harmony of the room by the arch above it, corresponding to the arch that connects this room with the living room—an arrangement worthy careful study.

THE POSSIBILITIES OF ARTISTIC ADVERTISING

SO long as our commercial system is based on competitive rather than coöperative methods, advertising is undoubtedly a most necessary and desirable thing. It has long since left behind that peculiar horror and opprobrium which respectable but unprogressive citizens attached to its first feeble efforts at recognition; and with the growth of new conditions, new needs and new ideas, it has climbed to almost unbelievable heights and created for itself a distinctive and unquestionable place among the biggest facts of the day. Not only is it universally admitted to consideration as a philosophy and a science, but also as an art; and it is of this latter aspect that we wish to speak.

In the first place, there is undoubtedly a slow but steady increase in the development of public taste and discernment, and a growing appreciation and demand for what is—rightfully or wrongfully—considered beautiful. There is no longer that utter indifference to the exterior of things which characterized the Puritanic religion and life of our forefathers. On the contrary, the general attitude is one of keen delight in and attention to external details, and although this emphasis of form is in many instances carried to harmful extremes, it is nevertheless an indication that the average person is at last awakening to the fact that not only is there no reason whatever why what is honest and good should not also be beautiful, but there is every reason why it should be so. And since the rapid development of the art of advertising has attained such colossal dimensions and such universal notice, it is very natural that many of the recent examples of its work should show the marked influence of our new philosophy.

From both a literary and artistic viewpoint the field is one with almost unlimited possibilties. There is opportunity alike for the use of excellent descriptive material and of clever and original illustrations. Terse, well-chosen phrases, aptly put and judiciously presented, may be as effective in results as the most flaring design. In fact, it is difficult to decide which makes the more direct appeal—words or colors; which is the most sensitive and receptive—the reading or the seeing vision. This, presumably, depends on the particular individual addressed.

Possibly one of the most convincing forms of illustrative advertising is the photograph. There is something peculiarly emphatic and genuine about this style of presentation, which seems to speak almost for itself; and now that the camera has been brought to a state so near perfection, very beautiful and satisfying effects can be obtained through this comparatively inexpensive medium.

Of course, the much-abused but often delightful poster is full of latent qualities which European advertisers especially are using to admirable and profitable advantage. The graphic and pleasing results in harmony of line, color and form, which can be obtained in this branch of the art, make it an ideal vehicle for commercial expression.

It would be difficult to discriminate between the various forms of advertising that are now in such wide use. The nature of the product must determine the most suitable method for proclaiming its message. In this matter, just as in every other, a spirit of appropriateness and a sense of fitness and harmony should characterize the smallest as well as the biggest things. It is not sufficient merely to catch the eye. You must appeal to the intelligence, the commonsense, the good judgment of those whom you wish to reach. A few technical qualities, vigorously and clearly put, will carry more weight and conviction than a lot of extravagant superlatives, and appeal to a better class of people.

Have you discovered something serious, scientific and important? Then present it in a big, dignified, masterly style. Have you made something sensible, comfortable and beautiful that you wish to sell? Then tell about it in a sensible; comfortable and beautiful way. Have you something amusing that will make the world forget its sorrows and smile? Then introduce it in a humorous, delightful manner. Whatever you do, be appropriate.

After all, the quality of the advertising depends, or should depend, on the quality of the article, for the more genuine, honest and sincere the thing you have to offer, the more readily it lends itself to a beautiful expression of its virtues; and the more original, harmonious and appropriate the paragraph, illustration or design, the better the type of individual to whom you will appeal.

On the whole, the field is rich in possibilities of originality and charm, through the medium of both literature and art.

A MODEL RURAL SCHOOLHOUSE, WITH A GARDEN WHERE THE PUPILS WORK: BY W. H. JENKINS

WHATEVER may be the technical education that fits one for the chosen vocation in life, all need to learn the principles of home-making. Verities should be taught the child in the primary and grammar schools, by precept and object lesson, that give a vision of the ideal home, the externals of which may materialize in after years. The hardest task ever set before man is to unlearn the errors in his life. It costs too much to make mistakes. My purpose is to describe the education and environment that help the child to begin rightly. The vision of the ideal home I would have the child see, is something like the following: The building is right architecturally, so it is pleasing to us; the sanitation and outside and inside coloring and decoration are like Nature's models we find in the great out of doors. There are maximum sunshine and cleanliness; pure air, harmony of colors that is restful; comfort, convenience and coziness in the arrangement of the interior; rightly planted vegetable and fruit gardens, that provide all the best foods at first hand—before they have deteriorated in the hands of the commercial grower and distributor; the best foods from the soil; the setting of the house in grounds made beautiful with flowers, shrubs and trees, arranged according to principles of landscape gardening, the whole plan of the home so perfect and good that it combines the real and spiritual in its conception. This vision I would help the child to see. I think my readers will agree with me that the knowledge that will enable the child to materialize in some degree the ideal it sees, should be a part of the primary education of the child. This education should be first whether the child is at present located in the city or country, and to this should be added the technical education that prepares for the life work.

GARDEN OF THE CORNELL RURAL SCHOOL.

I believe that in most persons there is the innate desire for a home with rural surroundings. The higher and more spiritual development of man is away from the urban toward the rural as a home environment, so it is not a mistake to prepare the child, wherever its early surroundings, for life in the country.

One illustration in this article shows a rural schoolhouse that is a type of the old-time schoolhouse in the country. It is cold, dark, not well ventilated, has no playground, and no useful or ornamental plants near it. This

[illegible]

schoolhouse does not teach sanitary principles, architecture, home furnishing and decoration, vegetable and landscape gardening, all of which are a part of home-making, and it does not appeal to the child's latent sense of the beautiful and harmonious; is in fact, not so good as the sanitary barns farmers are now building for their animals.

OLD TYPE OF SCHOOLHOUSE SUPPLANTED BY NEW MODEL.

On the Cornell University Campus, near the College of Agriculture, Dean Bailey has caused to be built a model rural schoolhouse. Near the schoolhouse are gardens in which the children work under the supervision of teachers. Flowers, vegetables, fruits, trees and other agricultural crops are grown. The schoolhouse and grounds are shown in the illustrations given.

It is being realized by some of our leaders in progressive school work that the elementary principles and practice of agriculture can best be taught by actual work in a garden on the school grounds, and this work not only prepares the student for doing the necessary work in after years, but it has a moral effect. At Cornell University, in the summer season, can be seen children doing part of their school work in the garden. Here they learn to care for the flowers and to love them, and this employment is ideal recreation, and keeps out much evil that other children learn. They here get a real enthusiasm for landscape gardening, and the culture of fruits and vegetables. In the schoolhouse there are large bay windows filled with flowers grown in the garden. The schoolroom and laboratory adjoining have large windows letting in the sunlight. In this cozy homelike house, and in the gardens, the children spend their time. Here it is easier to learn the good than the bad. The children are started rightly in life's work, and the value of such a start cannot be overestimated.

THE RURAL SCHOOL AT CLOSE RANGE.

When traveling with the farmers' institutes in New York, the thought often came to me, as the farmers were being told how to breed better dairy herds, how to make the orchard pay a larger income and the poultry more profitable, that back of the teaching of agricultural science should be the teaching and influence of the school. When the schools turn out better men, physically, intellectually and morally, such men can grow alfalfa or carry on successfully any farm operations. The two greatest influences for the uplift of our rural people are the country churches and the country schools. The church fixes verities on which to base right thinking and living, while the ideal school teaches the principles of right home-making, domestic science and the science of agriculture.

Farmers should ask for agricultural schools that will prepare teachers to instruct in the principles of agriculture, and also to conduct work in school gardens that would teach by actual work and object lesson, and they should be willing to invest money in the best schoolhouses and equipment as well as in sanitary barns.

What most people need to know is *how to do well the common and necessary things in life.* It is the duty for everyone to know some of the laws that would enable him properly to utilize the soil.

It is impossible to live aright, to enjoy the maximum health and strength, to get

the most good out of life—material and spiritual without an intimate association with Nature. So I believe the chief work of our schools should be to make men and women fit to live in the country.

The following facts in the building of Dean Bailey's Model Schoolhouse, were obtained from Cornell University. The essential feature of this new schoolhouse is a workroom. This room occupies one-third of the floor space. Perhaps it would be better if it occupied two-thirds of the floor space. The main part of the building is about the size of the average rural schoolhouse, and to this is added the workroom as a wing or projection. Such a room could be added to existing school buildings, or, in districts in which the building is now too large, one part of the room could be partitioned off as a workroom. The exterior of the school is of cement-plaster, which I think handsomer and warmer than wood, and on expanded metal lath it is durable. The interior of this building is very attractive.

INTERESTING VIEW OF THE SCHOOL ARCHITECTURE.

The cost of building was as follows:

Contract price for buildings complete, including heater in cellar, blackboards and two outhouses with metal drawers	$1,800.00
Tinting of walls	25.00
Curtains	16.56
Furniture and supplies	141.75
	$1,983.31

In rural districts, the construction may be accomplished at less cost. The average valuation of rural school buildings and sites in New York State in 1905 was $1,833.63.

The building is designed for twenty-five pupils in the main room. The folding doors and windows in the partition enable one teacher to manage both rooms.

In working out the problem of construction it has been the aim to accomplish a maximum of accommodation combined with an artistic appearance and a minimum of cost. The materials used are such as may be readily obtained and easily handled.

The building is placed on a concrete foundation composed of gravel or broken stone, cement and sand in the proportion of one part cement, three parts sand and five parts gravel.

The foundation under the schoolroom proper is carried down below frost only, while under the vestibule the walls are of sufficient depth to form a small cellar for the heating apparatus.

The superstructure is of ordinary frame construction as follows:

Joists, 2″ x 8″, 16′ on centers; studs for inside walls, 2″ x 5″, 12′ on centers; studs for outside walls, 2″ x 5″, 12′ on centers; rafters, 2″ x 6″, 16′ on centers; hips and valleys, 2″ x 8″.

The entire exterior walls are stuccoed with cement mortar, rough-cast on metal lath, nailed directly on the studding, the stucco being returned in all openings, thus doing away with outside casings wherever possible. The roof is shingled over sheathing, laid open in the usual way, and is designed (as shown in sketches) with low and broadly projecting eaves, with the windows cutting up through them.

The interior is patent plaster on plasterboard with two-coat work troweled smooth, and decorated in simple gray-green for side walls and pale yellow for ceilings. The floors are of seven-eighth inch matched pine, and the standing trim is yellow pine natural finish. This trim has been used as sparingly as possible, and is not molded. Wherever possible door and window casings have been omitted, the plastering returning into jambs with all corners rounded.

All doors are stock pine. Inside doors

are one and three-eighth inches thick. All sash is one and three-eighth inches, glazed with good quality double-thick glass.

The openings between schoolroom and workroom are fitted with glazed swing sash and folding doors, so that the rooms may be used singly or together, as desired.

The workroom has a bay window facing south and fitted with shelves for plants. Slate blackboards of standard school heights fill the spaces about the rooms between doors and windows. The building is heated by hot air; vent flues of adequate sizes are also provided so that the rooms are thoroughly heated and ventilated.

On the front of the building, and adding materially to its picturesque appearance, is a roomy veranda with simple square posts, from which entrance is made directly into the combined vestibule and coat room, and from this again by two doors into the schoolroom.

THE BOY

ISN'T it about time for you to consider, if you have not already fully done so, the rights as well as the duties of your boy?—more especially in regard to his early training in the important and by no means easy task of earning his own living. Isn't it time for you to realize to what a great extent your present attitude toward his young life and work and play is going to influence his future character and determine his failure or success? And if, as very often happens, your business, whatsoever it may chance to be, affords an opening for his efforts along your own particular line, wouldn't it be well to look more closely into the possibilities of mutual benefit that might result from a profit-sharing plan?

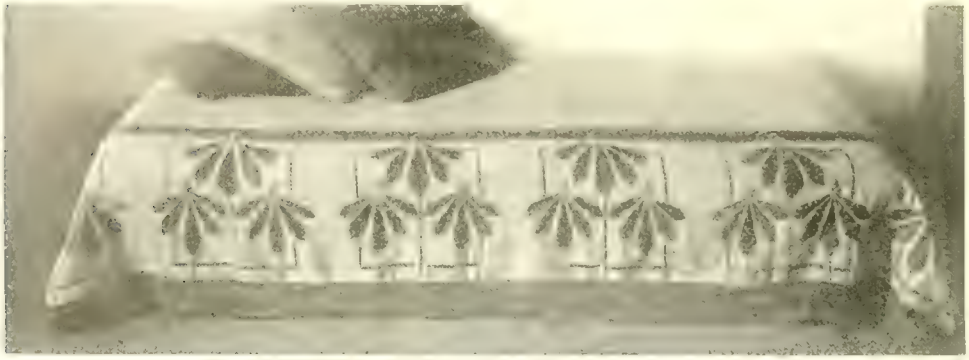
By giving him an actual share in the results of his work, you would not only stimulate his interest, arouse his ambition, and bring out the best in him, but you would also indirectly, but none the less surely, benefit yourself by the increased thoroughness and sincerity of his workmanship, enabling you to take a real satisfaction and pride in your son's achievements as well as in the greater advantage to your business.

If you are a manufacturer, take the boy into your business for a while, and find out in what direction his ability seems to lie. Or if you happen to have a few acres of land, try the sensible and interesting experiment of giving him a bit of ground of his own, and see what his own labor and ingenuity will do. And if you are a farmer, and your son is already helping you in various ways, try putting the old relations on another basis, and give him a little personal share in the profits of the farm. Stop taking his labor for granted; stop regarding him as a sort of necessary burden whose youthful assistance hardly outweighs the expenses and trials of his early care and bringing up. Acknowledge that the pleasure and comfort which his babyhood brought into your heart and home sufficiently repaid the trouble that he may have caused you, and, considering the first account as "paid in full," plan the future on a new and, if possible, a fairer basis.

Consider, too, the difference in effect upon the boy produced by board and clothing given as a sort of charity, and that paid him as the actual earnings of his work. Think how you can appeal to his responsibility and self-respect, by the knowledge that he is being paid a fair return for all his effort. Think, too, how you will be rewarded for your confidence and fairness, by the earnest endeavor which it will call forth.

Think the matter over; give the boy a chance to prove what he can do; give him a fair proportion of the profits, a little personal corner in your plans, and as healthy and wholesome conditions as may be in which to work. And in the end you may have a son as well as a business, or a farm, that you may be proud to call your own.

After all, there is hardly any problem confronting you that affords more opportunity for a display of genuine patriotism than this question of the Boy. There are few ways in which you can do more to benefit your country than by helping to mold the value of its future manhood and citizenship. There are few fields that hold more room for wholehearted work and sympathy, pleasanter coöperation and companionship, than this task of rightly educating and rightly understanding that son of yours;—not "educating" in the usual superficial sense of the word, but in its highest and deepest meaning: the "drawing out" of all the best ideas and efforts and the unfolding of all those latent and inherent qualities and instincts that, under kind and practical guidance, build up the stuff that makes a Man.



A COUCH COVER ORNAMENTED WITH STENCIL DESIGN OF POINSETTIA.

STENCILED DRAPERIES FOR A BROWN AND GOLD LIVING ROOM, DESIGNED BY HARRIET JOOR

IN selecting draperies for a country home, or a city house in the summer time, nothing is so wholesome as curtains and couch covers and pillows made of thin washable materials decorated in some way that will make them easy to keep clean and fresh. One of the most interesting forms of decoration that can be applied to furnishings of this kind is stenciling, and it has the added advantage of involving little labor and time in its execution. For the busy worker or one not sure of her ability to design effective motifs, perhaps the wisest plan is to use stencils designed by someone else, but the most delightful way to furnish one's house is, of course, to evolve one's own designs and give to them the intimate touch that can be gained in no other way.

Suggestions for designs will never be lacking to anyone who will look for them, for they may be found anywhere. A favorite flower, conventionalized, might be used as the basis for the treatment of a bedroom, but for a room of more general character, like a living room or dining room, the choice of design might be made from some specimen of plant life found growing in the home garden, a blossom of interesting character picked in a nearby wood, or even a plant of decorative outline seen in a florist's window. The country is rich in possibilities, but the city holds some as well, only they are a little harder to find.

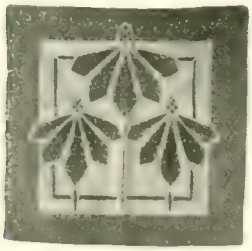
The designs for the draperies shown here were evolved from the poinsettia, and might easily have been suggested by the interesting placing of a plant in a window, showing unusual combinations of leaves and stems.

Any color combination may be selected for this work, as the designs are usually very highly conventionalized and lose somewhat of their distinctive arbitrary characteristics, but are thereby rendered more adaptable to a definite environment. This particular set was developed in brown and gold on a lighter background, and is intended for use in a living room where the woodwork is finished in brown and the walls are golden tan. In consequence these draperies give just the accent needed of warmth and light in the color scheme of a room not overflowing with sunshine.

POINSETTIA DESIGN FOR POSTER.

Three different stencils were cut for this design,—a large one of the leaf clusters only, for use upon the portières, a medium-sized stencil of leaf clusters and stems for the couch cover and the pillow, and a still smaller arrangement of leaves and stems for use on the window draperies. The whimsical character of the plant is suggested in these varying arrangements of the motif in the triangular groupings upon portières and curtains, and this treatment tends to lessen any monotony that might be felt in the design if developed in one way only.

A sheer cream-tinted batiste was the material chosen as the most suitable for the window draperies, and the stencil design selected was grouped upon it in the form of an open triangle, five clusters of the stencil motif forming the bottom of the triangle close to the hem, and one cluster forming the apex of the triangle about three-quarters of the way up the curtain. The three-inch hem at the bottom of the curtain was outlined with a double running stitch in heavy brown



SMALL DESIGN FOR DOILIES, TABLE SPREAD, OR PILLOW.

floss, mercerized, and a half-inch band of brown stenciling along each side of the curtain on the selvage furnished the finishing touch.

Three strips of Russian crash in the natural linen color cut to the length required were whipped together to make the couch cover designed for this room. The strip that extends to the floor in front of the couch was the only one decorated, and on this strip the design was repeated six times, making the decoration fairly close. In the line drawing shown of this motif, the design is cut in half, so that in applying it, two stencils will have to be cut to form the squares shown in the picture. The central tufts above the cluster of leaves were accented with long stitches of mercerized old-gold cord, and these furnish the high lights needed in the design. The decoration was completed by stenciling a solid band of

STENCIL DESIGN IN POINSETTIAS FOR CURTAIN.

brown four inches deep at the bottom of the cover, and another three inches deep directly above the stenciled clusters. These bands were outlined with the old-gold cord, which was also used in whipping the strips together.

The square pillow was made of Russian crash, 20 inches wide, and one square of stenciling with three clusters of leaves forms the decoration, edged by a wide band of stenciling. The central tufts were left unaccented, and the pillow was finished around the sides with heavy old-gold cord.

Cotton or domestic monk's cloth in the natural color was used for the portières and the largest design, of leaf clusters only, was stenciled on so that the whole design would form a triangle when the portières were drawn together. The straight stems that extend from the leaf clusters to the stenciled band at the bottom of the portières were made by pinning two parallel strips of stencil paper one inch apart on the cloth, and painting in the open space. When only half of the stencil design is to be used, as in the highest cluster on the portière, a strip of stencil paper should be laid over the part that is not to be used, and the other part stenciled in the usual way. A solid band four inches deep was painted across the

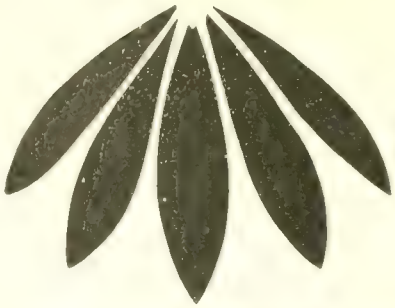
bottom, and another two inches wide extends up the inner side of each portière. The tufted centers of the leaf clusters were finished with large stitches of the old-gold mercerized cord.

Artists' oil colors mixed with benzine were used for the curtains, couch covers and pillows, as these were made of materials that could be laundered without much difficulty. As the monk's cloth used for the portières made them far too heavy for satisfactory laundering and they would have to be dry-cleaned, a less expensive dye, which can be obtained in large tubes, was used for stenciling them.

There are many flower forms that lend themselves easily to the simple requirements of a stencil design.

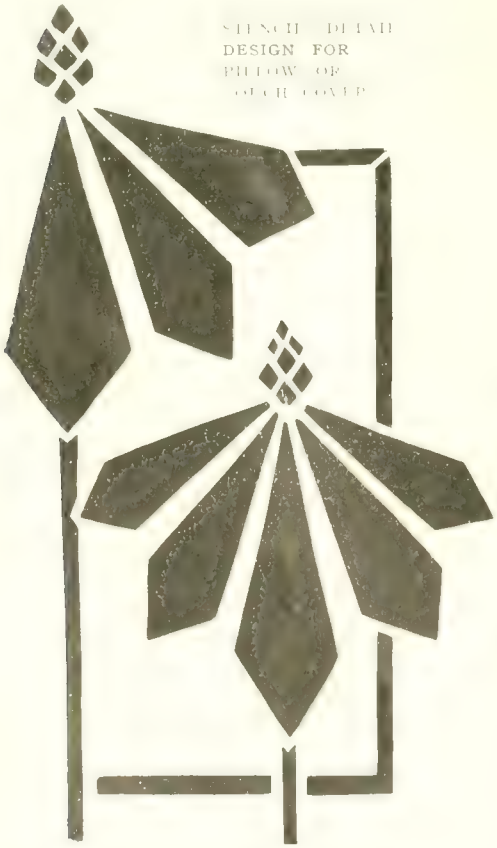
It is a good plan when designing a stencil to place the flower in silhouette against a light, or let the sun cast its shadow upon a white curtain, or even to half close the eyes so that only the main lines can be seen.

A good designer gets his perfect design much as a lawyer wins a case—namely by



DETAIL OF STENCIL DESIGN FOR PORTIERE.

the "process of elimination," for it is what one leaves out as much as what one puts in, that makes the design choice. To make a design simple enough to use as a stencil, means that the main lines only must be caught and all minor ones overlooked. Endless are the possibilities for stencil use of the four-petaled dogwood, the five-petaled blackberry with its thorny stem and deco-



STENCIL DETAIL DESIGN FOR PILLOW OR COUCH COVER

STENCIL MOTIF FOR THE CURTAIN

DETAIL OF CONVENTIONALIZED

DESIGN FOR POINSETTIA STENCIL.

rated berry, the whorl of the daisy, the seed pod of the lotus or the poppy.

And among the leaves of the flowers can be found beautiful lines, like the leaf of the water arum, the eucalyptus, nasturtium, oak and magnolia. The orchid makes a shadow that can be adapted in many decorative ways, and all such gracefully stiff flowers as the daffodil, tulip, crocus, are endlessly suggestive for frieze or border.

To take up the study of botany at the same time that you are designing your own stencils is to gain a double joy in the work. The early spring tree blossoms will furnish a most interesting study as well as inspiration for valuable designs. And eventually you will find your botany actually helped by your effort in designing.

PRACTICAL POINTS IN STENCILING

AND now that one can procure so easily not only all the necessary stencil materials and tools, but also a very liberal and artistic assortment of designs, the average person, who may not be especially gifted with originality in that direction, is able, instead of trying a series of doubtful experiments on his or her own account, to choose from the various designs upon the market whatever may be most appropriate for the place and purpose.

If wall treatment is attempted, a few essential points should be kept in mind. In the first place, the wall should not be made too prominent, especially in small rooms, and it should conform to the general color scheme, of which it usually gives the keynote. If pictures are to be hung, the wall should serve as an unobtrusive background, the plainer the better; and if a stenciled frieze or border is used, the design should not be too prominent, but should blend harmoniously with the other decorations of the room. A painted wall, besides being the most sanitary, is best adapted to stenciling, the best foundation to work on being a rich, flat finish which can be washed readily with soap and water without fear of spoiling its original beauty.

The actual application of stencils is very simple, if carefully done, and all tiresome and difficult work is eliminated by the use of the ready cut stencils on the market, which are made of tough, heavy paper, oiled, seasoned and shellacked. The colors, too, are prepared for immediate use, and afford a wide variety of shades.

In planning a stencil border for the walls, careful measurements should be made, and a pattern chosen that can be adapted most easily to the necessary interruptions of corners, windows and doors. The stencil is then fastened to the wall with thumb tacks in the first position desired, and a brush selected of a size suitable for the stencil and its openings. A good direction for applying the color is as follows:

"Fill the brush well with the color and wipe off all superfluous material on the edge of the cup. Do not attempt to brush on the color, but rather tap or pounce it on the wall through the stencil openings. (It is usually best to try out the color on a stiff piece of cardboard or other material to make sure of your tints.) Watch the work carefully, and clean both sides of the stencil occasionally, thus keeping color from running under it. Turpentine or benzine should be used for this purpose. The stencil is then placed in its next position by means of the small guide marks provided, and the same operation repeated. When a corner is reached the stencil should be slightly bent if necessary, in order that the design may be carried into the corner as far as possible; the balance of the design may then be touched in with a small brush."

Among the various kinds of fabrics which the stencil can be made to beautify are Russian crash, denim, burlap, linens of all kinds, canvas, muslin, cheesecloth, madras, poplin, bobbinette, silk, etc. With the exercise of a little effort, ingenuity and taste, very pleasing results can be obtained in the way of pillows, curtains, portières, and the various other touches of drapery that a house affords; and as a book of directions is always included when the stencil outfit is bought, the user should have no trouble in handling the simple tools.

In fact, there is no end to the pleasant possibilities that lie in that direction for those who are trying to make their surroundings beautiful.

As a means of securing a small income the doing of stencil work is especially worth considering. It can be done with so little inconvenience, is invariably salable if reasonable in price, and is a means of artistic growth at the same time that money is being earned. It is especially practical as it requires very little investment for the tools and patterns. As soon as one is sure of the technique of the craft, the work can always be done on order, which means no outlay for materials and no loss of time.

One of the points never to be forgotten in the doing of craftwork as a means of livelihood is to study the price in relation to actual market values. You cannot put a set price on your own time when you begin to regard yourself as a craftworker, and decide that others must accept your estimates. There is but one way in which to market your goods for the public, and that is, according to the demand. You have got to consider that the finest craftwork in the world is a commercial output. If people are only willing to pay a little more for interesting handwork than for clever machine work, for the time being you must adjust your prices to the market.

ORIENTAL FABRICS IN GOOD COLORS AND DESIGNS FOR MODERN AMERICAN HOUSES

HOME makers who love choice fabrics, who find pleasure in rare weaves, soft colors, excellent design, will take great interest in the Oriental stuffs now to be obtained in America. Oriental craftsmen understand well the art of color harmony, of design, of weaving, and every woman who is engaged in the delightful task of furnishing a home will be glad to know that these rare combinations are to be had at prices that put them within the reach of the most moderate income.

Especially suited to Craftsman furnishings is a coarse Bulgarian crash. It is cool in tone (coming in natural or light granite colors), washable and can be effectively ornamented, if desired, by bands of hand-blocked India print cotton or Japanese art chintz. The cost of this crash is 45 cents a yard, 30 inches wide. The India print is 30 cents a yard, 31 inches wide and, considering the fact that it can be cut into many bands varying in width from three to seven inches, the cost of a rich-colored border for a curtain is very slight.

Another useful material is Natsu, an open-weave cotton shown in almost every solid color. It will be much appreciated for use in summer bungalows, bedrooms, coming as it does in light blues, tans, greens, etc. It is washable and costs but 35 cents a yard and is 46 inches wide.

There is also a Moorish cotton, two-toned and of most unusual weave, made in red, brown, tan, gold and dark blue. This can be used for curtains, portières, sofa pillows and other charming purposes in the summer home.

Kutch cloth is an unusual washable fabric that will prove of use to all home makers. It comes in beautiful tones of gold, brown, blue, tan, red and green solid colors and can be stenciled to advantage, or bands of Japanese art crepe can be stitched upon it. It is of medium weight, interesting texture, and is 35 cents a yard, 36 inches wide.

Bagdad tapestry is a rather heavy cotton cloth with an exceptionally beautiful coarse weave and is especially suitable for use on the wall, or for portières in Craftsman houses. It can be obtained in all the dark rich colors and when embroidered in simple lines cannot be excelled for decorative use throughout a home.

Among the silk fabrics to be found is one something like rough pongee, only it is more open. It is called Shikii, and infinite are the ways in which it can be used. It is valuable as window curtains for the light can stream through it in soft radiance, yet it is not transparent as are the various nets. Vestibule panel curtains can be made of this material, and bands of Bokara net sewed upon it. Shikii silk comes in all solid colors, and the Bokara nets in old blue, tan, rose and, in fact, almost all colors and in many charming patterns. There is one with alternate star and Grecian "stair" stripe that can be cut up and used in many pleasing ways.

Shantung silk can also be used as the Shikii is used, and the price of both these silks is $1.50 a yard, 36 inches wide.

Another good way to use the Bokara net is to cut strips of it to border Honzomie cloth. Honzomie cloth is particularly suitable for bedspreads and couch covers, and can be obtained in almost any color one may desire.

Still another charming and durable cotton material is Grecian tapestry. It falls in soft folds so that portières of it are most satisfactory. It resembles somewhat our rep goods, that will always be popular.

Egyptian tapestry can be used in similar fashion for it also falls in soft folds and is of medium weight. In texture, it is rather like the well-known basket weave, though it has a definite individuality.

Moorish tapestry is still another medium weight goods of interesting weave. These three useful materials can be had in all the solid colors, and the price is $1.50 a yard, 50 inches in width.

There are innumerable Oriental materials for window curtains. The well-known Madras net comes in every conceivable color and design, and is quite reasonable in price. One formal pattern with large trees and many birds flying among them can be cut to advantage in making vestibule curtains. It can be used so that one tree would fill a small square window, or that parts of two trees

with the birds between would fill the space. These nets show many conventional patterns that can be cut and appliquéd upon other materials with good effect.

And there are the white and cream Assyrian nets that are destined to become popular because of their varied patterns. They are to be found in the squares and stripes that can be cut up and used in so many ways by any ingenious home maker.

For simple bedroom curtains, bedspreads, dresser scarfs, etc., there is nothing more charming than the hand-stenciled Japanese silks. The only difficulty with these silks is that they plunge the beholder of them into a maddening indecision!

There is a light-weight silk called Hikagi that comes in all the solid colors that can be used to advantage with these silks.

Japanese chintz is also shown in bewildering variety of design. Those of antique pattern and in dull, rich, old gold, green and red can be used in numerous ways. Yet attention must be called to the use of these as wall coverings. These antique chintzes and many of the Japanese art chintzes can be used to panel ceilings of houses, especially the roughly finished country houses. Or the walls could be hung with Kutch cloth or Bagdad tapestry and a frieze made of the chintz. There is also a fascinating Japanese wash tapestry that comes in width suitable for couch covers or portières.

The inexpensive blue and white Japanese towels can be made into "runners" for the summer dining table, and are not only most charming to look at but are most practical, inasmuch as they are much easier to keep clean than the usual long white cloths. Every woman who loves to see her table look attractive and yet has to struggle with the cost and labor of keeping it fresh will rejoice in these runners. They can be cut so that strips of any number required can be laid across the table, and one long one run down the full length of the table. As the table requires extending or reducing this long runner can be unfolded or folded in the center of the table and a low bowl holding flowers will conceal the folds.

These blue and white towels make excellent splashers for the bathroom, for they are decorative, cheap in price (10 cents each) and can be washed easily, and often, without injury. They are also charming when used at the sides of a window over a fine net sash curtain. They can be used as dresser scarfs, or sewed together make a serviceable spread for a bed. Or they can be hung as portières before a closet instead of a door.

If the Oriental fabrics mentioned are not as rich in quality as is perhaps desired by those with more elaborate taste, there are brocades from many lands, marvelous in sheen and color and glowing with real thread of gold. These cloth-of-gold brocades can be procured at prices ranging from $2.50 to $50 a yard, and are beautiful as pictures.

LITTLE GREEN GUESTS

PERHAPS one of the most cheerful as well as inexpensive forms of decoration is the use of flowers and growing plants indoors. In a country home they are, of course, inherently appropriate, linking the small domestic kingdom to the big Nature-world outside. But it is in the town or city house that they are especially welcome, for if you cannot get to Nature, you can at least make her come to you.

There are so many different ways in which these natural decorations may be used, and they repay so richly in their silent way the little thought and care that need to be expended on them. A few blossoms in a vase, a spreading palm, a trailing creeper, or a hanging basket filled with ferns, may serve to beautify many an uninteresting place, bring sunshine into the dingiest room, and carry to the exile a message from the woods and fields. A growing plant will redeem many an ugly window-sill, and do much to compensate for the lost joys of spring. And then, there is the keen, childish pleasure of watching something grow! Does this not in itself make a garden a delight?

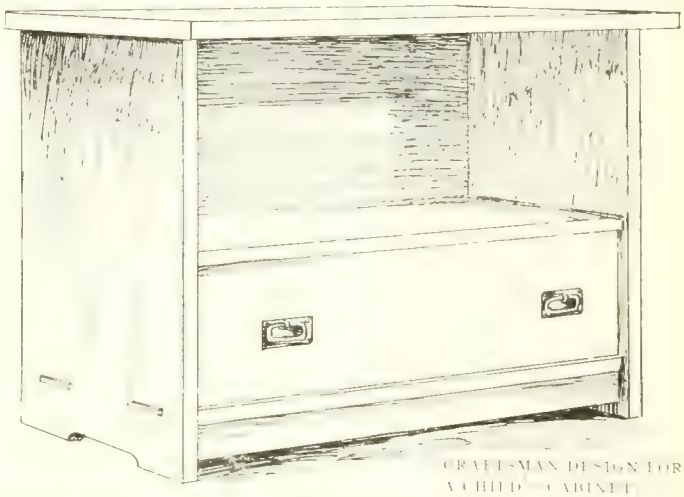
Truly, the value of green things in a home is not confined to decorative qualities alone. There is a certain air of friendliness and companionship about a plant that holds a spiritual comfort and inspiration. The note of color and unfolding leaf are restful to both tired eyes and mind, and often serve to turn the thoughts away from the worry and intensity of city life into quieter and more pleasant channels, into green pastures and beside still waters where the soul finds peace.

CRAFTSMAN NURSERY FURNITURE AND, DESIGNS FOR UMBRELLA STANDS

THE drawings for cabinetwork prepared for publication this month are all of strong sturdy pieces of furniture intended for use in a nursery. They are simple in construction and finish, and are most easily made. Furniture for the use of children is not one of the things most apt to be thought of by the home cabinetmaker, and yet there is nothing so useful, and nothing that will bring so much pleasure and comfort to the wee members of a family. Little legs and arms usually have to be exerted in order to adapt themselves to furniture made for grown-ups, and children always experience keen pleasure in having things that are distinctly their very own. Children's furniture, unless specially made and very expensive, is usually likely to be flimsy in construction and adapted only to the light weight of the little owners, but the pieces here shown are heavy enough to be used by big brother and sister, too, and solid and well balanced enough so that the utmost childish effort will not tip them over.

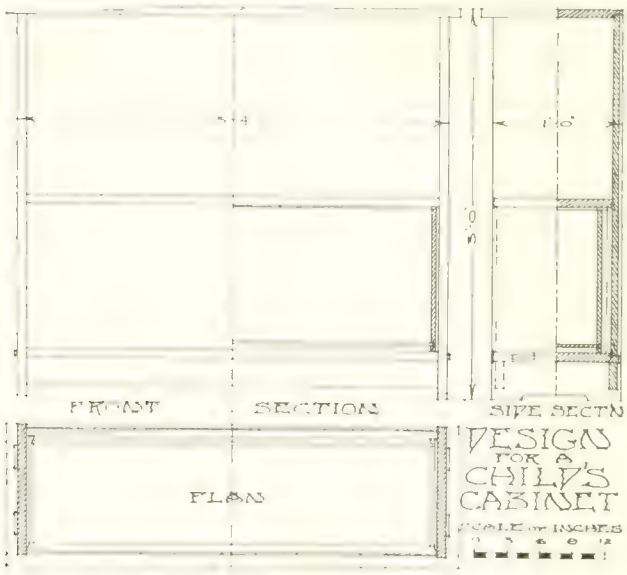
The table illustrated is especially adapted for doll's dinner parties, playing store or for supporting an entrancing picture book. Its construction is so simple as to be almost primitive, and would naturally be the piece to start on in making the set. This table measures 3 feet long and 1 foot 10 inches wide at the top, and stands 1 foot 11 inches high. The thickness of the top is ¾ of an inch, and the ends are 1 inch thick. The skids under the top measure 1⅛ inches thick and 2½ inches wide. The stretcher that connects the ends is 1⅛ inches thick and 3 inches wide. The ends taper slightly and are 16 inches wide where they are joined to the skids and are 20 inches wide at the bottom.

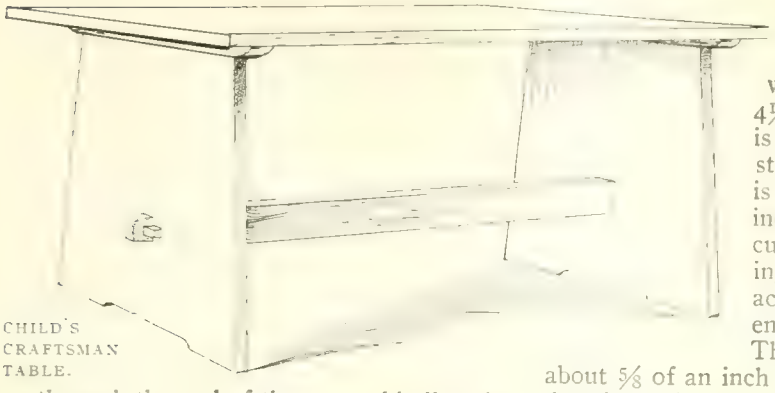
The top of the table can be made of one solid board, or a number of strips of wood can be glued together to the width required.



CRAFTSMAN DESIGN FOR A CHILD'S CABINET

These strips should all be made with a tongue or groove edge. Then the glue should be applied and the whole put in clamps to bind the pieces together. When gluing pieces of wood together, always heat the wood before the glue is applied, so as to allow the glue to penetrate the pores of the wood and make the joint more firm. If hot glue is applied to cold wood it will harden immediately and render the joint insecure. The ends may either be doweled or mortised into the skids. If doweling is decided upon, ⅜-inch dowel pins should be used, about 3½ inches apart. The stretcher that connects the ends should be cut with a tenon long enough to project through the ends and allow for about a ¾-inch pin to be driv-



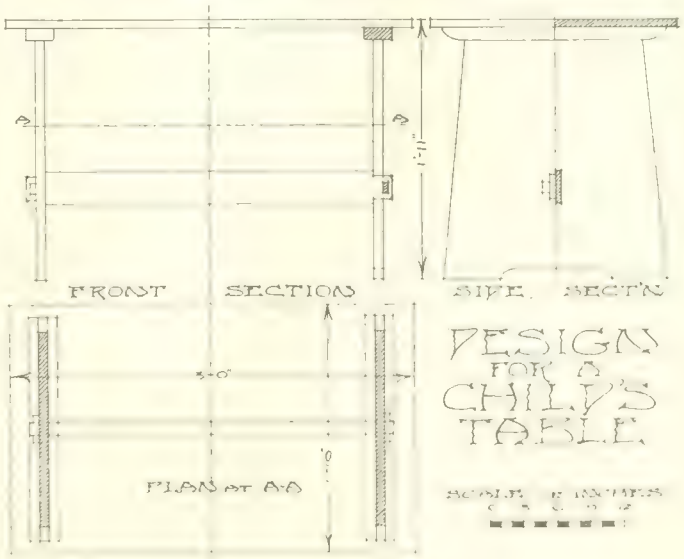


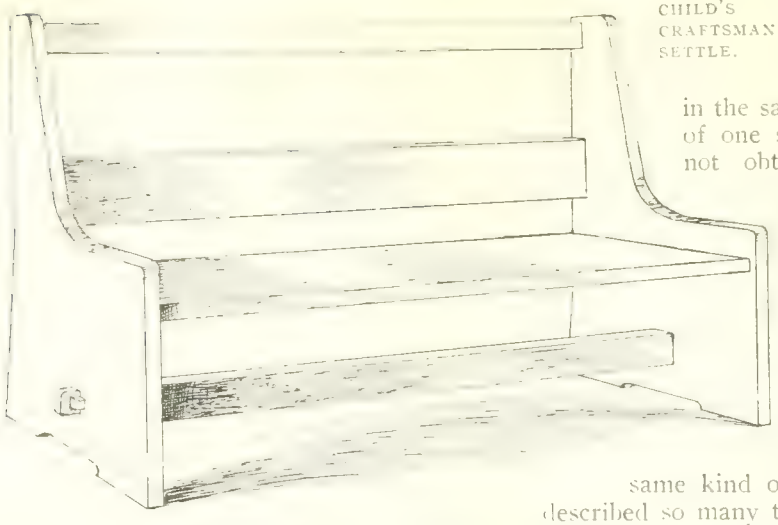
CHILD'S CRAFTSMAN TABLE.

en through the end of the tenon, binding the two end pieces against the shoulder of the stretcher. Another dowel pin about ¼ or 5/16 of an inch in diameter should first be driven through the extreme end of the tenon across the grain of the wood and beyond where the larger pin is to be inserted. This serves to strengthen the wood at this point and obviates any danger of the end of the tenon splitting or breaking off when the larger dowel pin is driven through. The bottoms of the ends are cut under as shown in the illustration. This gives an effect of lightness to the design, and also makes the footing of the table more secure in case the flooring should be a little uneven. After the table is framed and pinned the top should be connected to the skids with the usual table irons. All the corners should then be smoothed with a block plane, and sandpapered.

The piece of furniture that inevitably suggests itself as belonging to the table just described, is the little settle here shown. A settle is so unquestionably more useful in this connection than a chair would be that it needs almost no comment in regard to its selection. It will hold almost any number of dolls and their mother, so that she may supervise their table manners, or it will serve admirably as the seat of honor for a guest or two. The construction is very similar to that of the table, and is exceedingly simple. The measurements of this piece are: 2 feet 8 inches high at the back, 3 feet 6 inches long, and the seat is 13 inches high and 12 inches deep. The top rail is made 2½ inches wide and the lower rail is 4½ inches wide. The seat is 1⅛ inches thick and the stretcher under the seat is 1 inch thick and 3 inches wide. The ends are cut as shown in the drawing, and a groove is cut across the inside of each end for the seat to fit into. The grooves should be about ⅝ of an inch deep. As shown in the drawings, the back rails are doweled to the ends, but they could be mortised, allowing the tenon to project from the ends and a dowel pin driven through the mortised joint from the back. The stretcher under the seat is mortised through the ends in exactly the same manner as described for the table. The bottoms of the ends are cut in the same way as those on the table, and for the same reason.

The cabinet that completes this set of nursery furniture would prove itself to be most useful. There are endless things needed by children every day that require some easily accessible place in which they can be kept. A cabinet constructed from some simple design, like this one, would solve many a problem of where to keep the children's toys and books, and incidentally would afford an opportunity for the little people to form habits of neatness and orderliness, for the dimensions of a cabinet like this one make it an easy matter for children to put away their





CHILD'S CRAFTSMAN SETTLE.

own toys when they have done playing for the day. Habits of orderliness are often more easily acquired by children at an early age, and once learned make their practice less difficult in later days.

This cabinet is 3 feet 4 inches wide, 3 feet high and 1 foot deep. The top is ¾ of an inch thick, the ends are 1 inch thick, and the shelf and bottom are each ¾ of an inch thick. The rails under the bottom are ¾ of an inch thick and 2¾ inches wide. The back is ⅝ of an inch thick. The drawer front is made ¾ of an inch thick, drawer back ⅝ of an inch thick, drawer sides ½ inch thick, and drawer bottom is ⅜ of an inch thick. The ends of the cabinet are connected at the bottom by mortising the bottom piece through them. The mortise is cut crosswise of the grain, and two tenons project through the ends on each side. There are two bottom rails, one in front and one in back, directly underneath the bottom piece, at back, about [illegible] of an inch. The shelf below the drawer is doweled to the ends. The top should be fastened to the ends with table screws. Rabbets are cut into the backs of the top and bottom, into which the back piece may be fitted. The shelf fits snugly against the back, through which holes are bored so that it may be screwed to the shelf. These holes should be considerably larger than the screw to allow for expansion and contraction of the wood. The back is also screwed to the top and bottom in the same manner. If a back of one solid piece of wood is not obtainable, one might be built up of tongue-grooved boards, running up and down, and each board being fastened to the top, bottom and the shelf with two screws at each point of fastening,—the screw holes made large. The drawer slides on the same kind of track that we have described so many times. The bottoms of the ends are cut in the same way as the other two pieces shown.

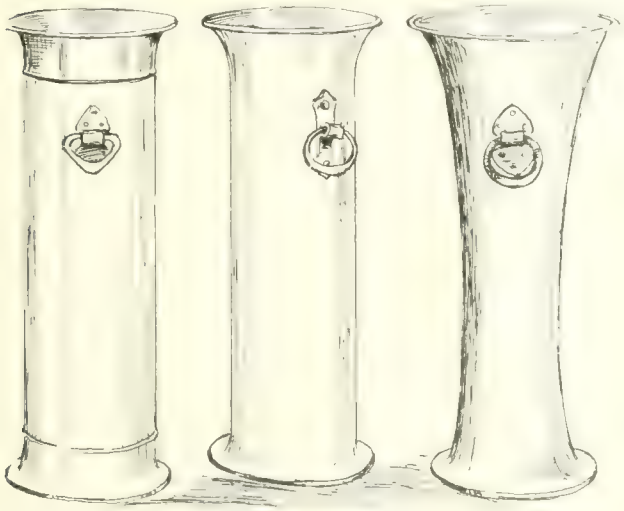
An interesting, and perhaps more practical way to make this cabinet would be to finish it with a thicker back, just as high as shown in the illustration, and without the top. In this way it could be made to serve also as a seat and thus take the place of two chairs.

The metal work described this month shows three slightly varying models for umbrella stands. The first stand shown in the group measures 30 inches high and 10 inches in diameter at the top. It is made in three pieces,—top, bottom and center cylinder. The three pieces are first made in the form of cylinders, brazed down one side. The top and bottom edges of the two shorter pieces are then flared out and turned over a wire. The edges that connect these pieces to the center cylinder are made in the shape of a lock, flared out and then turned

DESIGN FOR CHILD'S SETTLE

in again, which allows the center part to lock in it, as shown in the small detail drawing. The joints should then be soldered. In assembling these three pieces, be sure to have all the joints meet exactly, so that the brazing will be in line.

The second and third designs are made in one piece, and the method of construction is much the same in both pieces. They should be made in the form of a cylinder, the size of the smallest diameter of the piece when finished. For instance, if the finished stand is to be 8 inches in diameter at the smallest point, the cylinder should first be made 8 inches in diameter and then flared at both ends to the desired dimensions. As



THREE DESIGNS FOR CRAFTSMAN UMBRELLA STANDS.

shown here the second design is 10 inches in diameter at the top, and the third one 12 inches in diameter at the top; they are both 30 inches high.

These stands should be made of No. 18 gauge copper or brass. In all cases the top and bottom edges should be turned over a wire—preferably brass, as it will not rust.

We show three different designs for handles, which, of course, are interchangeable, according to the taste and wish of the worker. These handles should be made of No. 16 gauge metal, cut the shape of the design chosen. The center part of the strap is raised enough to allow the ring to fit into it. The ends of the ring meet under this strap, which hides the joining, and then the strap part is riveted to the side of the stand. There are two handles on each stand.

All three designs are made in the form of open cylinders,—that is, the bottom is made separately in the form of a pan or tray, and fits inside of each cylinder. When the bottoms are made in this fashion it is a comparatively easy matter to empty the drippings from the pans, as the cylinder can be lifted off and the pan or tray cleaned, without the burden of handling the whole stand, as would have to be done if it were all in one piece. The trays are fitted with handles or rings to facilitate handling them.

To fashion an umbrella stand in either copper or brass, giving it the charm and dignity which such an article of furniture demands, will be something well worth while for the amateur worker, and here he has a most excellent opportunity to make the trial. With the instructions we have outlined, and having in mind just the place where this piece must stand when he shall have made it, he is sure to give it an individual touch which will make it distinctive and satisfying, for every piece of work done by hand takes on in a way the spirit of the workman.

Just at this season of the year the designs for umbrella stands which we have shown will be especially desirable, as they lend themselves admirably to use indoors or out. Placed just within the entrance door of a simple bungalow or standing conveniently outside on the roomy porch, they will at once be decorative and usable. Though planned for homely service and suggestive of drizzly days one can imagine them filled with bunches of golden rod for want of a better receptacle. In fact, field flowers of any description seem inevitably to gain a touch of intimacy with their surroundings when placed in vases of brass or copper, and in a climate where these stands are not often needed for wet umbrellas they could not be put to better or more decorative use.

WORKING DRAWING FOR TOP OF STAND

THE VALUE OF MAKING THINGS AT HOME

THERE are two different ways of "doing things yourself," just as there are two different meanings to the term "home-made." The first stands for the kind of work that is done thoroughly and well, done with personal interest and personal pride; not polished, perhaps, or up-to-date, but at least genuine. Then there is the other meaning, one of contempt, implying a certain inferiority of workmanship, a certain shabbiness, a lack of "style," the result of carelessness or inability to compete with the more scientific methods of the big manufacturer.

But why is it not possible to combine the old-fashioned thoroughness with the skill of modern technique? It can be done.

Take, for instance, the art of cabinet-making, or metal-working, or any branch of labor which is useful and decorative in the home. If rightly undertaken, with the proper tools and material, the right enthusiasm and the right purpose in view, what could offer better training for man or woman or growing boy? What could afford a better opportunity for practical manual labor and mental activity? What could be more helpful to a young mind than to have the pleasure and difficulty of contending with actual facts, actual problems of mechanical construction? And what could be more enjoyable than the task of making your own home a place of greater comfort and beauty?

For there is a peculiar satisfaction in those little personal efforts, no matter how obscure, which can be brought to bear on everyday life and surroundings, and the results of which are often beautiful and beneficial out of all proportion to the amount of labor they involved.

There is so much of lasting good, such possibilities of beauty, wrapped up in the right accomplishment of little things. Not only is such work in itself a pleasure and a reward, but it has an influence upon the character of the one who does it which is by no means to be despised. Whatever you make, whatever you build, no matter how seemingly insignificant, goes into the making and the building of your own character, so that the quality of physical and mental effort expended on the task reacts at the same time upon the worker.

That is only another way in which Nature enforces her great law of Compensation.

To expend your time and labor, your faculties of ingenuity, originality and forethought on something that will beautify, simplify or add to the comfort and convenience of your own surroundings is a task of many-sided pleasure. So much healthy, genuine pride can be derived from the knowledge that you yourself are responsible for the things that make up your own personal environment. No spirit could be more in contrast to the utter listlessness and indifference with which the majority of persons, it is to be feared, still regard their homes, surrounded as they are by objects which are perpetual evidences of their foolishness and waste. These badly designed, ill-made and worse colored articles, the meaningless product of our modern factories, freaks of a passing fashion, the result of some manufacturer's or buyer's whim, made not to use and enjoy, but to sell and despise,—what possible influence for good can they have upon the lives and characters of those who make and buy and use them? Are they not rather likely to pervert both eye and mind and kill a sense of the harmonious, by their insistent reiteration of a false standard of workmanship and art?

In contrast to this display of ignorance, indifference and dishonesty, consider the effect of plain, solidly built, well-thought-out furnishings. Here indeed is something very different. Behind each piece of wood, behind each curve of metal, behind each fold of tapestry or simple curtain is an underlying object and principle. It was made to fill a certain place, to supply a special need; and it is this inherent purpose, this definite thought, this appropriateness and this practicality of design which is more likely than anything else to result in beauty. If a thing is fitting, suitable, comfortable, restful, convenient, made of good materials with proper tools and a certain amount of technical skill it can hardly help being pleasant to look upon, and is very apt to be not only an admirable sample of workmanship, but a real bit of art.

So, for those who have any gift at all in the way of making things with their own hand and heart and brain, there is an infinite amount of comfort to be derived from this primitive but beautiful instinct of "building one's own shell."

THE MOTOR-CAR AND COUNTRY LIFE

IT would be difficult to exaggerate the usefulness to both suburbanite and farmer of that rapidly growing agent of locomotion—the motor-car. It is becoming an invaluable link between city and country, while its steady increase in mechanical efficiency, combined with diminishing cost, is placing it within reach of those who need it most. Its obvious advantages in economy of time and labor, and in relieving the burdens of the overworked and patient horse; its value in severe weather, making the farmer less dependent on the eccentricities of climate; its convenience to the owner of the country residence in bridging the gap between house and station; and its use in emergencies—to the country doctor, for example,—all these combine to make it an important factor in rural development.

The reawakening interest in a normal and well-balanced life which is slowly but steadily gaining ground; the reaction from the stress and tensity of the overanxious, overcrowded cities; the movement natureward on which THE CRAFTSMAN is laying so much stress, are due largely to the fact that people are at last beginning to realize that rural life need not after all be a mere vegetative existence. They are beginning to feel that the methods and inventions and devices of civilization are of little value unless they are applicable to something broader than the unwholesome congestion of the city. They are beginning to see that if scientific heating, ventilation and plumbing are necessary and practical things in a big metropolis, they are just as necessary and just as practical in a village; and that if comfort and cleanliness and beauty are desirable attributes of a town establishment, they are just as desirable in a cottage or on a farm.

With this attitude toward the interior problems of the home, comes a similar and equally sensible attitude toward the question of transportation. It is not enough that railways spread their metal network across the continent, minimizing space and uniting the consumer in the East with the producer in the West; there is still a local need which they cannot fill, a personal equation which they are too big to solve. It is beyond their power to eliminate entirely that terrible and very actual isolation which has so long haunted the rural districts everywhere. The railways have done their part; but a smaller, a more intimate medium is required for that. And it is right here that the motor-car makes its appeal.

With this convenient means at his disposal, the farmer is no longer of necessity a hermit in the wilderness. His horizon is wider, his outside interests are increased, and he is brought into contact with people and events which he might otherwise have never known. Besides broadening his mental and physical outlook it keeps him in touch with the latest improvements and inventions in the agricultural art, and thus directly benefits his work.

Considered from the other point of view, the possession of a motor-car enables the business man to travel conveniently from his office to his country home. Not only does the glimpse of outdoor life relax his overactive brain and invigorate him for further effort, but by this means he is able to give his children the healthy, normal surroundings that their growing minds and bodies demand.

In fact, the advantages that might be mentioned as the direct and indirect results of the introduction of the motor in the country, are as interesting as they are numerous; an incidental but vital item being its influence in bringing to the fore the question of "good roads,"—another phase of rural life that has an important bearing on our national and individual development.

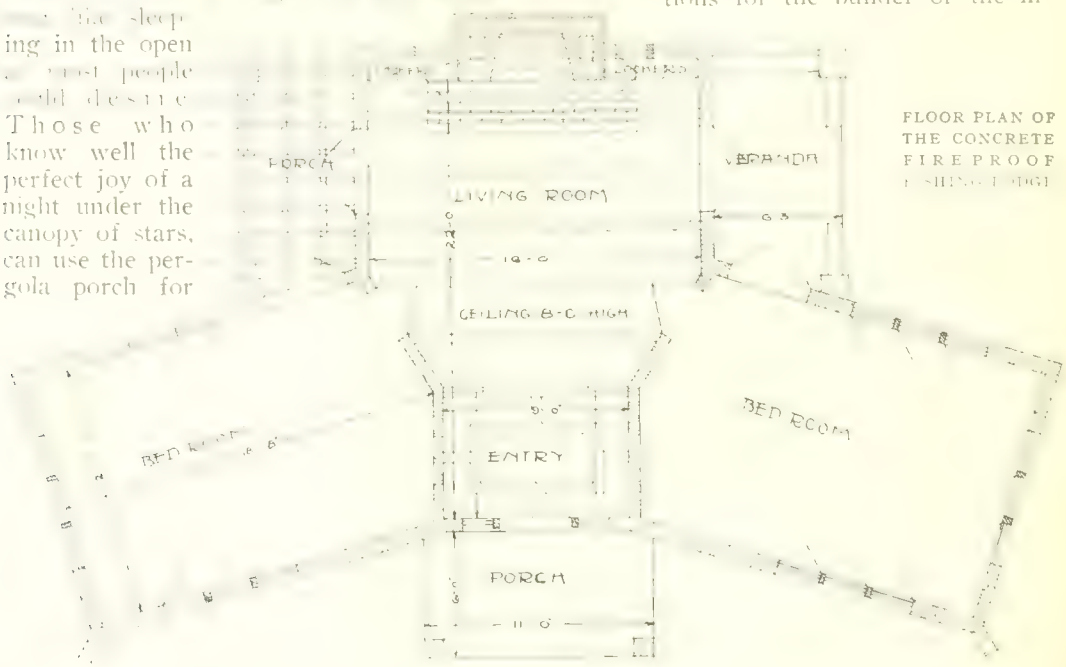
Above all, the subject has a social significance that is by no means to be overlooked. This conquest of distance, this contempt for geographical boundaries, not only strengthens commercial relationships but must eventually result in added friendliness between people who have too long been kept apart. With easier and more frequent intercourse, and more coöperative methods, there will come a growth of mutual interests and understanding. The farmer will cease to look upon the city-dweller as a stranger and an alien—almost an enemy; and the city man, instead of assuming a superior and unsympathetic attitude toward those who have not had the advantages of which he boasts, will come to respect and love the guardian of those natural products and resources from which the imperious city draws its power.

Any mechanical invention which proves itself a civilizing, humanizing agent, cannot but be welcomed by all who feel the need of closer association of interests between city, suburb and farm.

A FISHING LODGE

NO more suitable plan for a fishing lodge could be devised than the one here shown. It fairly radiates hospitality, seeming to welcome the visiting angler with outstretched arms. It suggests a woods spirit almost birdlike in quality—for its two large wings are spread quite like a bird in buoyant flight. Its doors open wide from porch and veranda, inviting you from every side. The windows are many, letting in as much of the sweet out of doors as possible and giving view of lake at dawn and eve.

The bedrooms are light and airy and as [illegible] the sleeping in the open [illegible] most people [illegible] desire. Those who know well the perfect joy of a night under the canopy of stars, can use the pergola porch for sleeping room, leaving the lesser joy of bedroom for the novice in outdoor life.



FLOOR PLAN OF THE CONCRETE FIREPROOF FISHING LODGE

The living room is broad and roomy with open fire and open window in league for comfort and beauty. The arrangement of [illegible] pergola porch at the west and the more sheltered veranda at the east is most charming not only because of the varied uses to which they can be put, but because of the beauty of line and balance that they give to the house.

The slope of the ground permits the construction of a cobblestone parapet with inclined abutments, which adds much to the beauty of the lodge, connecting it in suitable way with the ground. The large stone fireplace built outside the house serves the same purpose of uniting house with ground, adding much to the beauty of the exterior.

A detached kitchen is planned to be built at the north of the lodge, thus insuring the guests who are fortunate enough to spend a vacation here an especial sense of seclusion and freedom.

Built of concrete and stone the lodge is of course fireproof and therefore a matter of most vital importance for all buildings that are destined for a forest country or that are left unguarded most of the time. The construction of this particular lodge is practical in the extreme, for the lines are simple, hence there are no difficult complications for the builder or the interior furnisher to face in this direction.

You will notice in studying the floor plan that the lodge can be entered from all sides, for the triangle of porch and veranda fits in with the triangle of the rooms.

The three porches afford the occupants of the lodge ample opportunity to obtain sun or shade in the different hours of the day. One can move with the sun from porch to porch, and there is always the pleasure of watching the beginning or the ending of momentous mountain days.

Men and women who go up to the mountains for their few vacation days from the city, although they want shelter and comfort for the nights and bad days, nevertheless want all the outdoor life possible.

THE PROBLEM OF THE ROOF AS A PRACTICAL, BEAUTIFUL FEATURE OF HOUSE BUILDING

THE first house ever constructed by man was no doubt merely a roof—a rude attempt at shelter from the burning rays of the sun or the chilling rains. As he laid the branches of the pine tree so that the needles pointed downward, allowing the water to run off his shelter instead of inside it, and pitched it at a stiff incline, he unknowingly set in motion a problem that man has grappled with ever since, with the "problem" victorious most of the time!

For this matter of a "roof over our heads" faces every architect. It haunts his dreams, it leers at him through the day, and the success or failure of his whole house depends upon the conquering of, or the surrendering to, this centuries-old roof problem.

Primitive man had only the utility of his roof to consider, and worried not at all about its æsthetic quality. He took the material nearest his reach to construct it. If in the open country, he bound grasses or reeds together; if in the forest, he took branches of the trees; if in the deserts, he made them of the earth under his feet, or piled stones into sheltering cairns.

The builder of today wanders over all lands and studies the roofs of all nations, their pitch, angles, colors, materials. He not only takes advantage of the material at hand and experiments upon it in every way, but by putting himself in touch with the results of the experiments of all other builders, he now has a pretty complete knowledge of the materials best fitted to withstand the onslaughts of weather and time.

The matter of the beauty of his roof is not yet so completely under his control, but bids fair to yield to the irresistible force of his mind, as everything, every problem, does in time yield to him who has been given dominion over all things.

The roof is the most conspicuous feature of a house when seen from a distance and gives decisive character to the house from every stage of approach. When the lines of it are well chosen, it is the picturesque note from every angle as well as from every distance. When the lines of it are bad, it overshadows completely all the good points of the house, so much so that it is almost impossible to tell if there are any good points or not. Especially is this true in regard to small houses, to the little country homes that almost everyone is secretly or openly desiring to build, or building.

The roof, therefore, should receive first attention as a note of beauty as well as of shelter and should be carefully planned as to line and wisely chosen as to material. The modern roofing materials are legion—the difficulty is merely one of choice—for all strive to have the qualities of practicality and endurance demanded by everyone.

The prepared roofings that are now on the market deserve especial investigation, There are various fibers, tarred or asphalted felts, papers treated with rubber, paint, etc. They can be used on almost every kind of building from little summer shacks to the largest of up-to-date skyscrapers. The economy and practicality of these waterproof and fireproof prepared roofings are beyond question, and they also are being made in colors and textures of great beauty.

These modern materials solve many of the roof problems of the day and are so easily applied that they will prove a boon to amateur builders all over the land. Sometimes they come in rolls with one edge straight and the other serrated in different patterns to give a decorative note. These fibrous roofings withstand the severest of weather, as well as the onslaughts of time. They come in many beautiful colors that will harmonize with a country environment as well as the city's. The color is generally inherent in the material, thus adding permanency to it, though some are shown in neutral tints so that any color desired can be put on to suit the taste of the builder.

The skyscrapers have brought about new roof problems that these modern roofings meet in satisfactory manner, for they can be used upon flat surfaces as well as inclines. Gravel and slag can be laid over these materials if desired.

The artistic side of the roof expanse of skyscrapers is not of so great importance, for they cannot be seen from the ground. To make them substantial, fireproof and waterproof is all that is required—at least until the day aviators complain that the highways of the air are being ruined in beauty by flat monotonous roofs, and demand civic beauty for the housetops as well as in the subways. In those days perhaps we will enjoy the best part of our city houses—the roof—and have gardens and

seats upon them as in Persia and Egypt, and have leisure to look at the sun as it sets, the distant ocean or faraway hills.

Shingles will doubtless always be used, for they are inherently beautiful and suitable. Shakes that are used in lumber localities are most decorative and come in lengths of about 36 inches and 6 inches in width, and are overlapped in many interesting ways.

Slate is always attractive, especially when graduated from the broad squares at the eaves to the narrower ones at the ridge pole. It is also most enduring, for slate roofing is still in perfect condition that was put on in the eighth century.

For the cement house, tile is eminently suitable. It is peculiarly adapted to this type of house, not because it is equally enduring, but because in color it can be made to harmonize perfectly with the cement.

When the priests and Indians molded a few tile a day, with uneven surface and irregular half-circles and edges that were not cut off as squarely as perhaps they really wanted, when they dyed them with colors obtained from the wild plants all about, and set them in the sun to dry, they did not know that they were making something that would be carried down the ages in history and in song. The ones used to replace them are almost criminally inadequate, for they are made by the thousand, with machines and not by consecrated hands.

It is quite probable that no form of roof is more artistic than the thatched roof. Many countries have tried this method of roofing with success. England's thatched roofs will always be a source of delight to whoever sees them, for they have a peculiar home quality difficult to describe. They seem to require a poet's description rather than an architect's; they should be sung about and not written about.

Holland sometimes resorts to this method of covering their houses, using many styles of braiding for the outer layer of grass. Through Germany and France one sees these charming roofs, made of unflailed wheat or barley generally, though sometimes reeds and rushes are used. The grain heads are carefully cut away so the fiber of the straw will remain unbroken. The straw is bound into small bundles, laid closely together and fastened on with withes, and then covered with the straw in a method and pattern handed down from generation to generation.

The knowledge of materials to be used in constructing permanent, fireproof and waterproof roofs seems to be nearer the mark of perfection demanded by all home builders, than the knowledge of good lines upon which to place the materials. The pitch of the roof has been experimented upon in different countries to suit, in a great measure, the weather conditions only. In this way the steep roof made necessary in snow countries, to prevent the weight of the snow from crushing in upon the dwellers, has been adapted as a line in lands where no snow is seen. The rounded ridge and eaves developed by the bulkiness of bundles of straw used in thatched roofs, has suggested beautiful curves for the roof makers of lands where thatching is impractical. The flat gravel roofs of the semi-desert countries have been used to advantage in the construction of our skyscrapers.

So the best ideas of all peoples upon the subject of beautiful lines have been used or adapted by modern architects as their knowledge of materials has also been extended by observation and study of the best of other lands. In this way we are growing in knowledge of what constitutes beauty as well as what constitutes practicality, so our houses are steadily and surely showing great advance in every detail that goes to make up a complete home, one that is beautiful now and that will be beautiful for years to come.

And now we are experimenting with colors for our roofs. People are not lacking who desire vivid dashes of color upon the roofs of their houses—both in city and country. Many of the ready-made roofing materials show colors of great beauty, not with the "dash" of the tropics, but in rich subdued tones that cannot help but add a distinct note of interest to the house. These eminently suitable and attractive colors are also lasting, as must be everything that goes to make up a modern house. They imitate the leaves and needles of trees for their greens, the branches and trunks for their browns, the rocks for their grays. Working in this sympathetic way, secrets of fitness, beauty, practicality cannot remain hidden.

On the whole, not only is the roof problem an important one as regards the technicalities of construction, but it also affords many possibilities from an æsthetic standpoint; for by careful and individual treatment it can be made a charming factor in the proper adaptation of the house to its environment.

ALS IK KAN

THE OLD CRAFTS AND THE MODERN FACTORIES

IT was just a little shop,—a basement, simple, unostentatious,—yet in it I found the atmosphere of another world.

Beside the pleasant crackling of an open fire, made doubly inviting by the drizzling rain outside, the Oriental jeweler, a kindly, soft-voiced Persian, brought out the choicest samples of his workmanship for my inspection, glad to show his treasures to anyone who seemed at all appreciative of their art.

As I fingered the well-set stones, the delicate filigree work, rich with careful beauty of finely wrought design, I wondered at the infinite patience that could link such thoroughness with such perfect art. The beauty of line, the harmony of color, the cleverness of detail, the wonderful sense of craftsmanship that everything betrayed, aroused not only my admiration but my curiosity. To what was it due, this subtle quality that seemed to permeate each object? How was such excellence possible at such comparatively moderate price?

The man smiled a little as I questioned him, and then, seeing that my interest was not an idle one, he talked to me about his work.

In studiously chosen English, with quaint foreign accent, he spoke of the old Eastern customs and traditions that formed the historic background of his art. How, through the years and centuries, from father to son, from generation to generation, the same ideals of work had been handed down, the same designs transmitted, the same methods used, the same qualities of style and material retained, so that there was an inherited standard of excellence to achieve, a style that, though it might be slightly varied, could not very well be surpassed. And then, the intrinsic value of the things, he pointed out,—this in itself was one of the chief features. Here was a sixteenth century bracelet, there a pair of old, old earrings, and further on a necklace dating back a thousand and odd years,—a trifle aged and mellowed, perhaps, with time and earth and air, but yet as beautiful today as when they first saw the light of an Asiatic sun; beautiful with the beauty that knows no fashion, no change of style, and ready to be used and reused, adapted and readapted, to whatever new purpose their design would best serve. And behind the setting of those stones I glimpsed a whole philosophy.

The Persian picked up something more modern,—a dull silver pendant of his own.

"My work," he said with genuine pride, "is good for now and a hundred years from now." And I wondered silently how many of our American manufacturers could say the same of theirs.

The point of view of this simple and sincere workman furnishes the most complete and interesting contrast to our modern system of business,—a contrast which makes understandable our failure to produce very very much of anything along the line of permanent beauty. This man's standard of excellence is the "oldest thing"; ours is the "newest thing." This man's background for his work is tradition; the modern workman demands no background. He is looking ahead for the thing called novelty. The Persian craftsman is one link in a long chain of progress and achievement. The modern workman has too much liberty to be linked to any system for progressive development. The object of the manufacturer today is to produce as many things as possible. The object of the Oriental craftsman was to produce only the few beautiful and valuable things. We oppose the phrase up-to-date against tradition. The more up-to-date a thing is the more ephemeral it must be. We have made impermanency a basis of commercial valuation, because if only the latest thing is the valuable thing, it ceases to be valuable the minute it is superseded by something later. If a fashion must be cabled from Paris to New York in order to be sufficiently up-to-date, it is of value only until another cable comes, and the shop is of value only in proportion as it has many successive cables. So we not only make the impermanent thing our standard of excellence, but we instantly seek to destroy that standard, and every merchant seeks to destroy the standard of every other merchant by being more alarmingly and finally and fearfully up-to-date, so that each merchant is standing on tiptoe on an uncertain pinnacle of novelty, striving each day to climb to a fresh pinnacle, where he has but a moment's rest and consolation.

And the great tragedy of this is that all the effort to gain this eminence is without reward, for having once reached the pinnacle there is only to be found the swift descent on the other side, to

begin [illegible] the little climb. And as all our business methods are transacted along similar lines, the many pinnacles after all form only a dead level of uncertainty and dissatisfaction. In fact, in all the history of what we call civilization there has never been any phase so futile, so unreasonable, so unprogressive as this idea of being up-to-date, which after being achieved ends only in a blind alley from which one must emerge to begin over again. One cannot wonder that there is no spirit of craftsmanship in the work that belongs to the development of the up-to-date theory. Why should imagination and skill and knowledge of beauty and love of achievement go into the thing that perishes the moment it is recognized, that furnishes no standard of excellence, that is no inspiration for the future, that has no relation to the past? The articles that are born of the up-to-date spirit must of necessity be superficial, artificial, made only for commerce, only to trick and to deceive.

And the worst of it is that the people who make these things cannot enjoy making them; the people who buy them cannot enjoy having them. There is no place for them in the world; there is no reason for their manufacture, and as a rule their existence is very brief because all unconsciously the manufacturer recognizes the true state of affairs. The products are made for what they call "the trade," not for the life of the people.

Of course, this very extraordinary state of affairs is born out of a real reason. The most extraordinary state of affairs can always be traced back to their source. In America and slowly all over the world the standard of happiness is getting to be money. It is hard to say how this has come about. It is hard to say how any sane person can believe in it, because the getting of money in most instances is a series of tragedies, and the having of money in large quantities is a very severe and arduous occupation. But the world has been hypnotized by gold; it has forgotten the stars and the winds and the rivers, and it wants houses filled with things to show people who are either unhappy or envious about it. And so to gain these houses and all these useless things they must have money. And in order to gain these houses quickly they must make money quickly, and the word "make" money has become literally true. They do not seek it or acquire it or earn it; they make it. And they make it largely through up-to-date valueless articles that, as Mr. William Price has said recently in THE CRAFTSMAN, are manufactured with the sole hope that they will hold together until they are passed over the counter. The thought early comes to one, how is it possible that a sale can be gained for such things? It is gained again through the hypnotic influence of words. People are told what to think about this trash that is sold. They are told what to believe about it, just as they are told what to believe about magazines and books and the theater and houses and furniture. And as people are not taught to think in the schools, it is not difficult to mesmerize a nation by high-sounding phrases. And as they are told what to think, so *do* they think. The manufacturer knows what will sell the goods, and the people give him the money because he is cleverer than they are.

And the result is that our system of trade and barter with its up-to-date standard of excellence, is a singularly demoralized one. It is interesting to think for a moment what trade originally meant,—merely giving a man what he wanted and needed, and taking from him what the trader wanted and needed. It was a mutual matter, each person gaining something good and essential, something needed in life. It was a fair exchange. It helped each man to do well the thing he wanted to do. He wanted not only his neighbors' money in exchange, but his commendation, and as men went about visiting their neighbors from time to time, they saw held in high esteem the beautiful things they had made and sold. And the more beautiful these things were the more complete and satisfactory a man's life was. It was so with the old Persian craftsmen. They made their exquisite delicate ware for each other, for their families, for their children, for their friends. And ofttimes a thing was so beautiful that the workman could never part with it, and it became an heirloom in his own family, for its own joy and satisfaction and pride forever. This work was always associated with the development of life, with the growth of a man's ability, with his joy in what was beautiful, as well as with the opportunity to provide for peace and comfort. Work

in that relation was the right, necessary essential thing in each man's life.

Today, because all the standards of labor are vitiated, work has become a hard and artificial thing. People have grown to associate labor with the sad hours of the day, with the melancholy hours of the night. Men do not go gladly to their work, to take up the beautiful task which will satisfy their pride and bring them the reward of appreciation. They go to get their large or their meager salary for doing the thing they do not understand, that they more often than not know to be valueless and insincere, associated with business methods they must either condemn or condone, until people no longer regard work with friendly eyes, and the object of practically every man and woman's existence is to escape work, to get others less fortunate to do their work for them, or by the production of some up-to-date object to avoid work altogether.

It is a strange and false and detrimental condition, one which a nation cannot afford to build upon, one which must eventually be faced, if we are to secure reconstruction of business methods, if we are to avoid commercial disaster and spiritual atrophy. A commercial system which absolutely leads nowhere except into a succession of pitfalls, not only must work evil to a nation and to the moral sense of the people, but must in the long run work positive disaster. It must be deadening, not only to the ethical sense, but to the art sense, and after all the two are one if we look at the matter from a high enough point of view. For unless art eventually embodies the ethics of a nation, it will fail and fall into dishonor. It seems to THE CRAFTSMAN that somehow the little Persian shop in the heart of the modern business center of this side of the world embodies a great lesson for us. The foundation of the work done by the Persian craftsman is honesty, sincerity, respect. The result of the work is permanence, beauty, satisfaction. And there we have the beginning and the end of what all labor should be in all parts of the world for all time.

No people can have their labor done for them and get the satisfaction of the finished result that the achievement through work itself brings, because the greatest thing in work is your own development in the process.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE WORKER AND THE STATE: BY ARTHUR D. DEAN

ONE of the most sensible and comprehensive of the many books upon industrial education published within the past few years is "The Worker and the State," by Mr. Arthur D. Dean, Chief of the Division of Trade Schools in the New York State Education Department. Mr. Dean writes with the authority given by years of exhaustive study of his subject backed up by extensive practical experience as superintendent of vocational studies at Cornell University, and director of the elementary and continuation school system established three years ago in New York State in the effort to solve the problem of practical industrial education for the great majority of our school children.

After a general review of the situation as it exists and the outlook for the future, the author points out the educational significance of our modern industrial methods as compared with the customs of former times. The entrance of women into the field of general industry, and the profound modifications effected by the change, are considered in relation to the problem as a whole, and then the problem of some adequate training during the so-called wasted years, to fit both boys and girls for the work of later life, is given very straightforward treatment, the defects in the present system being frankly acknowledged. After a discussion of the merits and defects of trade unions and trade schools, the author takes up the question of the coöperative system of industrial training, including factory and supplemental schools, and finally sums up with a declaration of principles that points out the necessity of closer relationship between the schools and factories, and a better articulation of educational laws with labor laws for the purpose of conserving the health and ability of children as a step toward future industrial efficiency. (Published by The Century Company, New York. 355 pages. Price, $1.20.)

THE PRINCIPLES OF PRAGMATISM: BY H. HEATH BAWDEN

BECAUSE of the workable common sense of the pragmatic system of philosophy, and its application to the common affairs of daily life, it has taken a deep hold upon the thought of

the American people, which revolts instinctively from the subtleties and abstractions of the other great systems of philosophic inquiry into the origin and meaning of existence. But as philosophy in its very essence is transcendental, even the principles and theories of the philosophy of experience need clarifying and presenting in everyday phraseology in order to bring them within the scope of the average reader. This is what Mr. Bawden has done in his excellent work on pragmatism, and as a consequence it will be welcome to many who are genuinely interested in the attempt to understand life as we experience it, and yet lack the time to go very deeply into the more exhaustive works that deal with this subject. The volume is not large, but it is sufficient to convey a clear understanding of what is meant by the pragmatic philosophy, and to excite a desire for further research. (Published by Houghton Mifflin & Company, New York. 364 pages. Price, $1.50 net.)

THE SPIRITUAL UNREST: BY RAY STANNARD BAKER

IN "The Spiritual Unrest," this keen student of modern conditions has made an amazingly frank and searching analysis of the causes which have led to the waning power of the church as a controlling influence in present-day civilization, and to the development among the unchurched masses of our population of a new and vital spirit of religion which finds its best expression in personal efforts toward ethical growth, and in endeavors to meet the demands of an increasing sense of social obligation.

The first part of the book is mainly critical, being devoted to a study of the administration of the affairs of Old Trinity, the richest church in America; to the general stagnation which has halted the growth of the Protestant churches, and to the gradual disintegration of the orthodox spirit among the Jews. The close study Mr. Baker has made of his subject is evidenced by the strength of the argument he deduces from the startling array of facts which he presents. A comparison of the functions and usefulness of the slum mission and the institutional church follows his arraignment of the futility of the regular orthodox churches regarded as centers of inspiration, and then comes the constructive part of the book, in which the author shows the reason for the strong hold taken by Christian Science and the Emmanuel movement upon the lives of the people. The striving toward better things of the thousands who remain outside of the church because the church has nothing to give them, is shown as evidence of the deep and vital religious spirit of the age, and the argument is concluded with a presentation of the new Christianity which is springing up from the ruins of the old creeds and dogmas. (Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. 299 pages. Price, $1.35 net.)

A SEARCH AFTER ULTIMATE TRUTH BY AARON MARTIN CRANE

THE keynote of the optimistic philosophy which we are accustomed to call "the new thought," ignoring the fact that it is as old as the everlasting hills, is given in an admirable study of religious thought by Mr. A. M. Crane, the author of "Right and Wrong Thinking." This book advocates no special cult, but is simply what it purports to be, a search for a sure and enduring foundation for all reality. That foundation is found in the great First Cause, which we know as God, the source of all being. This established, the author follows it up with an inquiry into the qualities and attributes of the divine, the essential characteristics of man, and the mutual relations of men to each other and to God. The right of every man to freedom is discussed, and the mutual relation of oneness which must exist between man and man in the last analysis, because it exists between man and God. Finally, the concluding chapter seeks to prove, from independent data and as a logical conclusion to the whole argument, that man is immortal. The book is deeply interesting, and will prove helpful to many who are groping their way through the tangled labyrinth of physical existence, with only a dim, uncertain faith in the eternal plan of which each life is but an infinitesimal part. (Published by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company, Boston. 497 pages. Price, $1.50 net.)

GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP OF RAILWAYS: BY A. VAN WAGENEN

THIS is a book that is written avowedly to call public attention to what the author calls the world-wide triumph of government ownership of railways. Sev-

en years ago Mr. Van Wagenen first advocated this idea as applied to the railway systems of our own country, and since that time he has followed up the subject in many public speeches, putting before the people the many arguments he finds in favor of such a method of controlling transportation, and citing the success of government ownership in other countries. Now he condenses his arguments into a small, lucidly written volume, hoping thereby to excite further discussion as to the advisability of leaving our railroads any longer in private hands, when the experience of other countries shows the economic success of government ownership. There is no attempt to make the book exhaustive or statistical; it is meant for the busy man who wants the subject presented in a nutshell, but the author has omitted nothing that is essential to the strength of his contention. (Published by George P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 256 pages. Price, $1.50 net.)

LANDSCAPE GARDENING: BY EDWARD KEMP (REVISED BY F. A. WAUGH)

THIS is an English book thoroughly revised by Professor F. A. Waugh of the Massachusetts Agricultural College to meet the requirements of American conditions, climatic and otherwise. To all practical purposes, however, it appears as a new work since Professor Waugh has been a thorough editor of Kemp's work. This excellent book contains chapters on General Principles, Styles, Practical Considerations, Garden Features, Garden Accessories, etc., and is copiously illustrated with drawings and halftones. (Published by John Wiley & Sons, New York. Illustrated. 292 pages. Price, $1.50 net.)

THE HOME, ITS WORK AND INFLUENCE: BY CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

MRS. Gilman states that the purpose of her "book is to maintain and improve the home. Criticism there is, deep and thorough, but not with the intention of robbing us of one essential element of home life—rather of saving us from conditions not only unessential, but gravely detrimental to home life. Every human being," the author says, "should have a home; the single person his or her home; and the family their home. The home should offer to the individual rest, peace, quiet, comfort, health and that degree of personal expression requisite, and these conditions should be maintained by the best methods of the time. The home should be to the child a place of happiness and true development; to the adult a place of happiness and that beautiful reinforcement of the spirit needed by the world's workers." There is, doubtless, much material in Mrs. Gilman's book that will strike the reader as significant and helpful, although its arrangement might be somewhat improved. (Published by the Charlton Company, New York. 347 pages. Price, $1 net.)

THE JUSTICE OF THE KING: BY HAMILTON DRUMMOND

THIS is one of the "historical novel" stories, with less of the "'Od zounds," "gadzooks," "prithee" and "forsooth" phrases than such stories usually contain. However, to make up for that, François Villon is dragged, or coaxed, forth to mix with the other dramatis personæ of the plot and to lend to them the popularity of his present-day vogue. For anyone who seeks merely occupation in mental entertainment this book will serve excellently well. (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. Frontispiece in color. 335 pages. Price, $1.20 net.)

HOW TO KNOW ARCHITECTURE: BY FRANK E. WALLIS

"FACING the vast amount of literature on architectural history," says Mr. Wallis in the first chapter of his book, "it would be almost an impertinence to offer the public another book were it not that so little has been written that may be readily understood and enjoyed by those without technical training." The author, therefore, has undertaken to discuss this subtle and fascinating expression of human development from the viewpoint of familiar experience in our American homes. As Mr. Wallis points out, every American city, and most of our towns, contain examples of all the principal styles or periods in architecture, besides some of no legitimate parentage whatsoever, and to these near-at-home examples the author has occasion to refer for comparative study. To epitomize the author's object one may plainly put it thus: "After you have read this book you can, on looking at a building, say to what period it belongs, and in which style to class it." (Published by Harper & Brothers, New York. Illustrated. 327 pages. (Price, $2.00 net.)

ART NOTES

A NEW PORTRAIT OF MARK TWAIN

WE are reproducing as the frontispiece of THE CRAFTSMAN this month a drawing of Mark Twain by Miss Frances S. Campbell, which has seemed especially interesting to us as presenting a certain quality of force and concentration which must have been dominating characteristics of Mark Twain through life. It was these two qualities undoubtedly that enabled him when still a very young man to have the courage to see life in his own inimitable free humorous vigorous way. The very quality that you see in the eyes and mouth of Miss Campbell's portrait, a certain flash of youth, of national as well as personal youth, must have been the thing that took Samuel Clemens so gaily and rough-shod over Europe. He was amused where all America had been awe-struck; he not only found much to laugh over, but he was frank about it, and not afraid of the European traditions or of the unenlightened attitude toward everything foreign which was then typical of America.

It would probably take more than a few more decades for America to begin to realize how much it owes Mark Twain, not intrinsically for what he has written, not only for opportunities of quiet smiles and merry laughs that he has given his countrymen, not only for the lesson in manly courage of which his own life was a sermon, but because he dared to be absolutely genuine and sincere. He dared to say what he thought and he dared to say it in quite his own way. He made Americans less ashamed of not being Continental. He opened up our eyes to our own good qualities, and he even established a vogue for American humor, which is the really dominating quality of our nation, and is even now making itself felt in our literature, painting and sculpture.

It is because Miss Campbell has made manifest these essential qualities of Mark Twain, the qualities through which he has dominated his nation, that THE CRAFTSMAN has been particularly interested in presenting her work in so noticeable a way. After twenty years of work it is her capacity for what her friends call penetrating her subjects that has brought her most favorable comment. It seems to us that at least in the Mark Twain portrait she has done something even finer than this, because almost any face can be spiritualized from the point of view of the artist, but to make most prominent in a portrait the essential spirituality of the subject is a very rare and interesting attribute for the portrait painter, and one which just at present has not much of a vogue. It has been the fashion in recent years for the portrait painter to be merciless to his subject, and this has been a very natural reaction from the ultra sentimental point of view of portrait painting back in the thirties, and in fact, all the way back to 1776. Everything for a century in practically all art in America was sentimentalized, and then Sargent and his contemporaries and the more modern big men reacted violently, not only in emotion, but in technique, until it has become almost the vogue in America to do the ugly thing in a cruel way, which of course is an infinitely better thing than to do the insipid thing in a sentimental way. But there is still another phase in art which is worth presenting, for every face reveals to a sympathetic artist its own spiritual note, or at least the dominating characteristics which grow out of the spiritual nature.

All of this was very essentially in Mark Twain's face, and yet as a rule it is not shown in the photographs, in the busts and in the paintings of him. Miss Campbell, whether a personal friend of Mark Twain, or whether a careful student of the various presentations of him, has certainly discovered those characteristics which we who love Mark Twain remember most happily, which we find in his books, which we find in the impress on the nation which he made all unconsciously.

Beside this particular subject which has most interested us, Miss Campbell has within the last few years done portraits of many eminent Californians, among them William Keith, Ambrose Bierce, Governor Gillette, David Starr Jordan, Joaquin Miller. Her portraits of President Taft and Theodore Roosevelt seem to us less characteristic, more her own personal impression of the men than a sympathetic study into their actual personality, yet done with great earnestness and purpose. Her portrait of Mrs. Eddy is regarded by

the Christian Science church as the most satisfactory of all that have been made.

Although Miss Campbell's early home was in the South and her early studies were in Philadelphia and Washington, she is at present established in New York, and her purpose for the time being is to remain here.

THE REVOLUTIONARY ARTISTS

THE Photo-Secession Gallery, under the very able and executive management of Mr. Alfred Stieglitz, has recently had two noticeable exhibitions, one of Cézanne, who has dominated art in Paris for some years, and one of the much talked about Spanish modern worker, Pablo Picasso, who has a large following in Paris and who has certainly piqued the interest of the younger generation of artists in New York. It is impossible to write of anything so revolutionary as Cézanne and Picasso without being perfectly frank. The minute one pretends an interest or an understanding greater than one possesses, the result is to stimulate the already well-developed sense of humor of the American public toward phases of art as yet more or less alien to it. The writer found in Cézanne, after repeated visits and much honest careful study, a very delicately beautiful insight into outdoor life, a Japanese feeling impinged upon a modern interest; that is, a much wider range of interest, or perhaps a bigger range of interest, with a very distinctly Japanese sympathy and power of elimination. I know of no modern artist who sees things complete in so few lines as Cézanne has done, in so few colors; in other words, so simply, and with a contrast so subtly handled. But it is absolutely necessary to put yourself in a most carefully receptive mood, to be willing to see color in relation to light and the influence of light on color as Cézanne saw it; otherwise one can make repeated excursions to a gallery of his pictures and come away with a sense of bewilderment which must eventually end in irritation.

As for Picasso, he is up to the present moment a sealed book to the writer. Of course, it is very possible to repeat the very interesting things said about him, to quote, in fact, what especially De Zayas, the caricaturist, said about him, and what he undoubtedly has sincerely said. "I have studied Picasso," he writes, "both the artist and his work, which was not difficult, for he is a sincere and spontaneous man. He makes no mystery of his ideals or the method he employs to realize them. He tries to produce with his work an impression, not of the subject, but the manner in which he expresses it. Picasso receives the direct impression from external nature, which he analyzes, develops and translates, and afterward executes it in his own particular style, with the intention that the picture should be the pictorial equivalent of the emotion produced by nature." In other words, he does not want you to see nature, but how he feels about nature; all of which is extremely interesting and what more or less every artist should do. No one wants a chart, but rather the emotional side which a phase of nature has succeeded in imparting to an interesting mind. But if Picasso is sincerely revealing in his studies the way he feels about nature, it is hard to see why he is not a raving maniac, for anything more disjointed, disconnected, unrelated, unbeautiful than his presentation of his own emotions it would be difficult to imagine. When the writer visited the gallery where these drawings were shown he found the audience present pretty well divided between the art students hysterical with bewilderment and the grave critics hiding their bewilderment and uttering banal nonsense. There were one or two men who honestly seemed, if not to enjoy the exhibition, sincerely to be interested in it.

Of course, it is important and interesting and significant that every artist should work out his own impressions, work them out to the limit of his susceptibility, to the limit of the development of his imagination, but until he has achieved through these manifold and confusing impressions some beautiful straight line connecting his own soul directly back to the truth of things, it would seem that all his efforts and worries should not be made public, except in relation eventually to his achievement. Of course, this is a very humble point of view of a layman, without pretense and without illumination.

RECENT ART EXHIBITIONS

THE commemorative exhibition of paintings by the late George Frederic Munn held at the Cottier Galleries, from the 6th to the 20th of April, contained some notable canvases. "Brittany" filled the gal-

[illegible] superb sense of breezy sky in manner most striking and realistic. The thoughtful composition, vital coloring, intimate knowledge of nature displayed in this canvas make it one of the strongest landscapes of the season's exhibitions.

"A Rhode Island Idyl" showed great serenity and richness of coloring. "Seven Little Trees" was as charming as the name. "A Road in Autumn" possessed rare vividness of tone. "Normandy" showed again the artist's knowledge of nature to an extraordinary degree. It was like a vision of glorified earth, full of sentiment, sensitive coloring, wise handling. "Washing Day in Brittany," so clear-aired; "The Old Church, Villerville," so direct and simple; "In Chancery," with its flower-strewn foreground and story-book trees; "The Breton Quarry Workers," with its realism, should have been seen by all art lovers.

A group of paintings at the Macbeth Galleries, from March 23d to April 5th, showed the strength, originality and charm of America's landscape art to a rare degree. Ben Foster's "Moonrise" was in his best, lovable, poetical vein. Albert Groll's rich and vital coloring was seen to perfection—a living proof of his love and understanding of Arizona charm. Leonard Ochtman's "Spring in Connecticut" needed no title to proclaim it, for spring was in every tone. "February," by Chauncey F. Ryder, was full of strength and charm, and the "New England Meadows," by Gardner Symons, held the attention of every observer.

ANOTHER group of five strong American artists was shown at the Macbeth Galleries, from March 9th to March 22d. Charles H. Davis cannot paint a picture that is empty of vigor, sentiment and charm and the six canvases representing him show these qualities in satisfying fullness. Paul Dougherty's six marines were full of love and understanding of the ocean to marked degree. They combine truth and power, show sunlight and storm in a vigorous way. Daniel Garber was represented with six canvases full of freshness and interest. The marshes of William Sartain were faithful representations of gentle, solemn beauty. F. Ballard Williams was at his best in the six pictures chosen to represent him.

THE Durand-Ruel Galleries held an exhibition of paintings and pastels by Edouard Manet, from March 8th to the 31st, that was of notable interest, for it showed canvases painted during the years of 1864 and '80, thus giving Americans a chance to study this period of his development.

These canvases, with the exception of "Le Liseur" and "La Brioche," are from the Pellerin collection sold in Paris last year. These canvases recently held first interest in the Post-Impressionist Exhibition of London, though they were shown by themselves, as was fitting, for Manet antedated them by many years.

"La Promenade" was one of the most satisfactory examples of the work of this faithful artist and attracted more than usual interest. "Au Café" was also the center of much interest, for its marvelous feeling of life and character.

EIGHTEEN INNESSES ACQUIRED BY THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO

ANNOUNCEMENT has been made of the presentation to the Chicago Art Institute of eighteen of the finest works by the great American landscape painter, the late George Inness, N.A. This collection, valued in excess of $150,000, was given to the Art Institute by Mr. Edward B. Butler, one of Chicago's leading merchants. The following is a list of these works: "After a Summer Shower" (1894), "Mill Pond" (1889), "The Home of the Herons" (1893), "Path through the Florida Pines" (1894), "Threatening" (1891), "Autumn Woods" (undated), "Landscape and Sunset" (1887), "At Night" (1890), "Sunset in the Valley" (1890), "Moonrise" (1891), "Landscape near Montclair, New Jersey" (undated), "Late Afternoon" (undated), "Delaware Valley" (undated), "Twilight in Italy" (1874), "Summer in the Catskills" (1867), "Evening Landscape" (1890), "Pompton River" (1877), "In the Valley" (1893). Thus it will be seen that these splendid examples represent a period from Inness' Academy picture of 1867 to 1894, just preceding his death.

OWING to an editorial error in the article on "Natoma" (April issue), a sentence which should read "the idiom of American Indian music" was printed "the American idiom of Indian music."

LA PENSÉE | THOUGHT
AUG. H. RODIN | SCULPTOR

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THE GIRL OF TOMORROW AND HER EDUCATION: BY MARGUERITE OGDEN BIGELOW

THE history of education clearly shows that it is always influenced by the recognized needs of the community. There may be other needs of vital importance, but, until they are recognized by intellectual leadership and made evident to the people, the educational system is not modified. Before we peer too inquisitively into the future, let us glance back over our shoulders at the past, and we shall see that war was considered the most important human activity. The recognized need was for soldiers. Quite naturally, therefore, little boys were taught to ride and shoot, to defend themselves with sword or spear or dagger, to obey the superior officer at all costs, to bear pain with the utmost stoicism, to die with bravado. And since it was not expedient that women should fight, they were trained to supply the deficiencies of militarism in two ways—by assuming the industrial burden and by bearing children as fast as possible. Consequently little girls were taught to spin and weave, to cook and sew, to care for gardens and domestic animals, and to marry as soon as they could.

The demands made on men and women in those times were separate and distinct demands. Their education was, quite properly, a separate and distinct education.

There were many real needs that such a society did not recognize, and probably the most important of these was the need of thought among the masses of the people. The church owned literature and had a first mortgage on science, and the monks were the only people for whom reading and writing were considered suitable occupations. Later permission to read and write was extended to the aristocracy, but, for the most part, in the history of our race a peculiar paradox made reading and writing seem effeminate for men and unfeminine for women.

The centuries have taught us much in their passage from the simple life of yesterday with its definite assignment of human activities and its sharp distinctions based on sex, to the complex life of today, with its diversities and individualities based on personal fitness for

a given task. Our intellectual leadership is striving earnestly to learn the real needs of the people, and as fast as we recognize them we are trying to meet them by a judicious reconstruction of our educational system.

We no longer believe that war is essentially noble. Indeed, many wise people believe that unnecessary warfare is a degrading business. We are beginning to realize the sound principle of universal brotherhood, and we are trying in a clumsy and imperfect way to give every citizen a chance. We have learned the value of the printed page and we are providing for the masses of the people to learn to read and write and think.

Now this decline in the war spirit, this growth in democracy, this almost universal ability to read and write are causes that operate very effectively to bring men and women nearer together in interest and in power. They temper the old, rigorous, historic demands made on women and bring to bear forces that create new demands. They are teaching us to destroy many of the fences that the past built up between our boys and girls, so that they may be able to work together, in time, not as masters and servants, but as partners. They make manifest many real needs of women not hitherto recognized.

This does not mean that the world of the future will recognize no sex distinction in daily life, or that the school of tomorrow will train boys in all respects as it trains girls. That is the greatest mistake of our own times. But it does mean that sex differentiation will be chiefly apparent in sex functions and sex activities. In training for these functions and activities, the school of tomorrow will wisely meet the needs of boys as boys and of girls as girls. But in the broad human activities of life the men and women of the future will coöperate, and in training them for these duties the schools will keep them together and offer them a like training and like opportunities.

With this theory in mind let us consider briefly the place that women will probably fill in the life of tomorrow, the demands that the new life will make and the best ways of meeting the resultant needs.

WE DO not need to be told that ever-increasing numbers of women are becoming economically independent, either because they desire independence for the sake of the freedom that it brings or because the work that our ancestors did in their homes is now being done in factories and the women must "follow the job" in order to keep it. Society tends more and more to favor the assumption of individual responsibility by the individual, and

to punish incapacity and dependence. There is enough work waiting to be done in the world, God knows! and those who do not need to serve for money may serve for love. Does this mean that all of our women should leave their homes and hurry to find places in shops and offices? Certainly not. No greater mistake could be made, for if there is any *greatest* field of labor that field is the home, and the women who do their work there, bearing and rearing children, are the farthest removed from parasitism. They do truly and really earn their livings and deserve the very best that our men can give them. But we are beginning to realize that *mere womanhood, under modern conditions, does not constitute a claim on men's earnings*, and that the "support" of a husband (a misnomer) is really due to the wife and mother "for value received." And, in the future, women who are not serving the world in this capacity, must serve in other ways if they wish personal freedom, consideration and respect.

The world of the future, then, is likely to demand service of all healthy adults, and valuable service will only be possible for women who have health and skill. Time was when industrial life under home conditions gave health and taught skill. Today the feeble or incompetent woman is being whirled out of industry into the streets as the great machines sing their tremendous song hour after hour, and she is likely to become a burden to the State in the hospital, the poorhouse or the insane asylum, or a menace to the State in the wide spreading of disease, or in the home, as a mother of degenerate children, simply because she lacks the health and skill that our industrial conditions demand.

¶ Our schools, therefore, recognizing this need, will try to give our women health and to prepare them for efficient service.

In days to come there will be a gymnasium, an outdoor playground and a bathtub for every school in the land. They will be considered the most important school equipment, taking precedence over pads and pencils, books, globes and even blackboards. And hygiene will be carefully taught if every other subject in the curriculum must be neglected.

The great social value of games and team work will be understood far better than it is now, and the play of the playground and the work of the gymnasium will be supervised by wise instructors who will meet classes of children with similar needs for short periods daily, not for an hour once or twice a week. The aim will be to produce strong, healthy, beautiful bodies, not overdeveloped athletes who can do abnormal tricks with their arms and legs.

Scrupulous cleanliness of body will be demanded by all teachers

of all pupils. If, however, Mary goes to school dirty she will not be scolded. She will be bathed. Talk can never rid us of dirt, but soap and water can. And some day we shall discover that it is not always just to blame children for having dirty bodies, or yet to blame their parents, for the cost of living makes cleanliness a luxury difficult of attainment for many of our poor.

But, since dirty Mary Brown is not only in danger of disease herself, by reason of her condition, but also a menace to clean Sarah Smith who sits across the aisle, it is the right of the mothers who bear children to demand that the girls and boys who occupy the room with their own shall be clean girls and boys. To this end each public school will have a bathtub in charge of a respectable matron on duty throughout school hours. It will be her blessed privilege to tub and scrub and thoroughly souse each grimy little human being sent to her by any teacher for that purpose. And after each tubbing she will carefully wash and disinfect the bath itself. The community will have to pay slightly higher taxes in order to pay her salary, but the results will reduce doctor's bills. Moreover, the presence of such a woman in the bathroom during school hours will prevent much of the vulgarity usually associated with the basement toilet.

Hygiene will probably be taught (in the grades), in connection with gymnastic work, nature study or domestic science courses. In high schools it will probably become the backbone of the course in human physiology. But wherever and whenever it is taught the future is likely to see that it is well done, for we are beginning to grow weary of our old friends, tuberculosis, typhoid fever and appendicitis; we no longer consider adenoids, catarrh and granulated lids necessary misfortunes; we are beginning to feel a healthy and laudable preference for straight spines and clear complexions. Every child born into the world has a right to knowledge of the common laws of health, how to care for the teeth, eyes, nose, ears and skin, the importance of digestion, the imperative duty of breathing good air, the nature and effect on the system of various foods and drugs, and the simpler ways of avoiding disease.

Given children who are gradually correcting the physical defects of their environment and heredity, children who are clean of body and are working in clean, well-lighted, well-ventilated rooms, or, better still, in the open air, is it not probable that we shall secure for every subject in the curriculum a new zeal and attention? Is it not certain that we shall be building up a womanhood healthy enough to answer to any legitimate demands?

Having given women health, it will be the next care of the school of tomorrow to give them not only a satisfactory general training and

culture, but also a specialized training in arts, crafts, trades and professions that will enable them to earn their own livings and become self-reliant citizens.

The doors of our schools will be thrown wide open to the public with the fewest possible limitations. The influence of our universities will be extended far beyond the "extension" work of today. "Special students" who are in earnest about their work will be encouraged and welcomed, not excluded because they are unable to be regular students. We shall see that it is folly to try to push a whole loaf of bread down a student's throat because the student is in real need of one slice. In reality it is worse than folly, it is a crime against democracy, because schools only exist to serve the people, as many of the people as possible.

The opportunities offered will tend to become more numerous and varied as time passes. Economy can be secured in many cases by providing different opportunities in the high schools of adjacent towns. The school in A need not offer a course in bookkeeping if such a course is offered in B, a town fifteen miles away, connected with A by trolley. The students in A who desire this course can attend the school in B and the students from B can go to school in A in order to take advantage of opportunities not given in B, say courses in metal work, rug weaving or music.

In the choice of special subjects to be studied in a given school (aside from the common branches), the natural advantages and conditions of life in the town will be taken into account, and the tastes and abilities most noticeable in the people of the community.

But we shall not feel that we have done our whole duty when we have provided certain courses of study, for, in the helter-skelter of modern industry, we can never be certain that Mary and Sarah will find the right opportunity. We know that parents frequently predestine their children to careers for which those children are not, by nature, adapted, just because their love for those children is deep, their ambition great. Many a sweet mother tries to make a minister out of a born farmer or mechanic, a school teacher out of a thoroughly domestic daughter. Sometimes she cannot do it, and this means bitter disappointment for her; sometimes she can do it, and then we are not as well served as we should be. Industrial misfits mean imperfect service.

In the beautiful democratic future to which all idealists look forward, the farmer who provides us with luscious fruit and sound vegetables will be more honored than the minister whose service is dull and uninspiring, whose words are clogs in the wheels of progress, because he has undertaken, for conventional and social reasons, work

for which nature never designed him. In like manner, because of her actual worth in the world, the girl who learns to be an expert laundress will win greater respect than she who through snobbery draws her monthly salary for muddling children's minds.

The highest democracy is only possible with a place for everybody and everybody in place, and in the future the special aptitude of the child will be duly studied with this idea in mind. The teacher by training and by daily contact with the minds of many children is well fitted to be an excellent judge of special aptitude. It is nearly as easy to write on the annual pass card, "Mary has shown skill in the use of materials, she might be a good seamstress," as it is to write, "Mary made an average of eighty-three per cent. in spelling." To do this would really interest a conscientious teacher. Such annual reports may be kept on file so that parents and young people may have access to them. The consensus of the reported opinions of several teachers may some day be found very helpful in determining what careers should be chosen.

AS THE desire and capacity for economic independence grows in women they are likely, more and more, to be associated with men in public as well as private life. Already, through church and school, through women's clubs and labor unions, through settlements and other institutions, they are exerting a widespread influence on the development of the nation. In a few decades (whether we like it or not), women will probably be voters in most of our States; ultimately, in all of them. And today, although they are only half-citizens, except in Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, Idaho and Washington, they are permitted to train the boys who are pretty certain to be full citizens as soon as they attain their majority. Therefore the world today asks that we train our women for citizenship. The world of tomorrow will demand it.

As a right beginning we shall see to it that our whole educational system be permeated with the spirit of democracy. We shall foster the respect for law, the love of liberty and the contempt for license which alone can safeguard what is best in our American institutions. All of our children will be instructed in the principles of our civil government. In the grade schools this can best be done in connection with history work, national holidays and patriotic celebrations. A brief daily discussion of current topics (judiciously chosen), might do much to cultivate the ethical side of the future voter and politician. In the high schools, courses in civics will be listed and required of all regular students. Such courses will furnish some knowledge of conditions as they actually

exist and have to be met. They may also furnish actual experience in the operations of government. The writer was once a student in a high school that offered excellent work in civics. The children of that school held an election in proper form and with due regard to legal requirements. They elected McKinley by a vote of three hundred and ninety-eight, against thirty-six for Bryan, twenty for Woolley, one for Debs and one for Maloney. They were immensely interested in the election, even in the hard work of counting votes, and they learned a splendid practical lesson in free government.

We have prophesied that the girls of tomorrow will be trained in health, self-reliance and citizenship, in order that they may be able to take part in the broad human activities of life. We can be sure, however, that the future will not be content to stop with this. The world of tomorrow will demand of women a robust and confident motherhood trained for sublime duties, involving life and death and the evolution of the race. In the days when all women, by reason of womanhood, were regarded as mothers by profession, they were allowed to perform the duties of that profession with the knowledge of amateurs. That they succeeded so well, in the main, is due to the fact that conditions of living were fairly simple in the old days, and also to the fact that devotion, even without accurate knowledge, can accomplish wonders. But as civilization becomes more complex the dangers surrounding childhood become greater and can only be neutralized by greater vigilance and more thorough knowledge. The education of the girl of tomorrow will not be thought complete without a training and preparation for the activities of motherhood.

Gymnastic work and the study of general hygiene furnish an excellent foundation on which to build a study of motherhood, but the superstructure is needed. One thing is certain. The State will soon be made to realize the wanton wickedness of permitting young people to grow up in ignorance of the laws of sex, its marvelous evolution and healthy control. We shall come to understand the extreme dangers of prurient curiosity and vulgar knowledge, and we shall refuse to leave the whole matter to the somewhat unstable imaginations of our girls and boys. Pure knowledge wisely imparted will do much to combat the social evil, and since in our very mixed population only exceptional mothers and fathers are able and willing to impart this knowledge in the right way, the State will have to assume the responsibility and see to it that the problems of sex are frankly and cleanly stated and solved for the children of tomorrow. The State of Washington has recently taken a good step in the right direction and much is being done by interested individuals and small groups in various parts of the country.

In this department the needs of boys and girls are different and will remain different. Their training must be suited to their needs and they must not be taught together. Instruction can best be given individually or in segregated classes, with women to teach girls and men to teach boys. The subject will be progressively taught with the ages of the children constantly in mind. Preferably it will be connected with the work in general hygiene, so that in the grade schools it need attract no undue attention as a thing apart. But it will not be let alone entirely until the high schools take it up, for many of our children never go to high school, and it is important that the State shall give them, in a way suited to their years, the simple facts of what is called the "mystery of life."

IF THE girls of tomorrow can be physically strengthened and mentally and morally prepared for motherhood by knowledge of the general laws of hygiene and the laws of sex, we shall have a right to be proud and feel that our educational system is sound and good. If, in addition to this, our girls can find in our high schools and colleges courses in dietetics, home-making and the care of babies, the results will be even better. But can we not look still farther into the future, and, in good faith, take one more step?

We all know the nearly universal love of little girls for dolls. This love is founded on the sacred mother instinct that brings to life in the face of many a little five-year-old some of the rapture of the madonna. For centuries we have seen the little daughters of the race washing and combing and dressing and hushing and kissing their "doll babies"; we have watched them playing "house" and "doctor" and living in play a more or less serious mimicry of the lives of their mothers. But we have not utilized this love of dolls in education. If little girls love to do these things for their dolls why should they not be shown how to do them sensibly and faithfully, so that in later years, when play has become earnest living, they will know how to care for the live dollies of flesh and blood?

As has been mentioned before most of our children are not yet able to go through high school, but most of our girls do become mothers and those whose education is not carried beyond the grades will be just the ones to need the training in motherhood most of all. To many people the suggestion just made may seem an absurd and unjustifiable extension of the kindergarten principle. But certainly it would bring the teacher very near to the child, it would follow the lines of the child's own interests. It is merely offered as a possible solution, perhaps not the best, of a very difficult educational problem which we shall soon be ready to face squarely.

And now let the prophecy end in a vision of the kind of womanhood such training is likely to produce. In every town in the land, in days to come, there will be straight and strong girls and women, not women who have striven to build the rough muscular force appropriate to men, and failed, but women of complete development, women of endurance and poise, not easily tired by any day's work. They will be ruddy and rosy, alert and active, ready for life. They will be free women, owning their own straight strong bodies, their own alert and active minds, earning their own livings by honest labor in many trades and professions, or in the homes they glorify. They will help to make the laws which they must obey, through representatives worthy to represent them. Their opinions will be as truly respected as the opinions of their fathers, brothers and husbands. They will marry and become real partners in the life bond with men who must honor them in order to win them. They will bear children in health, not in weakness, with the joy of freedom, not with the reluctance of constraint. They will suckle and cradle and clothe these children, not as experimenters in an unknown field, but as competent and loving helpers of the world's little ones.

PRAISE

AN ARTIST painted a great picture and many people came to see. "Wonderful!" they exclaimed. "So clever! So original!"

And the critics remarked: "What perfect drawing! What masterful composition! Note how the lights and shadows balance! And the coloring—so strong, and yet so full of atmosphere!" And they quarreled as to whether or not it belonged to the Impressionist school.

A friend, meeting the artist, congratulated him on winning such appreciation.

"Appreciation?" repeated the artist bitterly. "I painted a vision, a message; and they praise—my technique!"

ELLA M. WARE.

A LESSON IN ART TAUGHT BY SOME NORMANDY PEASANTS

"Art, my children, is to be absolutely oneself."—PAUL VERLAINE.

"YOU shall stand by me and look in the mirror with me." In the foregoing words Whitman has given the simplest definition of art ever achieved. Just seeing truth clearly and presenting it so lucidly, so without bias that the presentation becomes a mirror before which others may stand and see and know the truth, and thus we come to see the purpose of art—not that museums shall be full of paintings and libraries bear the weight of endless books, that songs shall forever reverberate through evening air; but that the world shall know through the mirror how great men see truth.

The sum total of the achievement of a painter's life is not the number of his canvases, but the extent to which each painting reveals to you his vision of truth. You stand by him and look into his painting and see the truth as he understands it. The same is true of architecture, of sculpture, of music. You are in sympathy with great music, not merely when you play or recognize it, but when you stand by the musician's side and look through his music into far reaches of truth his open soul had received.

If we look at art from this point of view, it becomes real to us, significant, of lasting value as a record of each artist's vision, and as an inspiration to the man whose soul is only as yet partly open. But we have tried to make art a material thing, a source of barter, a short and easy cut to luxury. Not the artists, but the owners of pictures have done this. The great rich have wanted a fictitious monetary value for art to make their ownership of it more important. No dealer or collector or connoisseur tries to force up the price of a picture still in the studio that the source of the spring may be deeper.

So absolutely has commerce severed the symbol from the purpose of art that the world has accepted the word *art* to mean only the concrete thing, never the revelation of spiritual growth of the artist. And boys and girls who want to study art are taught from the outside in—not to know and revere truth, but either to imitate someone who has seen straight, or to produce a pretty meaningless "symbol" utterly disassociated from all purpose. This is the sin of most art schools, that the real truth is not taught, or even understood. To copy Nature aimlessly or to desecrate her worthlessly — these are the "ideals" of the majority of students according to whether or no they are trained by the academician or the decadent teacher.

It is not much better for a man to paint the way he *feels* than a

MADONNA — FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF
SCHMANDY PLATANE MOTHER AND CHILD

A NORWAY MEAL AT HALVEST TIME
IN NORMANDY FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

THE FAMILY OF [illegible]
MENDING THE FAM[illegible]
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

WIFE AND DAUGHTER OF A NORMANDY FISHERMAN EXAMINING THE "CATCH"
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

way some other man *feels*. It is something much deeper than the reproduction of a fleeting emotion that makes a man a great painter or a supreme musician. It is the extent to which Nature has drawn back her veil for him. Genius is no more or less than seeing things really as they are instead of through veils of traditions, conventions, prejudices.

THE difference between George Grey Barnard and, say, John Q. A. Ward, is not in interest, hard work, self-sacrifice, but in understanding of truth. Barnard has refused the world-advice and fanned the spiritual flame until the curtains before him were burned away. The difference between Eleonora Duse and, say, a popular beautiful actress like Maxine Elliot is much more profound than we superficially judge. The latter has encompassed her gift with purely material, external things. Duse, without beauty, youth, wealth, without even a very wide range of interest, has thought in a straight line out to the heart of truth. She does not go to hospitals, the slums, among the rich or among the dissolute to "study types," to imitate clothes and gestures. She studies *life*, the soul of it. She becomes the soul of the woman she portrays and every gesture and expression must perforce fall into line.

Isadora Duncan has no set "steps" for her many dances. She does not dress in white for Spring and skip about as Maud Allan does. She sees and knows the truth about Spring, as the source of all fresh young joy, and when she dances "you stand by her side and look into the mirror" and see the dawn of love and fragrance and goodness. She is a great dancer because she has forgotten convention and tradition, and learned to know truth.

According to Rodin, who may not even know Whitman, a great artist must be a profound philosopher. How did he achieve his masterpiece of Balzac?—not by studying pictures of Balzac, listening to stories about him, imagining how fine and beautiful, how much like Goethe a man of letters should appear. Quite the reverse: he studied Balzac's mind, his way of thinking; he lived with Balzac's soul. He destroyed model after model until he *was* Balzac, and then he could tell the truth in marble about a man who saw and registered truth.

How do we mostly set about it to achieve beauty nowadays—to *be* beautiful? Not at all; but to *appear* beautiful. Our children are taught to appear graceful by studying steps and gestures, our girls "acquire" manner. They do not express kindness and tenderness and loyalty in such a way that inevitably the manner of doing it must be beautiful. Not at all; manner is to them some-

thing quite apart from soul. It symbolizes only the possession of money. It is the guarantee given by fashion that the product is expensive.

Is it possible to picture a child who is kind and well and merry who would not be charming? Can one imagine a young girl with goodness, reticence, courage, strength, confidence who would not be graceful and attractive? What is gesture and motion for in human beings but to express what is within, with a view through understanding to express the *best* of what is within. Thus if a gesture is meant to express thought and no self-consciousness has been created by stupid training, and the thought is beautiful and the body natural and flexible—then we have the most beautiful manners in the world, that can never be marred unless the thought back of them changes. And manners become, as they should be, an index to character.

And in turn art becomes an index to truth, and every man's work a mirror for his friend to better know him and his life. We could not give a better example of what we mean than the pictures illustrating this article. They are photographs of Normandy peasants, the most genuine, sincere, unself-conscious people we know. They have not heard of "grace" and "manners" which must be acquired by much effort and much money in order that you may seem to be what do you not feel. They are a fearless, hard-working people, staunch friends, splendid seamen, gentle mothers.

THESE photographs must have been taken by someone knowing the people and loving them, someone with sympathy for real beauty. They are apparently quite unposed, yet possessing all the qualities a portrait painter most values in a composition. They are taken with people at home in their daily, humble, kindly occupations. These peasants are thinking of each other and what they are doing, not of the camera. Their dress is suited to their work, their gestures intimately related to their thought and purpose, and what surpassing beauty in the result! You stand by them and see the foundation of their lives.

Was there ever a Madonna painted with nimbus and blue robes more exquisitely spiritual—what passionate tenderness in the encompassing hand and the brooding curves of the beautiful mother body! Could any woman be trained to express such devotion and perfection of love through lessons in grace? This woman's body in absolute repose expresses the truth about her soul.

And the net menders and the group in the field—did Jules Breton or L'Hermitte ever quite tell you so much of these people? No one but Millet ever has, and Millet painted as one holding the mirror.

"Things (in a picture)," he said, "must not have the appearance of being brought together by chance or for a purpose, but must have a necessary and inevitable connection. I desire that the creations which I depict should have the air of being dedicated to their situation, so that one could not imagine that they would dream of being anything else than what they are. A work of art ought to be all one piece, and the men and things in it should always be there for a reason. . . . The beautiful," he sums it up, "is that which is in place."

Millet was not studying the peasants' gestures and clothes. He probably could never have told you what they wore or how they moved. But he knew what they thought and lived and suffered and achieved. He knew *them*, and he painted them, as Duse acts, in large mold, psychologically true.

Thoreau, another man of large simple caliber, put the matter significantly: "If a man has anything to say," he warned us, "it drops from him simply and directly as a stone falls to the ground." The great ones are not trying to impress us with the eccentricities of their personality, but to render their personality luminous, that the truth may show through.

NIGHT

SWIFTLY the blue day filters through green boughs;
Swiftly the lightning of its beauty plows
Our souls with splendors that appal and blind;
Swiftly the vision fades on wings of wind
That awe our gaze and stun our wond'ring brows.

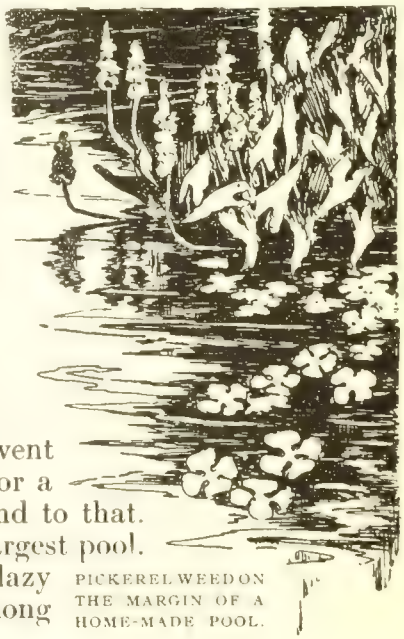
Softly does Nature sleep upon the height;
Shattered her lamp of sunset, and with night
Comes God all mantled in the clinging stars;
Soothing our troubled souls and healing scars
Left by the passage of His angel Light!

EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

SIMPLE WATER GARDENS: THEIR BEAUTY AND THE EASE WITH WHICH THEY CAN BE CONSTRUCTED

IF YOU want birds to nest and sing all round your home—by all means have a water garden, in the very center or in the four corners of it, if possible, for nothing attracts them like the glitter of water. They love to stay where there is a good safe place to bathe and to drink, and if one bird finds such a treasure, he seems to publish the news to all sorts and conditions of birds, for those of the forest and those of the meadows bring their wives, "their sisters and their cousins and their aunts" and build their nest-cottages in the trees, rose-bushes, grass, the back porch and under the eaves of your barn. They will sing you a song, keep insects from destroying your flowers and your fruit trees and flit merrily about, repaying you a thousandfold for your hospitable invitation and assurance of love.

If no brooklet or rill strays of its own accord through your garden, then you can have the pleasure of making one to suit yourself. Go to the country and study the ways of brooks, note how they slip and slide and trickle over or around little or big rocks, and on a smaller scale with water from a concealed hydrant start a little brook. You can make the twisted path of it a concrete bed with pebbles and small stones to conceal your art as much as possible. Make the banks of it with stones (moss-covered, if you can find a means of transporting them), transplant as many ferns, rushes, flags, wild lilies, etc., as you can find, without depleting some natural haunt. A very slight fall of water will create delightful possibilities of quiet pools where the water will move slowly, then slip leisurely over into the next little pool. Perhaps you can only have three of these little pools, but they will be the center of interest for your whole garden. Do not fear unwholesome stagnation, the very slight fall will prevent that, nor a pest of flies or mosquitoes, for a frog or two and a trout or so will attend to that. Plant pickerel weed on one side of the largest pool. Can you think of pickerel weed without lazy but always hungry little fish hiding among



PICKEREL WEED ON THE MARGIN OF A HOME-MADE POOL.

its stems and feasting on every larvæ or fly that dared seek such a place to be born?

If the hungry fish should, by chance, let some fly or gnat escape him, there would be your even hungrier frog ready for him, or to make the case even more sure, just let the prince of all insect hunters—the lowly, funny, squat toad—have complete run of the banks of your brooklet.

A NATURAL STREAM MADE LOVELY WITH WATER-LILIES.

If you cannot have just such a charming natural garden for water-flowers, there is the possibility of tubs that can be set in the ground, each tub holding the roots of a different plant. If the tubs could be placed close together (sunk out of sight in the ground, of course) down some slope of your garden, water running slowly could trickle from one to another, from a large one at the top into small ones, and then into large ones again, this slight flowing of water being enough to keep all sweet, and finally be received into an invisible drain. And this series of tubs is a good idea, for then they could be dried out and taken into the cellar for the winter, instead of being covered over with straw and boards; some delicate water flowers cannot stand severe winters in so shallow a bed as a small garden would give them.

Or it is possible to have just one large concrete tank sunk to the level of your ground, graded in depth, with all your flowers in this one generous garden. Lotus and water-lilies must have the deepest corners, water-hyacinths, water-poppies, water-snowflakes and clovers can have the shallow corners and the center. It is an easy matter to have water flow into and out of this large pool, so that it be kept sweet and clear. It is made exactly as a fountain pool is constructed, and no one doubts the practicability of a foun-

tain. This large sunken water garden could have a fountain in the center at least, if it cannot have a real waterfall at the upper side of it. A good place for such a garden is at the end of a pergola, partly because it is such a good place for a pergola to lead you to, but mainly because of the pictures that could be enjoyed as the pergola would be mirrored in the pool on quiet days and still nights, with the mirror sometimes broken into circles by the dive of a little green frog, or gilded as the moon looked over your garden wall.

ONE OF A SUCCESSION OF MADE POOLS FED FROM A HYDRANT, MADE PICTURESQUE WITH A ROCK BORDER AND WATER-SNOWFLAKES.

As to the flowers that thrive only if their roots can be under water, their names are many, their colors varied, the forms of their leaf and blossom almost infinite. The white water-lily as queen of them all must be mentioned first. She is queen not just because she is beautiful, but because her heart is of gold and her robe of purest white, even though she has arisen from dark places—she is deeply symbolic. A poet questioned this flower, asking why she dropped from heavenly places to rest upon dark waters. The flower gives the answer that has so endeared her to all mankind:

> "White souls *fall* not, oh, my poet!
> They *rise* from the lowliest place."

The water-lily is grown by removing the roots from some lake overstocked with them in the fall, or by buying from any seedsman. They open early in the morning, their wonderful white cups with quivering golden stamens float on the water, swaying gracefully on long stems, until the evening comes, when they close their eyes like a child and go to sleep for the night.

There is a yellow water-lily that should be better known,—it is not so large as its white sister, but is most decorative and lovely and adds a rich note of color to a pool.

Next in interest is the lotus, a native variety of which under the botanical name *Nelumbium* can be purchased from almost any seeds-

man. It has pale yellow flowers from four to ten inches in width, much like the water-lily in shape, though with finer petals. The leaves are almost round, beautifully ribbed and stand clear of the water. The seed pod is also raised high from the water and this forms one of the chief differences between the lotus and water-lily family, for the seed pod of the latter matures under the water instead of above it. Much might be written about the place this interesting flower holds in the religion of Oriental nations and of its position in the world of Japanese art, but this little talk is of the flowers that hold, or should hold, delightful positions in our own water gardens.

The water-hyacinths should be better known, for they have rich violet flowers in spikes that are held aloft like bayonets. The plant spreads rapidly, sends up a rich foliage of leaves, which float thickly matted upon the water, and will grow in the shallow corner of your pool. Then there is the yellow water-poppy which looks much like the Eschscholtzia of California. It has wonderful shiny leaves that set off the myriad yellow blossoms to perfection. This water-poppy has the delightful habit of putting out a succession of flowers, so that for a long season it keeps a touch of gold on the surface of the water. These two violet and gold flowers could be grown together in one of the sunken tubs, if you like, for they blend into the purple, green and gold colors that are always charming.

One of the prettiest plants is the water-snowflake, which stars the water with myriad small white flowers and looks as if a flurry of snow had somehow settled upon the surface of your pond.

The various bladderworts should also find place somewhere, even if you are compelled to sink an entirely new pool for them. The hooded water-milfoil (one of the bladderworts) has a yellow flower, and leaves that are finely divided under water into threadlike segments. Many of the water flowers have this trick of making the leaves that are under the water long and narrow, quite unlike the ones they hold above the water. Quite often the leaves, as is the case with this milfoil, are supported with tiny bladders that help them to float about and add decorative interest.

There is a small dull purplish plant called the water-shield which flowers all summer, and there is a white water-crowfoot and a golden water-spearwort that looks like a buttercup, and a water-plantain that has a white or pale pink flower in whorled clusters with leaves erect or floating, and the white arrowhead which has a three-bracted whorl on the summit of a leafless scape. This plant has grasslike leaves under water and arrow-shaped ones above it. The water-arum should be planted near the soggy edge of your pool, if possible, for it has such beautiful leaves and fruits with such a bright

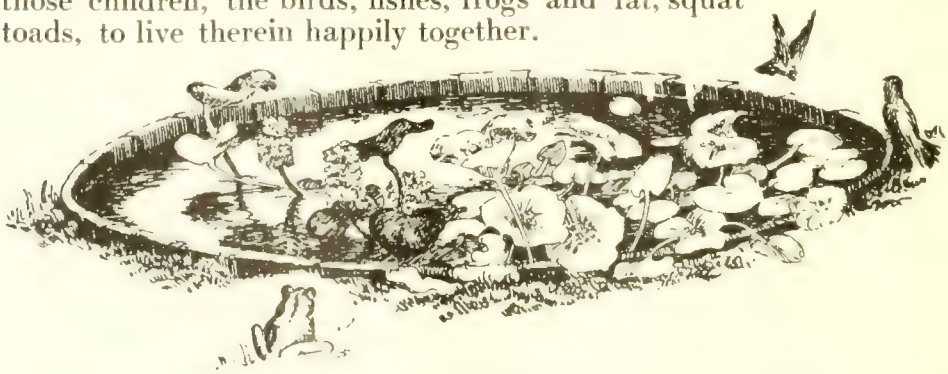
red berry. Other plants for the edge of your pool should be the parrot's feather, for its feathery plumes, and the golden club and the pickerel weeds and lizard's tail, and the water-fern which looks like a four-leaved clover and floats out on the water. Then there are the many lovely sedges and rushes, the umbrella plants and the ferns of every kind.

In connection with the water garden you could have a rock garden with the saxifrage, columbines, rock poppies, rock ferns, etc. These two gardens can be made most interesting if planned together, and the joy of playing in the dirt while making a garden is surely intensified if one can have a little water also, and a few rocks to arrange according to fancy. And there are so many other plants that have not been mentioned that you could put in the water or in the rock garden, like the watercress, the fleur-de-lis and flags, the mist maidens and the trilliums.

The water gardens must be carefully covered with boards and straw placed thickly over them in the fall, for most of the plants are tender and not fitted to weather the winter in an open shallow pool.

No garden or landscape is quite complete without a glint of water to center the picture. A little pool lights up the face of Nature as do the eyes the face of your friend. Through the eyes of your friend, you look into his heart, see there the depth of his affection, catch the merry spirit of him, understand all that he does not put into words. Through a little pool you can look sometimes into the heart of Nature, understand a little better her unfathomable kindness, almost see her smile.

So by all means have a little water garden with which you may exchange understanding glances. Put flowers, white, blue, and gold, upon the sparkling surface of it; hedge it about with green, and invite those children, the birds, fishes, frogs and fat, squat toads, to live therein happily together.



A DRINKING POOL FOR BIRDS, SUNK IN A WIDE, SHALLOW TUB, DECORATED WITH WATER-HYACINTHS AND WATER-POPPIES

THE "GREAT SOUTHWEST" AS THE PAINTERS OF THAT REGION SEE IT: BY EVERETT CARROLL MAXWELL

IN VIEW of the fact that the large majority of people in these United States of America live on one side of the great continental divide and have worshiped for so many years with their faces to the East, it is small wonder that upon matters of Southwestern development they remain somewhat ignorant. This condition of affairs results largely from habit of mind. For so many years during the building of our vast commonwealth, the East, holding as its western extremity the Allegheny Mountains, was the heart and soul of the nation, and by its standards all human activities of the young land were measured. As the immigrant and the prospector turned their faces toward the setting sun, it was but natural they should take with them the standards of their fatherland. And as the East and the West united into one people it required a complete readjustment of the mental viewpoint to gaze out over a land reaching from one ocean to the other and realize that the same national pulse was throbbing through it all.

In a swift century we have in the West reared from a trackless wilderness a mighty nation, and in scarcely more than half that time have peopled it with an intelligent and cultured race whose progressive spirit has given us in that brief moment a recognized standard in the realm of art, science and literature of which we need not be ashamed. This latter growth, nurtured in the fertile soil of the first settled section of the country, is no longer the sole possession of any specific locality, for, since the beginning of history, no community has been able to corner the mental or moral development of a common people and hold it against the progress which makes for unity and strength.

In dealing with the development of art in this vast outlying section of the country, known vaguely as the Great Southwest, I realize that it is no simple task to present adequately what our present workers are doing to insure a future for Western art. If, as is obviously true, this enchanted southland still possesses undreamed-of natural wonders and physical possibilities, to say nothing of what has already been done commercially, what may one not expect in the way of civic advancement and artistic development? As yet I find but little is really known of the far-western painter who, perched in his adobe studio on the heights of Walpi or Taos, isolated from the helpful fellowship of his colleagues and the ease and comfort of his Eastern home, has answered the call of the silent

places and is laying the foundation for a school of American painting as vigorous and healthy as the strange land that gives it birth.

For many years past we have looked only to the larger cities of the East for the latest and best work of native painters. New York has held the center of the field of American art for so long a period that as the cities of the West sprang into bloom from the heart of the forests or the sands of the waste places, it seemed like expecting the impossible to look within their gates for the fruits of genius. Yet, one must ever bear in mind that the trail of the pathfinder is always sure to lead from a settled colony, and its openings are never allowed to close, once they are made, so strong is the lure of the undiscovered to the spirit of adventure which is dominant in many of us. If we look back into the pages of American history we always find that the painter has been an all-important factor in the settlement and development of a newly opened territory. It is an axiom that the mental, moral and social growth of a people can be read in the architecture which they leave behind. This can also be as truly said of the painter's art. American art from its feeble birth has been a minute record, accurate and authentic, of the course of empire.

If the pioneers of our national art committed grave errors and perpetrated many crimes in the name of their craft, who can raise the finger of scorn against them? They merely emulated the spirit of the times, and upon their best we are daily building our better.

In discussing American art we must remember that the whole period of our development does not reach back more than a half century. In comparison to the world-old civilizations of Europe we stand in point of excellence far beyond our years.

IT IS not to be wondered that the progress of our Far-Western painters has been at times halting, and the quality of their work a bit uncertain. The painters of this region have had a mighty conflict to endure and only a brief quarter of a century in which to conquer the enemy of rank commercialism and overcome the prejudice which existed against the geographical rendering of their art forefathers. The early art of the entire West partook strongly of the natural aspect of the new land. After the clearing and settlement of the Mississippi Valley and the growing demand for wider area opened the doors into the magic West, the life was of a nature that inspired graphic reproduction in paint. When gold was discovered in California and the whirlpool of mad humanity poured over the rugged mountain ranges into a terrestrial paradise, the rapid adjustings of civilization to new and unwonted conditions again became the subject of the painter's brush.

THE [illegible] OF THE [illegible]
WILLIAM WINGATE [illegible]

HE MAJESTY OF THE HILLS
[illegible] WACHTEL [illegible]

BREEZY BAY — BENJA
MUNG BROWN PAINTER

THE VOICE OF THE RIVER — MARION KAVANAUGH WACHTEL, PAINTER

With the first pack-train in Placerville came an artist with his outfit; with the first expedition into the Northwest went a landscape painter who transferred onto canvas, to the best of his ability, the grandeur and beauty of what he beheld. One of that group of valiant explorers who first looked down upon the Painted Desert and braved the wastes of Death Valley and later penetrated into the most remote haunts of the Cliff Dwellers was an artist. With the surveyor came the painter, and the natural phenomena which surrounded him overcame artistic sense and discretion and he painted the material rather than the idealistic.

So it continued for many years during the colonization of the new West, and the chaos and lawlessness of those stormy days which now form so interesting a chapter in our nation's history became familiar to the Easterner through the medium of the painter's art. The legacy these daring workers have left us is not only a valuable one to our museums of archæology, but it is the link in art history between two great schools of American painting—the one of the East, academic, cultured; the one of the West, novel, incomplete.

The history of Western art begins back with the color-filled canvases of Bierstadt and Catlin, and runs on by good and bad stages to the monumental works of Thomas Moran and others of his coterie of more or less distinction. This group of men has been classed as the geographical painters of the West, for so enthralled were they by the physical wonders of castellated peaks and foaming chasms, granite gorges and multitinted deserts, that they spent their best efforts in endeavoring to transfer them upon canvas.

Following closely upon this period of exploration came the colonization of the new lands, and with it the struggle for wealth and supremacy of its settlers. Then came, too, a stage in our art which might be termed the historical period. Scorning the achievements of the nature copyists, the men of this new age went about the picturesque task of painting the human aspect of a unique people. The results of their efforts were faithful renderings (often highly imaginative, as in the case of Frederic Remington), historical and often ultra-graphic, dealing with cowboy escapades, Indian massacres, gambling bouts and mining life. As a record of events in a particularly romantic epoch in American history, these canvases will occupy a place of their own in the archives of our national art.

IT HAS been only within the last fifteen years that the zealous discoverer-painter has given way to the comprehensive student of nature whose chief aim in art is to interpret to the best of his mental scope the truth and beauty which each delightful detail of

this silent Sphinxlike Southwest holds. The rapid growth and development of the country, coupled with the progressiveness of its people, have banished the gun man and the bad Indian. The irrigation system in Colorado and other Western States has driven the cattle kings into remote regions, and now, if we are to find the realm of story-book romance, of intense human interest, primitive unspoiled grandeur, weird scintillating color and picturesque inhabitants, we must seek that mystic land of the Southwest.

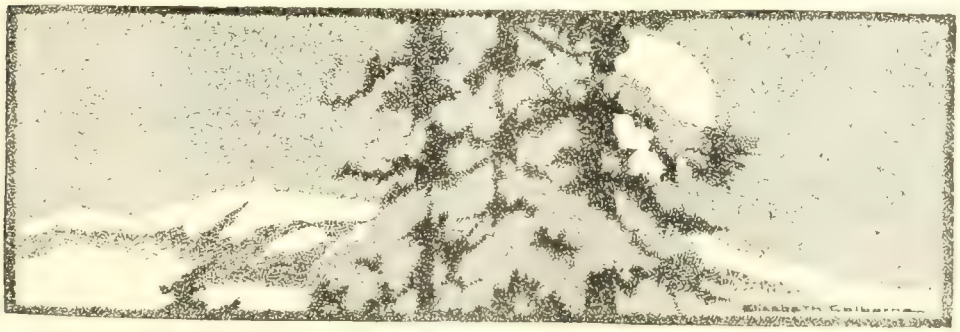
From the Painted Desert in Arizona to the sun-kissed Gulf of Mexico, on to the golden shores of Southern California, the rarest of sunlit skies bends above a garden of Allah, full of possibilities for the artist's brush, not to be realized in any other land. It is a vast expanse of unrivaled interest from the golden light and purple shadows, where the waves of the Pacific lap the crumbling ruins of New Spain to the strange, shifting, silent desert full of mauve shades and violet light. Here is a land made for the artist,—or was the artist made for the land? Here is every variety of subject the mind could possibly conceive. Mighty peaks, snow-clad, rising from sun-parched sands, stand guard over oak-hung hills of California where the ruins of Franciscan monasteries hold possibilities for canvases which no artist has even yet suggested. The flower markets of Sante Fé, the street scenes and gay *fiestas* of the Mexican border towns, the Indian inhabitants of Arizona and New Mexico, living their primitive life in quaint pueblos perched on high mesas, can furnish subjects for the genre painter which for actual beauty and historic value cannot be equaled by any country under the sun. The Oriental aspect of the Indian life in the weird pueblo districts, where splendid specimens of the original American are ready to pose, is now proving a worthy source of revenue to the latter-day artist.

Here lies this great unused model awaiting its master interpreter; but until one has lived in harmony with its magic mystery long enough to read the secret back of its silent lips and comprehend the vast truth of its gigantic solitude, the rendering, be it in verse, story or upon canvas, will fall short of the aim of true art. The problems it presents to the Eastern or European painter are enormous. Accepted laws for color harmony, light and shadow, atmospheric or tonal renderings, count for naught in this varitinted land of unrealities. It is utterly useless for the Eastern artist to think for a moment that he can come to the Southwest for a limited stay, secure a portfolio of sketches, and return to his city studio to finish his work at his leisure. Some workers of accepted merit have tried this and found the result far from gratifying. To paint the West one must know the West; and to know it means to love it. A true

lover can as a rule interpret the moods of his beloved with unerring perception. It is obvious that the field of Western art will never be overcrowded. To paint the real West one must be a product of the country, bone of its bone. The Southwest must virtually produce its own interpreters.

It is not only impossible but unjust to these able painters to attempt to assemble details and fit the argument to any specific locality or conditions in view of the great expanse of the territory embraced. To keep abreast with the latest developments, or to single out the colony where the most comprehensive work is being done, would mean almost continued travel into the uttermost parts. Many of the strongest Southwestern painters are to be found in their unique city homes either in Los Angeles, Pasadena, San Diego or Santa Barbara, at certain brief intervals, but each season they are scattered from the wind-torn coast of the Santa Rosa Islands to the sun-bleached vastness of the New Mexican desert. Taos, New Mexico, has of late years become a Mecca of the Western genre painters. J. H. Sharp, E. A. Burbank, E. Irving Couse, Warren E. Rollins, Fernand Lungren, and the late Frank P. Sauerwein have maintained studios at this pueblo, the better to study and paint the life of the red men. Elmer and Marion Kavanaugh Wachtel make yearly pilgrimages into the Hopi land and always return laden with rich spoils. William Wendt, Benjamin Chambers Brown, Gardner Symons and Norman St. Clair find rich material for their individual expression in the oak-hung canyons and golden mesas of Southern California.

To declare that the new West yet possesses a definite school of landscape painting would be not only erroneous but absurd. But I do believe, that, judging by present achievements and the quality of the work which is being turned out by such earnest painters as I have just named, the foundation for a new and distinct school of American art is already accomplished.



OUR FRIENDS THE TREES

IT IS not often in these days that one hears of a finer bit of sentiment than that shown by a man who, because of the "great love that I bear this tree and the great desire that I have for its protection for all time," bequeathed the land it stood upon and "all land within a radius of eight feet of the tree on all sides"—to the tree itself! Perhaps no court of law would regard such a deed as valid, but the high court of justice and love that eternally holds session in men's hearts has seen to it that the letter and the spirit also of the deed are not violated. A tablet has been placed on the tree announcing that the tree holds title to the land because a man once loved it, and it is as safe from destructive hands as if an army with stacked bayonets were camped about it, instead of the invisible army of man's chivalry—and a few stacked cornstalks perhaps.

No man or woman can look at such an outward and visible sign of another's love for a tree without a sympathetic throb of the heart, an appreciation of the motive that suggested such a tribute, for trees have ever won man's admiration, have held, without betrayal, his secrets of love or ambition, comforted his grief with tender rustle of leaf and quickened his finer sensibilities.

It is easy to understand why primitive man imagined them to be the dwelling-places of gods, for they gave him shelter, warmth and food, ministered to his comforts and needs with godlike attributes.

The sweetest memories that a man has of his boyhood home often cluster round the trees. The large maple in the front yard that tossed such brilliant glowing leaves on the grass for him to play with, the apple-tree he first learned to climb in search of the red, red tempting fruit on the topmost bough, the little grove at the edge of the far pasture where hickory nuts grew, the birch and the beech that shaded the big pool where many trout lurked.

The rustle of poplar leaves has been known to stay the hand of a man from committing a wicked deed, because it reminded him of home, and of the brave and good plans he had made for his life when a boy, but had somehow forgotten.

Lives there a man who has not as a boy carved the name of some sweet maid upon some tree, while his heart beat fast for fear that she might see it, or else stopped altogether with the sickening thought that perhaps she might *not* see it!

What tender secrets of love have been whispered under branches that spread over the lovers like arms outspread in benediction.

Trees are more beloved than flowers by many people because of their permanency and of the associations that invariably cling about

them, the memories that are ever being awakened by sight of trees of like nature. They give immense character to every landscape; they proclaim in unmistakable words the quality of the ground, the climate, the civilization of every locality. The literature of our country is richly jeweled with word or song of them, and they have set their impress upon both history and religion.

The farmer is now planting them for æsthetic purposes as well as for revenue, and they are of service to him in many ways, besides the direct sale of their fruit or as lumber. As windbreaks they raise the temperature of the farm and often save a garden from frosts. The soil of hilltops would be eroded were it not for those universal friends and benefactors. They afford protection to the house in winter and give grateful shade in summer.

"But this I say, such skilful art
Had planned the trees, that each apart
Six fathoms stood, yet like a net
The interlacing branches met
Through which no scorching rays could pass."

Trees are beautiful in the winter when they have given all their leaves for the protection of the little tender growing things at their feet, and the delicate tracery of their branches is revealed. They are beautiful in summer, when in silhouette against the night sky, and when spring bids them announce her return, and in the fall, when they pass to their winter's sleep in sunset colors of summer's day.

WHEN we climb a mountain we look back now and then at the valley just to enjoy the new aspect of our familiar trees, to see them from above instead of below. Instead of rugged gnarled oaks, tall pine tree shafts, elm plumes, we see a velvet carpet, apparently, and we smile with delight at the lovely picture. Some of the trees are in groups, set in the midst of sealike green meadows, little arboreal islands. Some of them seem marching down the foothills to the valley like ranks of soldiers. They crowd along the riverbank, open ranks to let a road pass through, patrol the orchards and stand guard at a home. They are like intelligent human folk and we love them anew, for they and the grass and the waters have added so much to the loveliness, pleasure and usefulness of the world.

"Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world,
With the wonderful water around you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast,
World, you are beautifully dressed!"

It is a very great satisfaction to know that people of every rank and of every degree of education are now recognizing the worth of

our trees, are cherishing them and seeking ways to preserve them. The whole nation is aroused to active interest in the subject, bureaus have been formed to watch over them, schools established where silvaculture and dendrology are taught to many young men who are to make the preservation of trees their lifework. Tree surgeons have arisen who work as sympathetically, tenderly and skilfully to prolong the life of their patients as do the surgeons who operate upon their human invalids. Arbor days are now national institutions, the school children as well as learned and far-seeing men are interested and agree together to plant at least one tree a year in a city street, village green, schoolyard, home garden. Private reserves as well as those of the Government are increasing, people stoop to place a protecting stone or two around a tiny seedling instead of thoughtlessly stepping upon it. Our Government reserves have not been established merely to keep the supply of timber from being exhausted, or that the water-sheds may remain intact and climatic conditions undisturbed, but these vast tracts of land where trees are growing have been set aside that they may be used as parks or recreation centers. For trees have a great influence upon men as well as upon climate, as everybody knows. "Why is it that when I walk under certain trees large and melodious thoughts descend upon me?" questioned Whitman.

The study of trees quickens our love of them, and love again shows a way to greater wisdom concerning them. We may not understand them by measuring their height, counting their leaves, knowing their scientific names, any more than we may understand our friend by knowing his name, age, weight, wealth. But if we *love* our friend, all these and infinitely finer things will he reveal to us, for he will continually grant fresh aspect of his inner life.

IT IS good to live, occasionally at least, among the trees, if for no other reason than to learn the secret of their individuality. If storms beat upon them, they but gain in strength—a loss of a limb increases rather than diminishes their dignity. An old tree holds our interest as an old man holds it, for life has tested it as it has tested the man, has tried it in many ways, and its inherent character stands plainly revealed, so plainly that it seems to belong to the race of human beings. This personal quality of trees is nowhere more noticeable than in the mountains, for there the storms are frequent and severe, bringing out clearly the metal of their lives.

The hemlocks lean close to the mountains, sending strong roots deep into the crevices of the rocks that their grasp may not be loosened. The winds have chiseled them, shorn them of uniform sym-

metrical lines, but their character has become intensified, not lost.

The yellow pine stands straight as a sentinel, sways pliantly to the fury of the winds, holds its arms close folded to its body. In sunshine and in rain a golden light emanates from it as brightness emanates from some people, for its light is not dependent upon reflection.

The sugar pine dwells in solitude upon the high places, for it loves a wide vision, and rare indeed is the ridge unclaimed by one of these astronomer-like trees.

After this personal quality of some trees has been seen, it is easy to detect it in all other trees. The elm is like a home-loving woman, and is never more lovely than when near some doorway, gracing the exterior of a home as a sweet woman adds grace to the home within.

The white birch stands lightly poised as a young girl and is fair and white. Its branches grow upward like arms upraised in a dance; lightness and buoyancy are in every motion.

Does not the oak show a dignity and protective strength, masculine in quality? And when walking through the forests do we not feel as if in the presence of holy people?

The pine is a musician, a sympathetic accompanist for Nature in all her moods. When "The needles of the pine, all to the west incline," it chants aloud exultantly, rapturously. When the full moon appears with its attendant zephyrs, it murmurs soft melodies, croons tender lullabies. It is never without this ariose beauty, though quiet indeed must be the lover who hears it in the hour before the dawn.

The waterfalls and cliffs of the Yosemite Valley might fall into the ranks of mere natural wonders were it not for the trees that companion them. They have made of the Valley a place of marvelous beauty so that with all sensitive people it is the beauty rather than the wonder of it that remains in the memory.

Nature loves her trees, loves to ornament and bless the earth with them, so she sees to it that they multiply and increase upon the world. The winds, waters, birds and animals are her clever and industrious assistants and carry the seeds far and wide at her bidding. She places delicate wings upon some of them, and when the hour is ripe, they fly, with the wind as a guide, far away from the parent tree, nestle in some nook of the wind's choosing, and grow according to the dictates of their own heart, true to the traditions of their kind, never looking about, aping the life of their neighbors. Some seeds are caught by courier waters and borne to new homes; some are hidden in bright berries which swiftly flying birds carry afar and deposit in new fields. Squirrels gather some from topmost

branches and energetically bury them with quick-working little hands in distant pastures.

IT IS a delightful plan to associate yourself with Nature's staff of gardeners and pick up a few nuts, cones or winged seeds as you pass some abundant crop of them and plant them in some less favored place. You can fill your pockets with them and as you walk along tuck them into the earth one at a time, along sunny roadsides, barren fence corners, open meadows, in your own dooryard, your neighbor's pasture, the village lane. Many of these will grow, for a favorable opportunity is all that most seeds require, and you will have the joy of being a helper in a great cause, planting for another's reaping, and adding to the resources of the world, and to its beauties. Trees, and flowers also, if you like, will then spring up in the path you have trodden as they were said to do in the wake of fairies and gods.

If you desire a particular tree in your garden it is a simple matter to go to its haunts and coax it home with you. If you do not want to wait for the seed to grow, you can select a straight little seedling, one that is not really needed where it is, loosen the earth about it with cautious hands, being careful not to injure the vital tap root. It will survive the breaking of many rootlets, but the tap root must be intact if you wish it to grow, and must be set straight in roomy new quarters and not left all curled together.

Trees are unequaled for making a home beautiful and attractive, and they add more to a sense of "homeiness" than the most elaborate architecture.

It is just this "homeiness" that is the secret, or perhaps we may say the basis (for it certainly is too poorly concealed to be called a secret) of so universal a love of trees. The most "sour-faced" man will sweeten at sight of trees that remind him of boyhood days, when he played about them barefoot and carefree, rocked in their branches, as if in his own swift chariot or his boat of many sails, dreaming dreams of the open world before him, seeing visions that have remained forever with him.

The boy

> "Who liveth by the ragged pine
> Foundeth a heroic line;
> Who liveth in the palace hall
> Waneth fast and spendeth all."

A pine unknowingly but very surely keys a boy's life to simplicity and dignity, brings him back, if he should wander, to the first principles of singleness of purpose, of loyalty and allegiance

to the worth-while things he learned in his youth. When a man remembers the fragrant pine he rested under at the edge of the furrow, and the one at the entrance of the grove as he broke trail through the deep snow in search of the firewood stored in the summer against this very season's need, he recalls also how he guided the old horse round a fallen tree, in and out through the ranks of them, dodging a sapling that it be not crushed, and the wordless whispered council that the pine gave him as he rested the panting old horse stayed with him through life, for some way it conveyed to him the secret of individuality, of greatness; it baptized him into an understanding of all that goes to make up a worth-while life. The pine grows from within outward; looking neither here nor there for inspiration, expecting neither admiration nor praise, and some way a boy catches these illusive teachings of a tree and holds fast to them.

LURES

SCENT o' the grass!
Needeth no challenging from any lass
To stir the heart, when in the breeze you pass!

Scent o' the fern!
Once breathed,—from out the trodden ways I turn
And follow,—cool green mysteries to learn.

Call o' the thrush!
Ere twilight veils the last faint sunset blush,
What silvern ripple haunts the hillside? Hush!

Scent o' the pine!
Far up, where swaying branches roof your shrine,
Surf-whispers voice a harmony divine.

Scent o' dry clover!
In sun-drawn fragrance o'er the field you hover,
And mowing's here, and summer dreams are over!

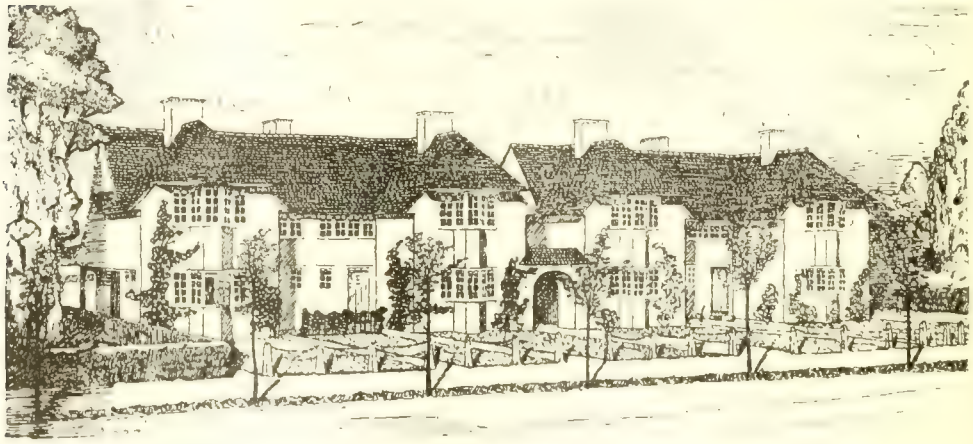
ALDIS DUNBAR.

MODERN COUNTRY HOMES IN ENGLAND: BY BARRY PARKER: NUMBER FOURTEEN

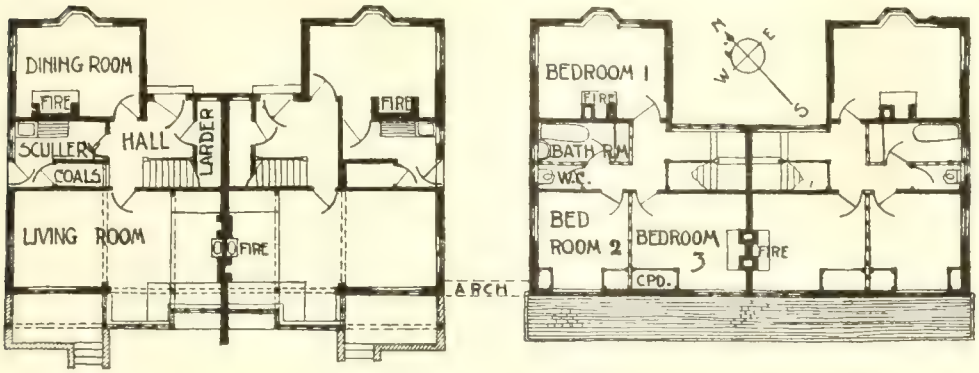
IT IS not merely that a quiet dignity, a serenity and sense of sincerity will almost always be the natural outcome of building to express and fulfil definite sensible purposes, and to secure real advantages; but symmetry and balance will almost inevitably result,—such symmetry and balance moreover as seems to elude those who definitely make it their object, as surely as does happiness those who pursue it. Perhaps few things will impress more forcibly one who arranges rooms so as to gain the most for the occupants than the tendency the rooms evince to fall into a symmetrical and balanced scheme.

We have an instinct that there is something inherently right in the symmetrical arrangement of certain buildings. This we find grows in strength as we strive after a sensible arrangement of them; and symmetry so arrived at will probably have a feeling of inevitability unattainable where balance of parts has been regarded as of first importance.

Mr. Alfred Gotch in his admirable book, "The Growth of the English House," gives some most striking anachronisms produced in the eighteenth century by designing formal façades in accordance with measurements and rules of proportion, and then trying to fit to them the required accommodation. These methods have produced results almost as unhappy as the striving after the picturesque in later times. Mr. Gotch instances a house in which "the windows of the attic story are in the frieze of the entablature that encompasses



HOUSES ESPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR TENANTS IN HAMPSTEAD WAY, HAMPSTEAD, NEAR LONDON, ENGLAND.



FLOOR PLANS FOR THE FOUR HOUSES IN HAMPSTEAD WAY.

the building" and says, "This would allow a width of from three to four feet by a height which could only be measured by inches for the windows of rooms of considerable area, a complete sacrifice of internal comfort for the sake of external effect."

He goes on to instance something worse, of which Kent said, "the lodging rooms for servants receive their light from the hall," and another in which "they are lighted from the roof hidden from observation." All this done to allow an entablature to come where the attic windows should have come. I cannot do better than quote further extracts: "Some offices made five or six times as large as there is any sense in having them, and others cramped to almost impossible dimensions that they may be symmetrical in elevation, as we have in the design referred to in article Number Eight. Parapets or pediments erected in front of attic windows shutting out all prospect therefrom. Rooms designed merely to balance others having to fulfil functions to which the position assigned them is entirely unsuitable. Window openings in city buildings where every gleam of light is valuable to the rooms partly filled with stonework which takes no share of the weight of superstructures. Windows built blind for the sake of uniformity with others, or windows cut across with floors or staircases. Windows made rather of the size and shape, and in the positions dictated by the external appearance aimed at than to fit the sizes and shapes of the rooms."

So long as these things are done will the following extracts from Mr. Gotch prove valuable:

"In Isaac Ware's 'Complete Body of Architecture,' written for students of the art, and published in seventeen hundred and fifty-six, several chapters of the third book are devoted to explaining how a house of this kind should be designed. The author supposes a

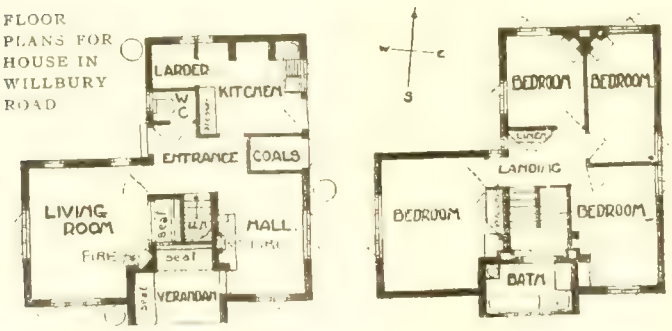
gentleman with a moderate family to be desirous of building a house in the country 'without columns, or other expensive decorations handsome, though not pompous.' After having laid down exact external measurements for a central block and its wings, Isaac Ware proceeds to the construction and distribution of the various rooms, bearing in mind that it is 'always best to accommodate the inner distribution of a house to the outer aspect when that can conveniently be done.'"

Of the design for a house so arrived at Mr. Gotch says: "It is evident that the gentleman with the moderate family would have to keep his personal predilections as to aspect, prospect, the relation of rooms, one to the other, and matters incidental to comfort, strictly in subjection, in order not to conflict with the proportions and outlines laid down by his architect." . . . "The left-hand block contains the kitchen, the right-hand the stables. Of the six ground-floor windows in the outlying blocks, the exigencies of internal arrangement require that four should be shams, although they are in the forefront of his architectural composition; and it is probable that some of the upper windows followed suit." "The route from the kitchen to the dining room lies across a lobby, a room and fifty feet of open arcade before it arrives at the outer wall of the central house wherein the dining room is situated.

"When these and other inconveniences are borne in mind, it is manifest that such principles of design could have no lasting vitality."

The aim in such methods was to produce stateliness and dignity. But are not the artificiality of an entablature which displaces the attic windows from their natural position and similar insincerities destructive of dignity? Should we not rather welcome a natural falling into symmetrical form which a building may evince, not forcing it where the result would be artificial?

In addition to an intuitive feeling for the symmetrical arrangement of buildings, we have an instinct for uniformity when it is logical and natural. Certainly the introduction of variety for its own sake would seem to be almost as dangerous as to try and fit planning to



FLOOR PLANS FOR HOUSE IN WILLBURY ROAD

Barry Parker & Raymond Unwin, Architects.

HOUSE IN WILLBURY ROAD [illegible]
WORTH, HERTFORDSHIRE, ENGLAND

[illegible]

[illegible]

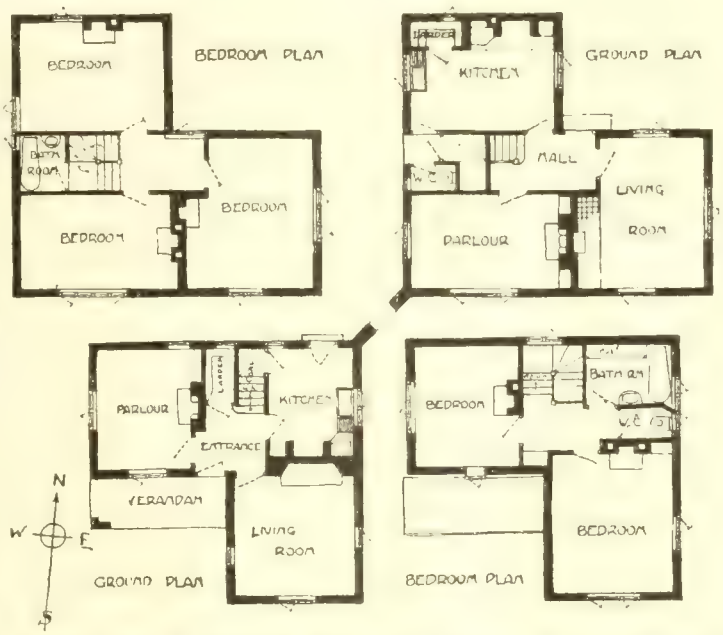
Barry [illegible]

[illegible]

TWO HOUSES AT BUSHEY MEAD, SHOWING INTERESTING ARRANGEMENT ON A SQUARE PLOT OF GROUND TO PROVIDE A [illegible] AMOUNT OF [illegible]

preconceived façades.

That variety which springs from creative faculty and imagination, and is a spontaneous expression of a delight in beauty, or that variety which has come from the designer having something different to express or something he must express better, will generally be delightful to behold; but few things have more clearly revealed poverty of imagination than have instances of the introduction of variety for its own sake. We shall seldom, if ever, find such variety to have been a good exchange for the quiet and calm which might have resulted from uniformity.



FLOOR PLANS OF COTTAGES DIAGONALLY PLACED AT RUSHBY MEAD.

As an example, the alternating of rounded with pointed pediments over a range of windows might be cited, where obviously there is no reason why all should not have been alike, and if one were more beautiful than the other, why not that style throughout? The purpose to be fulfilled by each is the same. One does not express anything which the other does not, and alternating them only destroys the quiet and composure of the effect.

So symmetry will play an important part in producing happy results in houses to be occupied by their owners, and variety introduced for its own sake will play its part in destroying these.

In this and all the foregoing articles I have confined myself to houses designed for those who were to live in them. But the problems presented to the designer of houses built to let or sell are very different from those which arise in designing a house for the owner's occupancy. In the latter a due expression of the owner's personality has to be weighed against his duty to his neighbors not to thrust that personality upon them, but to present a quiet restrained

exterior to them. In the former, anything striking or noticeable in external appearance is more easily avoided, and the expression of the individuality not left to the interior merely from a sense of fitness but of necessity. The help of a natural symmetry is more likely than ever to come to the aid of the designer, but perhaps the temptation to introduce variety for its own sake will, to those who feel it at all, prove stronger.

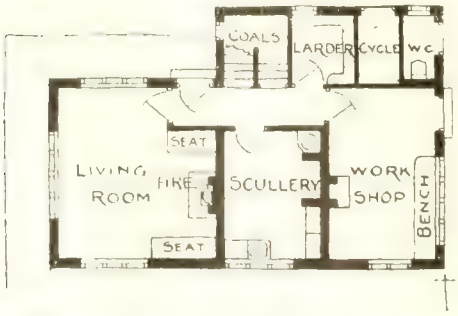
When building houses to let or for sale there is a greater probability that a number will be designed and built together, thus facilitating a more complete and comprehensive architectural scheme.

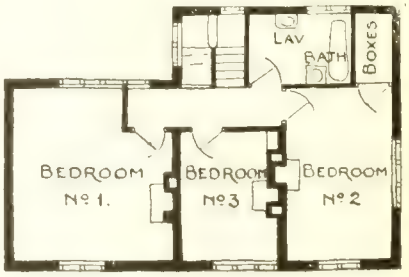
I have chosen to give here the design for four houses built at Hampstead on Hampstead Way, not only because the expense of each was between one thousand five hundred dollars and two thousand dollars, the cost we have now arrived at as we go down the scale of prices—but because they form a link between the more personal and individual treatment possible to houses designed for their occupants and the more generalized treatment of those to be let or sold.

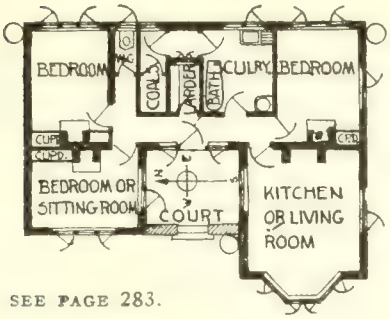
Each of these four houses was built by and for its tenant, and the design for each was in its early stages influenced far more by the special requirements and wishes of the individual owner than it was in its later stages. One by one the special features of each house were dropped by each client as due consideration was given to the desirable quietness and composure of the external appearance of houses, which were so close together as to be almost in the nature of a terrace. At one stage, in fact, the design for these houses took the form of a row of four, that one at any rate of those narrow gaps between houses, which do so much to disfigure our suburban streets, might be avoided, and the comfort and pleasantness of the houses increased. But in this I was not able to carry my clients with me.

The use which has been made of the space under the stairs

FLOOR PLAN OF HOUSE IN CROFT LANE. SEE PAGE 282.





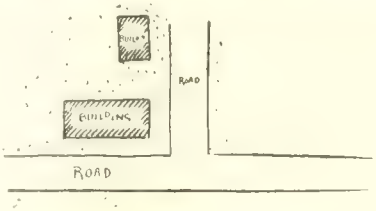


SEE PAGE 283.

FLOOR PLANS OF BUNGALOW AT RUSHBY MEAD.

is, perhaps, the most interesting feature of the house in Willbury Road at Letchworth, as in Haygrove Cottage; some of it is occupied by a seat at the back of the veranda or loggia over which there is plenty of headroom, under the half-landing, for anyone sitting, but not when standing. The rest is occupied with a seat by the living-room fire similarly situated as to headroom, as is shown by the photograph of this room. This is, of course, a very small house and part of the hall must be available as a second sitting room, hence no traffic should pass through it, and those in it should not be liable to be disturbed by visitors whom there is no necessity for them to see. It must be easy for such a visitor to be shown into the living room without disturbing the occupants of the hall. If the two parts of this hall were absolutely separated by a door, each would be cramped and the house, as a whole, would seem much more cramped than it does now.

The plan for the house in Croft Lane at Letchworth has proved to be one of the most economical for a site where the frontage is not so limited as to dictate a squarer form. We should be warned against the too common assumption that the square form of plan is necessarily under all conditions the most economical. It results in a big span of roof, and therefore in much space in the roof. If this space can advantageously be made use of, the square plan will generally prove economical, but it so often happens that it cannot be thus used, either because (though desirable) it is not worth the expense and the sacrifice of space on the floor below entailed by building a staircase up to it, or because the required upper-floor accommodation can be provided over the ground-floor accommodation without an attic story.



BLOCK PLAN OF DOCTOR'S HOUSE AT LETCHWORTH.

In such cases the square form of plan may not prove economical because the greater span of the roof might entail stronger roof timbers, or more expense in walling erected to carry the roof than would a roof of smaller span suited to a more elongated plan.

The principle involved in the above is really the basis of the economy which has been found to result from spreading out all the

accommodation required in a very small house upon the one floor and building it in the form of a bungalow, the idea being that the saving of a staircase and the space that it takes up more than repays the cost of the additional roofing and foundation work entailed by all rooms being on the one floor. Obviously, this only applies to very small houses.

We give illustrations of the type of house that it has proved economical to build in bungalow form. The bungalow has advantages some highly appreciate. Housewives find that eliminating the exertion of running up and down stairs, together with that of cleaning the staircase, reduces the work of housekeeping considerably, and that there is a handiness, accessibility and convenience in having all rooms on one floor which must be experienced to be fully appreciated.

A book might easily and advantageously be written upon methods of treating corner plots and designing buildings to turn corners at the junction of two or more streets. Certainly the customary method shown in the diagram has been responsible for very much ugliness.

When speaking of and illustrating a doctor's house at Bradford, I suggested a little consideration of this point, and again in a doctor's house at Letchworth a way of avoiding the unpleasant results of the customary method of designing for corner plots is suggested.

Here in two houses in Rushby Mead at Letchworth in which the customary method of turning the corner would have been followed, I was glad to be able to be sure that the suggestion here illustrated should be carried out. The gain is not only architectural, and in appearance, but each house is pleasantly set back from the road to overlook a little green garden, and all the principal rooms have a south aspect. In addition, some danger to vehicular traffic, which exists when buildings come up to a corner, is avoided, for drivers from either direction can see what they will meet when they turn the corner.

In the next article I intend to sum up the suggestions I have made as applicable to houses designed for their occupants. But designing houses for the owners' occupancy is after all only one part of an architect's work. A greater part consists in designing houses to be let, workshops, studios, offices, etc., of alterations and additions to existing buildings, laying out gardens, designing of small public buildings, schools, sanatoria, etc., decoration and furnishing, and specially of the laying out of land for building purposes. So I shall pass on to consider each of these in its turn.

AUGUSTE RODIN: A VISIT TO MEUDON: BY JESSIE LEMONT

"Look now where—Rodin's fingers shape
White souls that escape their heavy prison of immortal clay."
FLOYD DELL.

A FRENCH railway station is a Tower of Babel to the uninitiated, and on a Sunday morning when the heavens smile and the sunshine beckons all the world to the countryside, one accustomed to a quiet American Sabbath experiences a curious and interesting impression of French temperament and French character. The railway runs through meadows and green fields, past charming little farmhouses nestling their white sides in a bright bloom of flowers and cool green,—for the French gardens are glowing and lovely as those of England,—and one catches glimpses of fascinating old chateaux set in a landscape rich with the mellow beauty of late summer.

One hour's ride from Paris, at the fifth stopping-place, one reads, "Meudon" and alights on the platform in the sweet, fresh morning air. The birds are all atwitter with joy of the weather; the valley of St. Cloud and the winding river lie far below, the town of Meudon rises above; and, up still farther heights, in imposing and magnificent command, crowning the hilltop, stands the Villa des Brillants, the home and workshop, the atelier and the museum of Rodin.

After an uphill drive of two miles, through pretty village lanes hedged with flower and vine and shrub and tree,—a tangle of sweet odors and luxuriant growth—the roadway stretches still farther upward and then, on a long, level sweep, brings one to a fine, old French homestead reposing in the midst of beautiful gardens.

Standing in the gateway, waiting, with a smile on his lips and a welcome in his eyes, the most distinguished sculptor of the present century bends with charming courtesy and—in French fashion—with simple dignity and winning grace, kisses the hand of his guest in greeting.

One walks with the sculptor a hundred or more yards up the garden path, under trellised grape-vines and arches of foliage,—here and there embowering and half-concealing rustic seats,—and comes upon the edge of a cliff which commands one of the finest views in all France. Some two hundred feet below flows the winding Seine with its two arched bridges; far away to the front rise the minarets of St. Cloud, and all about are the rolling hills and fertile valleys of northern France, a billowing sea of vivid green.

The sculptor pauses for a moment before a Greek torso at the entrance of an inner garden—a softly rounded woman's form, a won-

drous Aphrodite of ages gone by, resting on an old marble pedestal beneath the shadows of overhanging branches of green trees. The sculptor's hand with loving lightness of touch follows sweepingly over the swelling bosoms, the perfect lines of shoulders and hips.

"This is Art perfected!"

Farther on he points out the white colonnades that flank the entrance of the home of his art—the Museum—a separate building from his dwelling, though close by—and he refers with interest to his book on Architecture now in the hands of the publishers.

He speaks of the Greek and Roman coins and medals.

"It is interesting to note that the finest and most beautiful heads we find on these coins are those of women whose apparent age is bordering on forty—or perhaps between thirty-five and forty-five"—says the sculptor. "That is the time of fullest development not only of the intelligence and spiritual perceptiveness, but also of physical charm—the time when life is most keen, the faculties, the senses, most alive and awakened."

He speaks also of the world's great masterpieces of Art as the fruition of emotion carried to its highest. "We speak of the ecstasy of religion; this 'emotion' we know not whence it comes—it is God given. It is that same power that has inspired great lovers, great artists—great saints—'Ecstasy' that produces—that generates—that creates—gives birth to all that is greatest and most noble—to Art—to Life itself."

And Rodin's blue eyes flash with the fire of the inner flame of youth and keen interest and zest in life as we pass lingeringly through the winding leafy garden paths.

IT IS in this garden that Rodin places his completed work for final pronouncement. One has glimpses of white forms of heroic mold through the branches of interlacing trees. In an open sunlit space a workman with mallet and chisel puts some ringing strokes on a great figure emerging from a marble block, and one watches with interest the slow development and rhythmic flow of line following the flashing steel. Walking all about the growing and unfolding contours, one seeks each point of view with keen delight in the firm roundness of the arm, the strength of the torso, the fine poise of the shoulders and throat, the noble carriage of the head.

The garden is a fit setting for these creations of Rodin; the vast background of the faraway hills; and the open air,—lighting to vivid tints the frame of surrounding green, brings out to a fulness of beauty the noble forms and the powerful sweep of lines of his conceptions.

But it is in the Museum that one finds the greatest variety and scope of his work.

There is "The Man Who Awakes to Nature"—stretching out his arms in a fine passion for life, in a first perception, a dawning consciousness of being, an awakening of body and soul to beauty and joy and knowledge and power.

The Saint John the Baptist might be the incarnation of Sudermann's "Johannes"—that Saint John whom we first perceive striding forth from the shadow of the wild and rocky fastnesses near Jerusalem, the distant horizon lighted up by the reflection of the fires of the great altar of burnt-offering. There is another figure of Saint John, incomplete, without the head and arms. Look at this figure in the garden of Meudon, bathed in the dewy light. See its tremendous movement, its power, its *spring* of muscular vitality, its magnificent action.

Turn from the statue of Saint John to the marvelous little bronze "La Vielle Heaulmierge." There in that reincarnation of Villon's ballad is contained "the strength and depth of tragedy, the whole drama of the human body's ruin."

FREDERIC LAWTON, in his life of Rodin, says:

"How many types of women Rodin has reproduced, each with peculiar psychic qualities looking through the eyes and revealed all over the physiognomy, can hardly be ascertained. The bust of Mademoiselle Claudel is well named "Thought." There is a deliberate suppression of the sensuous element, even to the hair. The face appears between the mob cap that hides the ears with its crimped curve, and the block of marble that rises to the nape of the neck and the chin and has some fashion of resemblance to a body roughly hewn. The beauty of the features is less physical. The cheeks are thinner, the nose more masculine, the brow and chin squarer, the mouth firmer. There is another attraction, however; it is the spirituality spread over the countenance and shining in the eyes,—those unmistakably feminine. It is a spirituality of reflection and self-communion that has burned and refined the material into something more purely lovely."

What a variation from this theme is expressed in the splendid group of the "Bourgeois of Calais," that memorial of brave men who gave themselves to save the lives of the inhabitants of the vanquished and doomed city. Although the monument was suggested by the "Chronicle of Froissart," "the six figures, heroic creatures of an untoward fate, are sufficiently typical of the destiny which overhangs them and has overhung others."

ARTHUR SYMONS in his essay on Rodin in his "Studies in Seven Arts" sums up Rodin's work in a masterly fashion. "All Rodin's work is," he says, "founded on a conception of force, the force of the earth, then the two conflicting forces, man and woman; with always, behind and beyond, the secret, unseizable, inexplicable force of that mystery which surrounds the vital energy of the earth itself, as it surrounds us in our existence on the earth. Out of these forces he has chosen for the most part the universal, vivifying force of sex.

"In man he represents the obvious energy of nature, thews and muscles, bones, strength of limb; in woman, the exquisite strength of weakness, the subtler energy of the senses. They fight the eternal battle of sex, their embraces are a grapple of enemies, they seek each other that they may overcome each other. And the woman, softly, overcomes, to her own perdition. The man holds her in the hollow of his hand, as God holds both Man and Woman; he could close his hand upon the fragile thing that nestles there and crush it; but something paralyzes his muscles in a tender inaction. The hand will never close over her."

To quote Rudolph Dircks, "Rodin has expressed in 'The Kiss,' 'Eternal Springtime' and in that singularly beautiful group, 'The Idol of Eternity,' the theme of the eternal man and woman, the creation of a mind which sees in the act of a lover's caress, in its passion and mystery, a universal and permanent symbol.

"In Rodin's drawings, which constitute in themselves so interesting a development of his art, there is little of the delicacy of beauty. They are notes for the clay, *instantanés*, and they note only movement, expression. They are done in two minutes, by a mere gallop of the hand over paper, with the eye fixed on some unconscious pose of the model. And here, it would seem (if, indeed, accident did not enter so largely into the matter) that a point in sentiment had been reached in which the perverse idealism of Baudelaire has disappeared and a simpler kind of cynicism takes its place. In these astonishing drawings from the nude we see Woman carried to a further point of simplicity than even in Degas: Woman the animal; Woman, in a strange sense, the idol. Not even the Japanese have simplified drawing to this illuminating scrawl in four lines, enclosing the whole mystery of the flesh. Each drawing indicates as if in the rough block of stone a single violent movement."

According to Arthur Symons, "Every figure that Rodin created is in the act of striving toward something: A passion, an idea, a state of being, quiescence itself. His 'Gates of Hell'—that great door for the 'Musee des Arts Decoratifs'—which derived its subject

from the cantos of Dante's 'Inferno'—are a headlong flight and falling, in which all the agonies of a place of torment, which is Baudelaire's rather than Dante's, swarm in actual movement. 'Femmes damnées' lean upward and downward out of hollow caves and mountainous crags, they cling to the edge of the world, off which their feet slip, they embrace blindly over a precipice, they roll together into bottomless pits of descent. Arms wave in appeal and clasp shuddering bodies in an extremity of despair."

Of the much disputed statue of Balzac Arthur Symons says:

"Here is the Balzac, with its royal air, shouldering the crowd apart, as it steps into the final solitude and the triumph. It is the thinker of action, the visionary creator of worlds, standing there like a mountain that has become man. The pose is that of a rock against which all waves must dash themselves in vain. There is exultation, a kind of ferocity of enjoyment of life, in the great beaked head, the great jaws, the eagle's eyes under the crag of eyebrows. And the rock suggests the man, the worker wrapped in the monastic habit of his dressing gown, all supple force under the loose folds of molded clay, stands there as if growing up out of the earth, planted for the rest of time. It is the proudest thing that has been made out of clay.

"It is Balzac, but it is more than Balzac; it is the genius and the work of Balzac; it is *Seraphita* and *Vautrin* and *Lucien* and *Valerie;* it is the energy of the artist and the solitude of the thinker and the abounding temperament of the man; and it is the triumph of all this in one supreme incarnation which seems to give new possibilities to sculpture."

Standing in Rodin's studio at Meudon where the work of his life is so largely represented, one is affected by a sense of the universal. These various forms and groups do not speak to one with the art of Greece, of eternal beauty; but, as it were, with a suggestion of the voice of the stars, of forces curiously blending the primeval and the contemporary.

And looking upon the man himself as one takes one's farewell, one thinks of "that psychological moment which is the *supreme test of character*, when we either sink into the pragmatic stolidity of middle age, or rouse ourselves into a more intense appreciation of the romance of life." Rodin is an embodiment of that romance where one stands "ecstatically upon the verge, no matter what the end may be."

A REACTION IN GERMANY FROM ART NOUVEAU BACK TO GENRE PAINTING

THE madly eccentric in art is still flourishing in Germany, in both easel and mural painting as well as in sculpture, decorative and monumental. Disjointed ladies in cobweb draperies, nightmare caricatures of Aubrey Beardsley's wildest dreams, adorn walls and ceilings of grave and pompous rooms, and men with Egyptian anatomy supporting unnecessary columns on broken necks or ruined faces are as popular as ever. Art Nouveau, senseless, whimsical, purposeless, still grips the studio of the German Empire as a whole. It touches poetry even, and has transformed modern German architecture into one vast mausoleum—a dining room the proper background for a funeral bier, and a bedroom suggesting a ceremonial exit from the world. Why a country villa should preferably resemble a showy, perhaps unnecessarily large tomb, and a city salon the resting place of all the dead Cæsars it is hard to understand, but so German "art" has rested for the past decade.

The reaction from this state of affairs is rare and usually back to the most definitely genre type of art expression. Perhaps the four most conspicuous examples of modern genre painting in Germany today are Leibl, Zügel, Schramm-Zittau and Richard Hoelscher of Darmstadt, whose work we are showing in this issue of THE CRAFTSMAN. Those who visited the exhibition of modern German paintings at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in the winter of nineteen hundred and nine will recall Zügel's animals as full of vigor and rarely sincere. Leibl also exhibited, and was noticeable for his admirable presentations of rural life. And Schramm-Zittau showed some of the most remarkable cackling, fluttering animated hens ever painted.

Hoelscher was not included among the few reactionaries at that exhibition, although well known in Munich and Paris. To have seen his work at all is always to remember his strong individual, absolutely sincere point of view toward his art. He approaches his work, as did his master in modern genre painting, Leibl; that is, he paints the simple folk as he finds them, at work, less often at play, however or wherever they may be. They never become his "models," but remain only his friends, busy and interested in work and life. This accounts in a large measure for the strength and reality of his work, and for the deep insight he shows into the spiritual conditions of the life he presents.

Beyond this even, he knows his people well, all their ways are a part of his daily life. He has fitted deeply into their environment, and is happy or sad in their own manner. His subjects are the villagers and farmers of his Hessian home; people who are hearty and healthy,

Reproduced from Deutsche Kunstdenkmäler

[illegible] FROM A PAINTING OF A [illegible]
[illegible] BY RICHARD HOLLOCHER

"TWILIGHT," FROM A PAINTING BY RICHARD HOLLSCHER

"MORNING," FROM A PAINTING BY RICHARD HOLLSCHER

[illegible]

"YOUTH," FROM A PAINTING OF HELLIAN PLAZANTS BY RICHARD HOLLSCHER

but bowed and bent in hard soul-wearying work. They are a reticent folk, giving their confidence only to trusted neighbors. Only an artist who was of themselves, a native, a friend could have found it possible to present them on canvas as Hoelscher has done. And how well he has accomplished his task, how sincerely he has painted as an artist, how wisely and tenderly as a neighbor.

One is astonished that a man so close to Millet's ideal of the genre painter should have remained so unknown to the modern seeker after truth in art. Perhaps the fact lies in Hoelscher's relation to the Hessians he paints; like them he is silent, reticent, belonging to a quiet land, painting for his own development and joy, not for the exhibition and picture dealer.

One has only to study a little into the quality of the illustrations of this article to realize how profoundly Richard Hoelscher understands and sympathizes with the people of his own land. He seems to know every phase of their possible experiences and to understand the depths of all their various emotional expression. And how utterly he loves them. There is nothing in the heart of the young girl dawning into womanhood, who is dreaming out into the romance of life, in spite of her daily toil and sordid surrounding, that Hoelscher has not felt intimately and depicted with sureness. Equally well he knows the woman, past the prime of life, who has found the disillusionment in her romance and turns to religion in order to get strength to face the mere sordidness that is left. But for that matter, religion is underlying all their lives, not merely spirituality as the modern intellectual man and woman are seeing it, but the old-fashioned religion in the printed word of the best-beloved Book. You find it in the face of the girl going to church. She is holding her prayer book with tender affection, and in her face is the happiness of one seeking real pleasure. Sunday is not a feast day wholly to her, with her best kerchief and her newest apron, it is a day of religious experience and uplifting. This is a fortunate thing when one considers the life of these people, wholly absorbed in toil.

That there is romance one cannot doubt if one studies the picture "Youth." Already these two young people have known the hardness of the toil that bends and weights them back to the soil. Yet there is very genuine poetry in this whole study of the springtime of love; the landscape full of the beauty and fragrance of the early part of the year, the girl's eyes dreamy with happiness and the youth struggling to express through his music what his halting speech would not be able to say. Indeed there seems nothing in all the hearts of all these people that Richard Hoelscher has not been able to put on his canvas, always with judgment, always with love.

SOME FAMOUS EMPIRE COUCHES, TYPICAL OF A FRENCH NEW-RICH CIVILIZATION

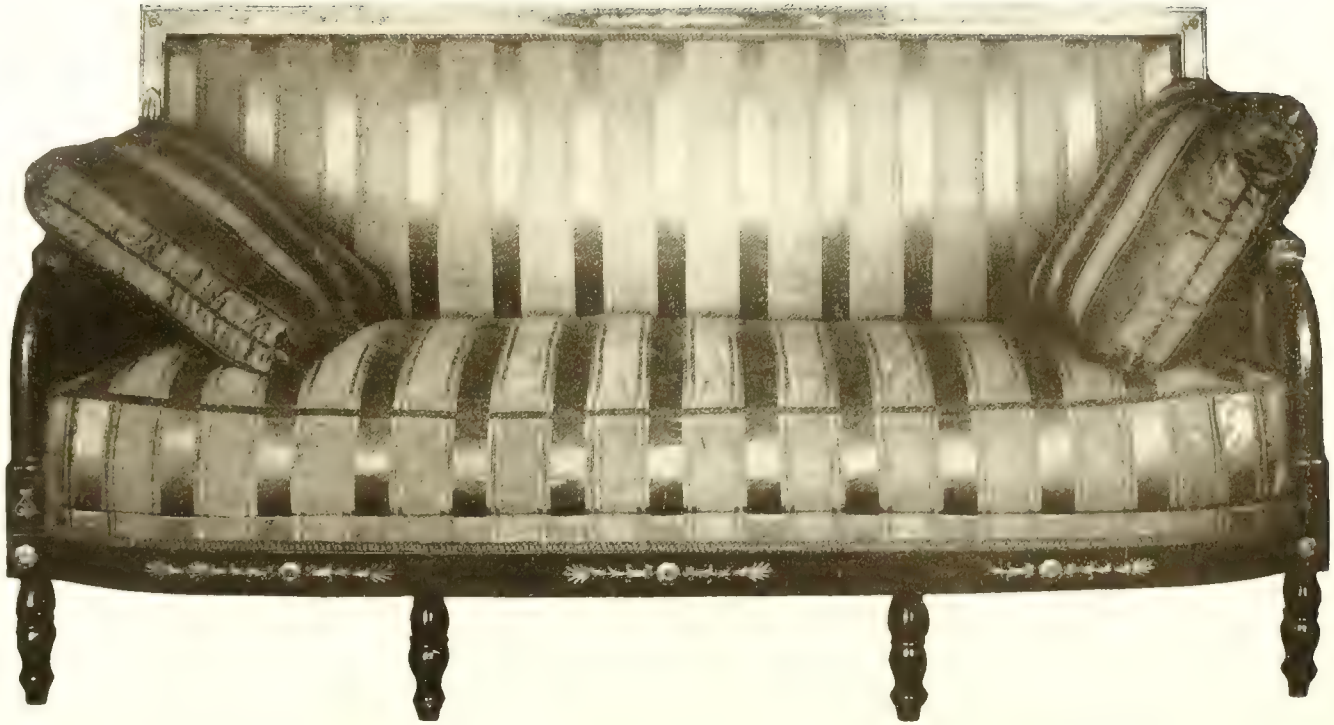
IN EARLIER times, when social distinctions were sharply drawn and the people who could afford to furnish their homes in the fashion of the day were practically of the one class, a period in decoration usually expressed the lives of that particular class only. As the customs varied the styles changed, so that we are now able to a great extent to classify these periods and relate their products to the characteristics of the people for whom they were originated,—as is shown by the somber massiveness of the Flemish and Early Dutch, the heavy ornateness of the Elizabethan, the gorgeousness and extravagance of this or that Louis, the lazy luxuriousness of the Empire, the simplicity of the Colonial.

The period we know as the Empire is perhaps more clearly expressive of the lives and habits of its originators and users than any other. Designed for a people who revolted against the ultra-aristocratic feeling of the Louis periods, perhaps without thinking deeply enough to know it, the Empire style seems to be constructed more along the line of adaptation to temperament than any other. The wealthy people of those days were in the main unused to luxury, and the things they instinctively craved were ease of body and sumptuousness of effect. Having been unaccustomed to comfort, the women of this class of the newly rich desired above all things splendor of color and softness of line, and chief among the appointments of the home of a fashionable woman of the day was the sofa or sofa-bed; in fact, sometimes one room would contain as many as two or three of these lounging places, one perhaps a trifle softer or longer or wider than the other.

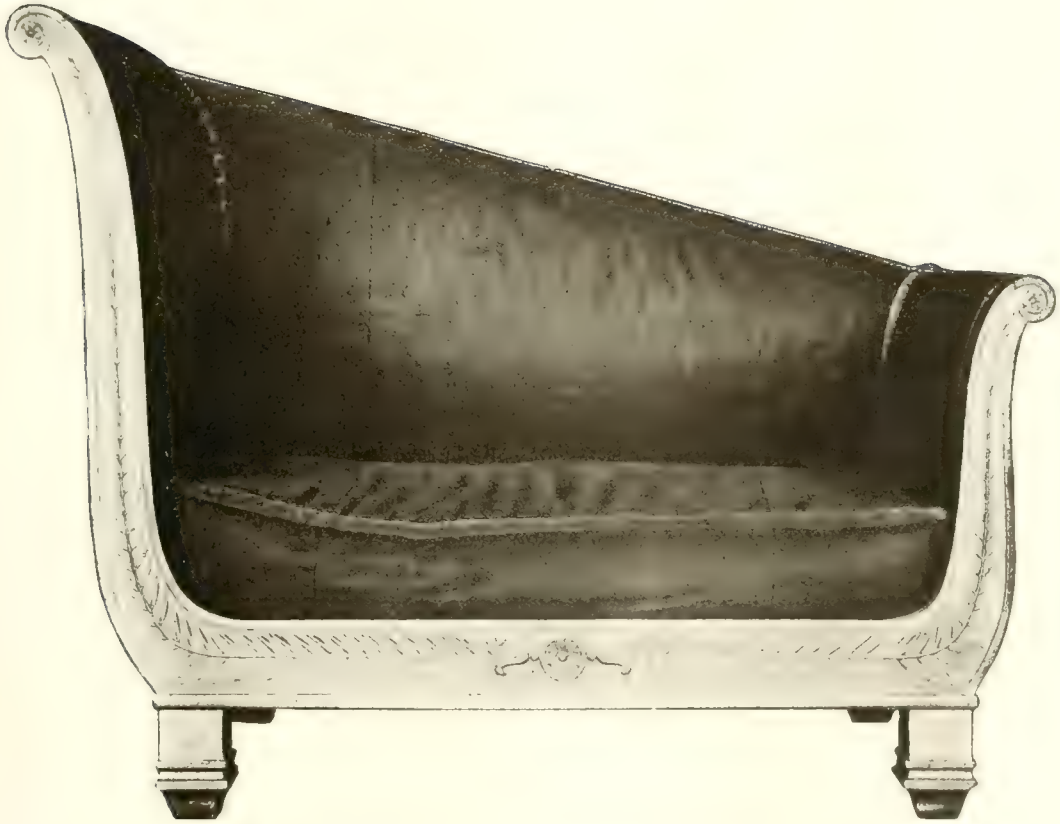
Much of the decoration and the forms of the furniture of this period were furnished by Greek and Roman models, to which the cabinetmakers applied for their source of inspiration, and consciously or unconsciously many of the customs of the fine lady of the Napoleonic times came from the same fountainhead. Rising late from her soft bed, she would usually go to the equally soft sofa to have her hair brushed and dressed, her toilet completed, to eat her morning meal, to entertain a friend or hold court. Since a goodly portion of her time was spent reclining, small wonder that these sofas were made as soft as the beds, as capacious and as luxurious as the skill of craftsmen could devise.

As most of the furniture of this period, more especially the sofas, was primarily intended for use, inevitably the lines were interesting, because they were all essential parts of the construction and there-

ONE OF THE MOST LUXURIOUS EMPIRE COUCHES OF THE SOFA-BED TYPE OWNED BY THE PRINCESS MURAT, PLACED IN HER FAMOUS GOLD AND ROSE BOUDOIR.



A SOFA OWNED BY THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND THEME IN THE MORE SEVERE EMPIRE STYLE, SHOWING THE INFLUENCE OF FORMER FRENCH "PERIOD"



[illegible] LONG CHAIR [illegible] MAURICE
BERNHARDT, POPULAR FOR THE MORNING [illegible]
[illegible] THE PICTURE OF THAT [illegible]
[illegible] THE RELATION OF PROPORTION TO
[illegible] AND ORNAMENT IS MOST HARMONIOUS

AN EMPIRE COUCH SHOWING RARE AND EXQUISITE CRAFTSMANSHIP, SUGGESTING THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE MODERN DIVAN. OWNED BY THE DUCHESS OF HAMILTON.

fore structurally honest. The designs varied, as they always will when different people evolve them at different times—every period is necessarily transitional—but they all remain true to the dominant characteristics of the times.

Besides the historical collections that have keen kept in museums for the public to see or study, a number of examples of the furniture of this period have been preserved for this day and generation, and in homes in England and France there are some charming pieces, vastly interesting to the student of cabinetwork, and perhaps also fulfilling their destiny today even as they did when they were new.

A VERY splendid sofa of an unusual Empire design is one owned by the Princess Murat, who as a member of the Bonaparte contingent surely comes honestly by her desire for furniture of this period. It is perhaps more inherently Empire in its design and decoration than the other sofas we are illustrating. The woodwork is a dull rich gold, elaborately carved, and the covering is an exquisite deep rose red, almost a cerise, with bands of stars and palm leaves in gold embroidery laid across the seat and around the sides and back. The roll cushions are covered in the same manner. A gold and rose boudoir seems a fitting setting for a piece of furniture as exquisite as this.

In direct contrast to this most ornate sofa is the dignified and restrained design owned by the Duchess of Sutherland. The frame is of softly polished mahogany with very little carving, the decoration being mainly in the applied French gilt in severe Empire design, and even this is used most sparingly. The upholstery is in dark rich green in alternate stripes of satin and grosgrain, and the square cushions at either end of the sofa are covered with the same material. The walls of the room in which the sofa is placed are covered with the same material, which brings the whole into admirable harmony.

A most unusual sofa of strange and interesting construction is the one owned by Maurice Bernhardt, the son of Sarah Bernhardt. It is somewhat suggestive of the Récamier idea in the varying heights of the sides, but there the resemblance stops, for this is definitely a sofa, and Mme. Récamier used a *chaise longue*, without a back and built on longer lines. In addition to this oddity of form, M. Bernhardt's sofa is decidedly Empire in decoration, the design of the carving being a sculptured olive wreath. The woodwork is ivory white enamel, and it is covered simply with a very heavy silk rep in deep crimson, trimmed with crimson and gold cord and guimp.

A most graceful model is shown in a sofa that is in one of the houses of the Duchess of Hamilton. It is high and square in con-

struction, with slightly curved ends, and suggests a development of a davenport or divan. The Empire craftsmanship can be plainly seen in the decoration of the woodwork and the carving of the little legs. The wood frame is enameled in soft gray, very odd and unusual in effect, and in sharp contrast to the gorgeousness of the many-tinted upholstery. This is of the richest tapestry brocade, with a silk background and large splashing flower and leaf effects in velvet that show against the groundwork in strong relief. Across the front of the sofa is applied a border of gaily colored velvet roses. The two square pillows are made of the brocaded velvet and are edged with the same conventional borders that are used on the sofa itself.

The life of a fashionable European woman of today contains perhaps not so many leisure hours as did that of the woman of almost a century ago, for modern conventions tend to make a very busy person of the society woman. For that very reason, perhaps, she is even more than likely to be sensitive to comfort as the idler of the past, and more than ever in need of suitable resting places for jaded nerves and a tired body. These sofas, then, are still strongly expressive of the adaptation to need which influenced their inception, and as long as they fulfil this need they will have their reason for being.

There seems to be less place for furniture of this type in America today, for our revolt against the crudity of color and ugliness of design which was so prevalent in the past few generations has led most of us to desire above all things unobtrusiveness and simplicity in our home furnishings. We have craved the quiet places which give us direct contrast to and rest from the garishness of the world in which most of us work, but what we seem to lack most is the relation of right color to our daily lives. It may be that there is a suggestion for us in the riot of related and harmonious color to be found in most of these Empire designs, for the record of past periods is mostly useful, after all, as a storehouse of suggestion for the student. We may not all be original, but we can modify and adapt to our specific needs the achievements of other days, and in this way be enabled to assemble for our daily lives the elements needed for an environment that will best suit us and satisfy our requirements.

SMALL FARMS A SOLUTION FOR THE EVILS OF OVERCROWDED CITIES AND UNNATURAL LIVING: BY THE EDITOR

IN OUR great cities we are hearing rumors of hard times, of people without employment, of children kept from school because they are not satisfactorily dressed, of high prices—that combination of evils which circulates from time to time through the vast metropolises of the world, but of which out in the country among the rural population there is very little talk. The great difference is that in the cities everything is measured by money, and so when money does not circulate freely everyone is immediately affected, and there is the fear of panic, the fear that there will be no means of meeting the needs of life; because usually the greater the need of the money in a city the swifter its withdrawal.

This is not, however, true of the country; not but what money is usually scarce there, but perhaps for that very reason people do not wholly depend upon it. There are other means of exchange. It is possible to pay one's grocery bills by the produce from the farm. It is possible to buy clothes in the same way. This is, of course, in the *real* country. One farmer can aid another by supplying him with certain necessities of life, and his neighbor can in turn be of advantage because the different farms produce different commodities, and it is possible so to arrange an exchange that all the pressing needs of life can be met without much money. Hence, the withdrawal of money from the market which so affects the city man and fills him with panic can only reach the farmer after a long period of depression, when the city man is compelled to lessen his call upon country produce, and so affect the country man's market. But as a matter of fact this happens very rarely, and the effect on the country market is apt to be the reverse of disastrous, for up to a certain point, as the call lessens for country produce, the prices rise, and the farmer is the last man affected by the fact that money is not circulating freely.

It would seem under these circumstances that country living would come to be recognized as *safe living*, that the people who are constantly being involved in the city's turmoil from need of money or pressure of money would find the thought of the country with its quiet, its comparative leisure, its sureness of livelihood, its opportunity for healthy living, something greatly to be desired. And where the cities are crowded, instead of building more tenements, you would think that the real-estate men would study rural conditions and open up farms near the city where the surplus population could find

release from disturbing conditions and opportunities for a livelihood that would furnish interest, health and the avoidance of anxiety about money.

AT FIRST sight there seems to be a strange contradiction between the almost universally accepted belief that a life lived near to the heart of Nature is best suited to the great majority of men, and the equally widespread discontent with that life, prompting men to forsake it in response to the lure of city streets. The fact seems to be that the city supplies an element of life for which men everywhere yearn, and which must be grafted onto rural life if ever it is to draw any large masses of people from the cities and hold them. In the open country, amid growing life on every hand, there is health and vigor in the breeze, wholesome inspiration in the scents of the earth and its living treasuries, in the endless cycle of life following life. There is, too, a fine sense of manhood and independence when a man works for himself and his own in harmony with the Divine Power of the Universe. With the soil responsive to his labors and the nurturing power of sunshine and shower, the man who works upon the soil is, to a larger extent than any other, master of his own life.

In the city none of these things is possible to the great majority. Its life is complex, artificial and physically and spiritually deadening to most men. The sun pouring down upon its pavements and the winds sweeping through its gorges of brick and mortar are not charged with health, but too often with disease and death. In the city almost every man is another's slave; for the right to labor, for his very existence, he depends upon another's will. The grayness and grime of the city ill compare with the golden-hued country. To adopt the words of Keats:

> "To one who has been long in cities pent,
> 'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
> And open face of Heaven,—to breathe a prayer
> Full in the smile of the blue firmament."

And yet there are aching voids in the country which the city knows not. There are features of life in the city which the country dweller finds full of alluring fascination. The great drama of its crowded life, the jostling movement of its hurrying throngs, the constant adjustment and readjustment of life to life, man to man, need to need make the city a place of endless and absorbing interest. Its population of mingled races with quick, tense nerves is more intimately in touch with the great wide world, with its progress, with its wisdom and culture. Man is a social animal and feels keenly the

need of such association and social life as the city alone makes possible.

The question arises, demanding answer of the world's statesmen, the craftsmen of social organization: Is it idle to dream of uniting the best features of rural and urban life? Is it a task beyond the powers of civilized man to give to our rural life the human interest, the social pleasure, the nearness of people, in place of the isolation and loneliness, the sense of aloofness from the great world-current, which today outweigh the advantages of pure air, clear skies, simple living and independence in the estimation of so many?

Upon the answer to that question the solution of the problem must depend. It is perhaps only this that stands in the way of a great and general movement "back to the soil." All the conditions favorable to such a movement exist. While the land calls for labor there are concentration and congestion of labor in the cities. Near all our cities there is an abundance of good land which might be used for petty agriculture, thus bringing the sources of supply and the markets to be supplied near together. Inventions like the telephone and the electric trolley have done much to destroy the isolation of country life and its oppressive remoteness. A great variety of agricultural machinery on the one hand, and the wise fostering of agricultural science by the Government on the other hand, have made possible the profitable cultivation of lands which heretofore could not be profitably tilled. To make the wisest possible use of these improved conditions, and to bring about that social life without which human beings are desolate and unhappy, the principle of coöperation needs to be greatly extended. The farmer is a coöperator almost by instinct. In no branch of industry is there the same sense of interdependence and mutual interests. If, therefore, means could be devised for substituting agricultural villages for the isolated farms, and developing a social center in a sort of village mote or folk-hall, there would seem to be no good reason why the jaded spirits of our cities should not take new root and life in petty agriculture. Add to this the almost limitless possibilities of uniting handicrafts with agriculture, and the material conditions for a happier and healthier national life would seem to be provided.

IT WOULD be difficult to find anywhere a more prosperous district than the market-gardening sections of northeastern Long Island. Almost all the farms are owned free from mortgages or other encumbrances. In Riverhead and Southold there are two savings banks, each having deposits of over four million dollars, and five business banks do a large business. Prosperity seems to be written

upon every foot of this section of the country. The writer remembers talking with a market gardener in the neighborhood of Riverhead who said that he was making more than two thousand dollars a year from six acres. He was apparently in perfect health, whereas when he had first gone into business he was a consumptive with small hopes of recovery. Even before he developed tuberculosis, when in his prime, his wages had never been higher than eighteen dollars a week. So, in going back to the land he gained in health and wages.

In this district we have some useful illustrations of the practicability of coöperation among small farmers. The farmers have coöperative clubs for buying necessities and selling their produce. The Riverhead club buys at wholesale rates the commodities required by its members for their farms and households, and is a source of great benefit to all of them. Another club markets crops, such as cauliflower, for example, sending cars of produce as far as Chicago and other Western points. Coöperation among farmers is therefore not a beautiful theory, but a practical fact.

As an occupation for persons afflicted with tuberculosis in its earlier stages, petty farming is gradually assuming a new importance. It has the great advantage of providing a light, profitable occupation which can be followed in many cases during the curative process, which it aids by keeping the patients out in the open air and, further, by keeping their minds engaged and free from brooding upon the disease. Then, too, it provides the convalescent patient and the patient whose recovery has left serious possibilities of a recurrence of the disease with a means of obtaining a living under just exactly the conditions most conducive to health and strength. These facts have been duly noted by the leaders of the anti-tuberculosis movement. At the Stony Wold Sanatorium, for example, they have initiated an important reform in the work by securing a large tract of land to be divided into small holdings which will enable those who are treated there to remain upon the land in comfort, away from all conditions which would induce a return of the disease.

We have not yet gone beneath the surface in developing the agricultural resources of this wonderful America of ours. In the South, for example, there is a great empire of territory, as yet undeveloped, capable of producing almost fabulous riches. Nature is waiting to respond with promptitude and lavish bounty to intelligent labor spent upon her resources. Sunshine and air and water, together with soil of great richness, are plentiful. Only the hand of the laborer is wanted to produce and gather rich harvests from every acre of her now silent wastes. While the cry of overcrowded misery ascends

from all our reeking cities, and the struggle for existence grows daily more acute and tragic, there are millions of acres of land untilled, access to which is easy, but which remain untilled and profitless.

Think of the hundreds of thousands of immigrants, from all parts of the world, who come each year to this country and crowd into the tenements of our already sadly congested cities. How much better, physically and economically, it would be for them to go upon the land. As it is, they come with the vigor and strength of centuries of simple life, and labor in the open to sacrifice their great heritage in factories and sweatshops. The only peril of immigration as yet is the tendency of the immigrants to crowd into places already overfull, where there is no efficient demand for their labor, except under unwholesome conditions.

Fortunately, the more thoughtful of the immigrants are becoming to a degree conscious of this. Upon the Pacific Slope the Chinese and Japanese are making a widespread success of petty agriculture, and showing Americans how much better and easier it is to get a living directly from the soil, independent of any other man's direction, than to work for wages in factory, workshop or mine. Where Americans have sat with folded hands in dejection, lamenting that there was no profitable employment, these Asiatics have taken modest acreages of soil and by careful cultivation extracted comfortable livelihoods from them in return for their labor.

Similarly, the Italian immigrants who come to this country are setting us a good example in this respect. Whoever is at all familiar with the settlements of the Italians throughout the Eastern States must have observed with what industry and diligence they cultivate all the little plots of ground to which they may happen to have access. The amount of produce they manage to secure from plots so small that their American neighbors deem them unworthy of cultivation is truly astonishing. Within the limits of New York City even, there are scores of Italians whose backyards are sources of income as well as of endless pleasure and wholesome recreation.

The productive capacity of an acre of land is almost incredible. We do know that at Rothamsted, England, under intensive culture on small farms, forty or even fifty bushels of wheat per acre is a not uncommon yield. We know, too, that Sir Arthur Cotton, the English scientist, got the equivalent of ninety bushels per acre in his experiments and that very similar results have been obtained in France at the Agricultural Stations by Grandeau and F. Desprè. The dream of one hundred bushels of wheat per acre is by no means a wild fancy, as the investigations of M. Kropotkin and others have shown.

To imagine the stupendous revolution in wheat production fore-

shadowed by such figures is practically impossible. Compare them with Minnesota's fourteen and a half bushels an acre, North Dakota's thirteen and a half bushels, South Dakota's ten and a half bushels and Nebraska's ten bushels. These are the results obtained in the great bonanza farm States. In the States where smaller farms are the rule results are better, conforming in this to the universal experience that small farms are more profitable than big ones, yet far from the standards foreign experience has given us. In Connecticut the average is twenty-two bushels per acre, in Rhode Island twenty-one bushels, in Vermont nineteen bushels and in New York eighteen bushels. The average for the whole of Great Britain and Ireland is, I believe, something over twenty-eight bushels per acre.

When we remember that it ordinarily takes from two to three acres of land to provide the food necessary for each head of cattle it is suggestive of wonderful possibilities to read of M. Goppart getting thirty thousand pounds of dry hay, equal to the food of three or four horned cattle, per acre; of Mr. Champion, at Whitby, England, getting an average of one hundred thousand pounds of beets per acre with frequent yields of one hundred and fifty thousand to two hundred thousand pounds; of M. Gros, of Autun, cropping six hundred thousand pounds of beets and carrots per acre.

Wonderfully suggestive and encouraging, also, are some of the results obtained by intelligent cultivation in this country. Four hundred bushels of potatoes per acre on Long Island is not an uncommon crop. Samuel Cleeks, of Orland, Glen County, in the Sacramento Valley, California, has a farm of one acre devoted to intensive culture. It is, of course, irrigated. For thirty years Mr. Cleeks has maintained himself and his family in comfort upon this farm and is in every way more prosperous than many of his neighbors owning large farms. Not only does Mr. Cleeks manage to support himself and family upon his one-acre farm, but his average savings amount to four hundred dollars a year.

Three miles from Reading, Pennsylvania, at Hyde Park, Mr. Oliver R. Shearer has a small farm of three and one-third acres, of which only two and one-half acres are cultivated. By intensive farming Mr. Shearer makes an annual profit of from twelve hundred to fifteen hundred dollars. Not only does he make a living for himself and family, but, out of his profits, he has paid for his farm (thirty-eight hundred dollars), which consists of the land, a modern two-story brick house, barn, chicken yard and orchard, surrounded by a neat fence. Mr. A. Jeffries, of Norfolk, Virginia, writing of the Virginia market gardens, is quoted as follows: "We have cases in which two thousand dollars has been recorded from sales in one

year from one acre, and many cases in which at least one thousand dollars of produce has been sold from an acre."

In a report published by the Department of Commerce and Labor on the farming carried on by Italians in Hammonton, New Jersey, we have such items as a net profit of one hundred and sixty dollars from a quarter acre of strawberries; five thousand dollars net profit in two years from fifty acres of raspberries, by an Italian hardly able to speak or write English; three thousand dollars net profit on dewberries and blackberries, acreage not given; a father and son bought a farm (acreage not stated) for two thousand dollars, leaving a mortgage of five hundred dollars. In one season (nineteen hundred and six), they paid the mortgage and all their living expenses and saved eight hundred dollars in addition. An Italian laborer, in the limits of Greater New York City, made as much as sixteen hundred dollars net profit from little more than an acre and a half of land last year, growing vegetables for the market.

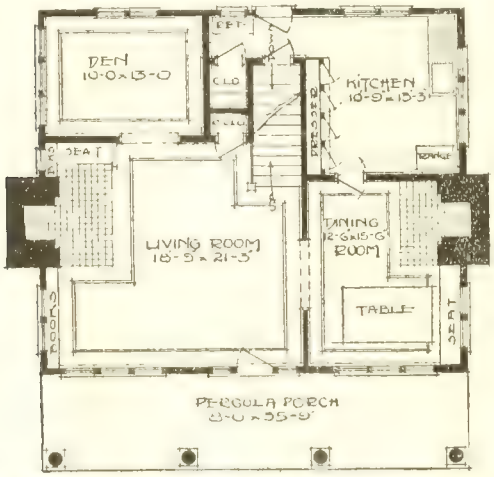
It is perfectly evident that if small boys, ranging from eight to twelve years of age, working only in vacation time and out of school hours more in the spirit of pastime than serious work, can realize from one and a quarter acres of land one thousand three hundred and eight dollars in a single year, or at the rate of more than a thousand dollars an acre, a good deal more than that could be produced by skilled adult labor. Yet the result mentioned was attained by the boys working in the School Gardens at Yonkers, New York, in the last year for which figures are available, nineteen hundred and five.

These examples, chosen from a wide range of similar experiences, indicate the great possibilities of a solution of many of the problems of our overcrowded cities, and the unnatural living incidental to them. Given agricultural villages with many of the social and cultural advantages of the cities, scientific methods of cultivation, a reasonable amount of coöperation and the addition of varied handicrafts, there would seem to be no obstacle in the way of a return of all who so desire to the land, to Nature's more rational way of living.

TWO CRAFTSMAN HOUSES DESIGNED FOR CITY OR SUBURBAN LOTS

THE two Craftsman houses shown this month were planned for the city or suburban lot and are both of cement stucco construction, with slate roofs. In developing the plans, special care has been exercised to specify such materials and exterior construction as will practically eliminate need for repairs. Frequently these troublesome repairs are the result of poor materials, but more often result from the ignorance of the architect or builder.

There are some fixtures of the Craftsman house which we have adopted as standard because of their permanency. The cement porch floor, the open construction of the cornice, the main rafters of the house of yellow pine or some equally good outdoor wood, and these to be continuous in one piece, without the false rafter at the overhang of the eaves.



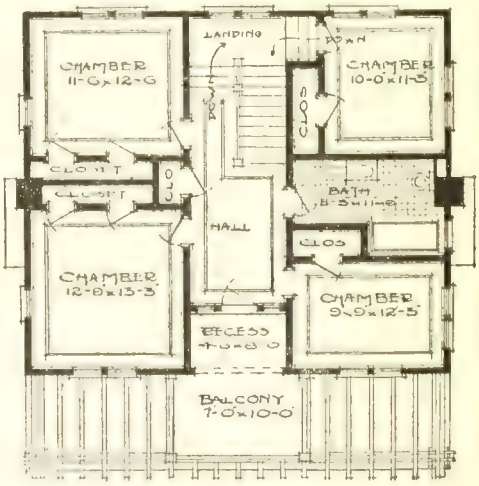
FIRST FLOOR PLAN FOR HOUSE NO. 117.

The porch floor ordinarily used is white pine, and various methods are specified for laying and painting it. Under the most careful treatment of painting each year the wood will rot out in a comparatively short time, and frequently the floor beams also have to be replaced.

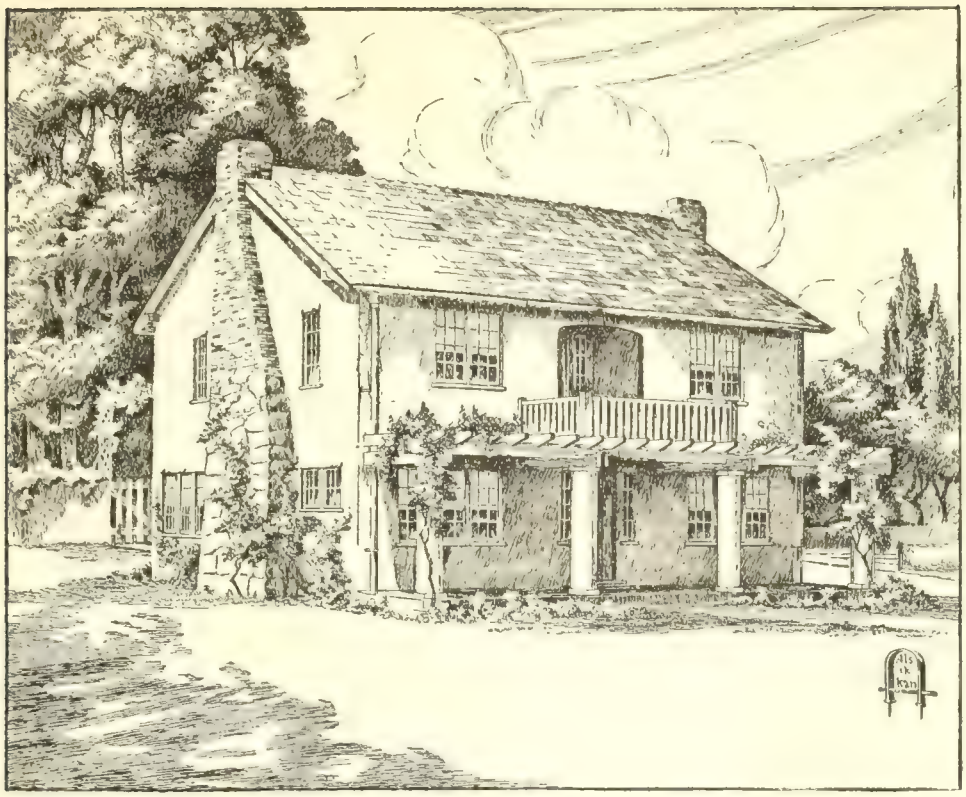
The boxed cornice most commonly used in roof construction generally contains as a part of its construction the roof gutter. Here again economy is short-sighted; galvanized iron or tin is most frequently used, instead of copper. In a year or two these gutters rust through. The water will find its way down through the cornice into the walls of the house, destroying plaster and inside decorations, rotting out the cornice and often the walls themselves when of wood construction.

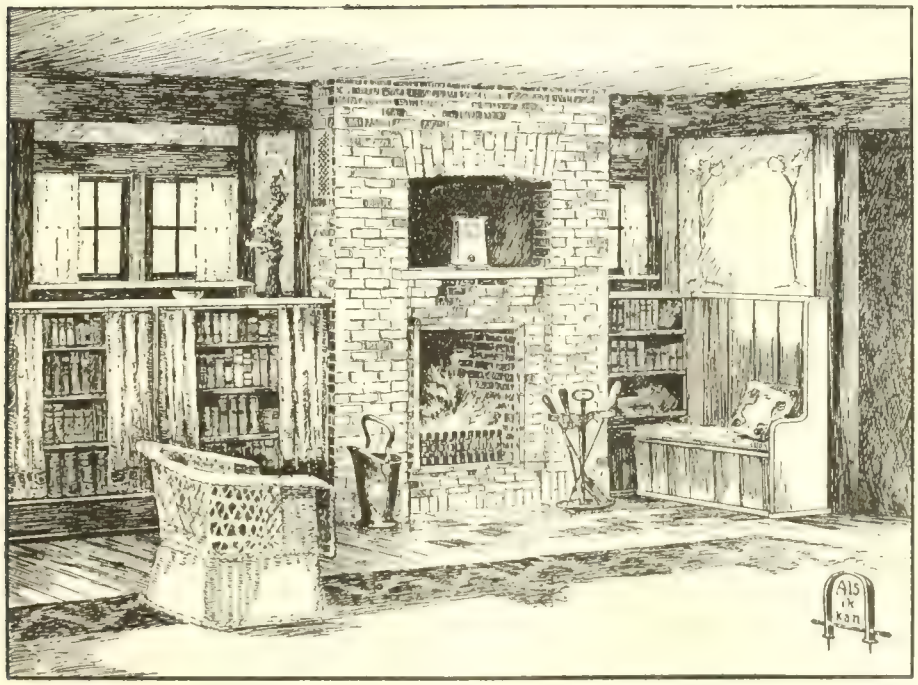
We abandoned false rafter ends and specify solid main rafters of one material, because we find it does not add to the cost when the labor is considered, and also it removes any chance of careless work in securing a permanent result.

Owners frequently write us that contractors do not want to follow our specifications and details on these points, but if the owner will only insist he will be relieved



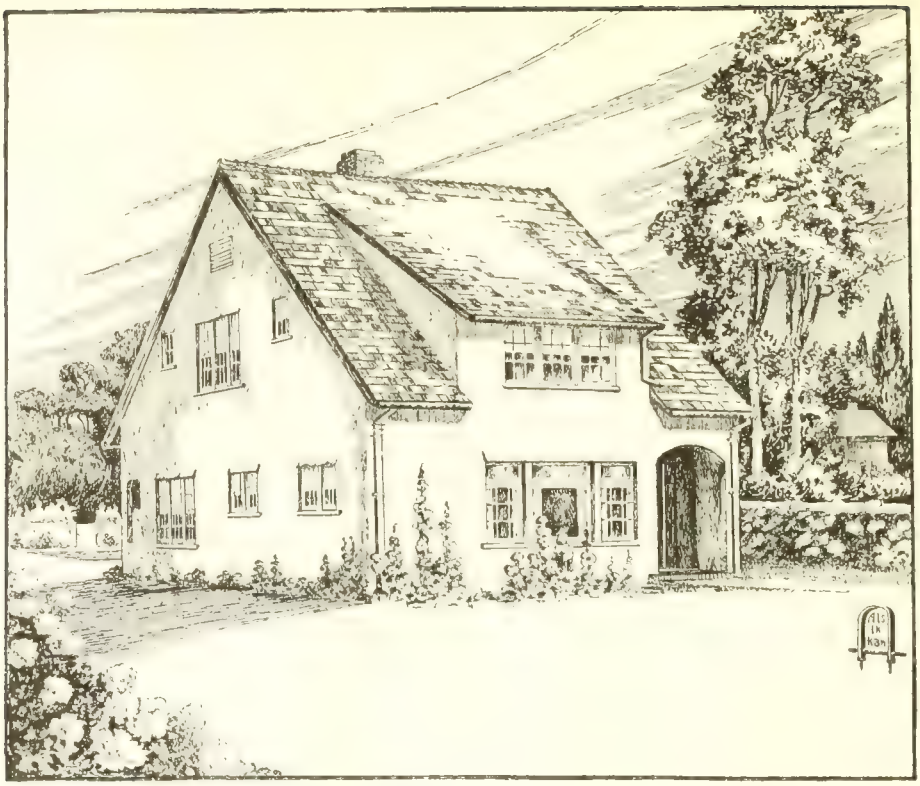
SECOND FLOOR PLAN FOR HOUSE NO. 117

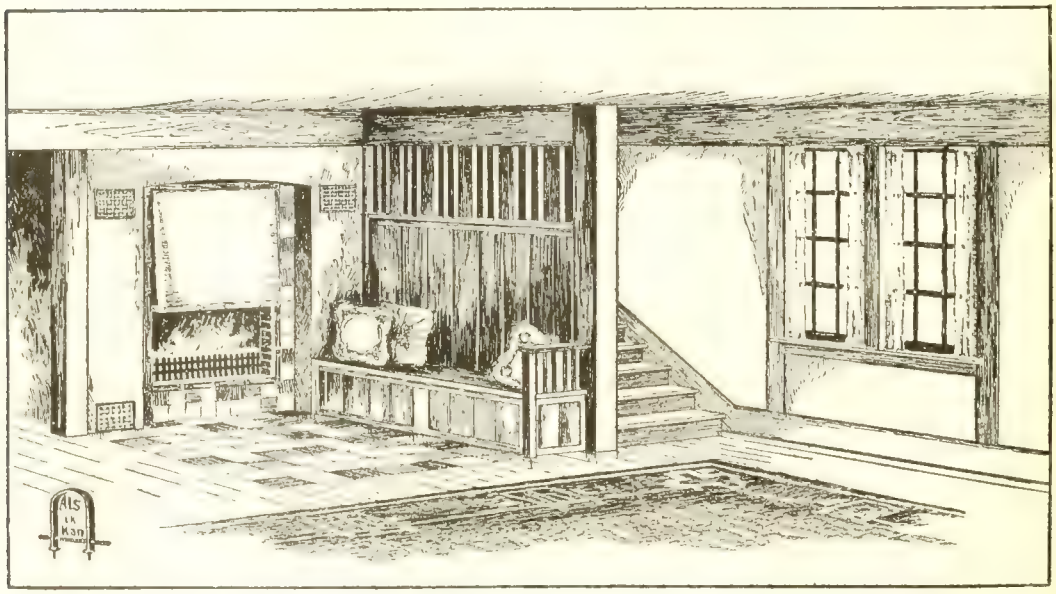




CRAFTSMAN CEMENT HOUSE (NO. 117) FOR CITY OR SUBURBAN LOTS.

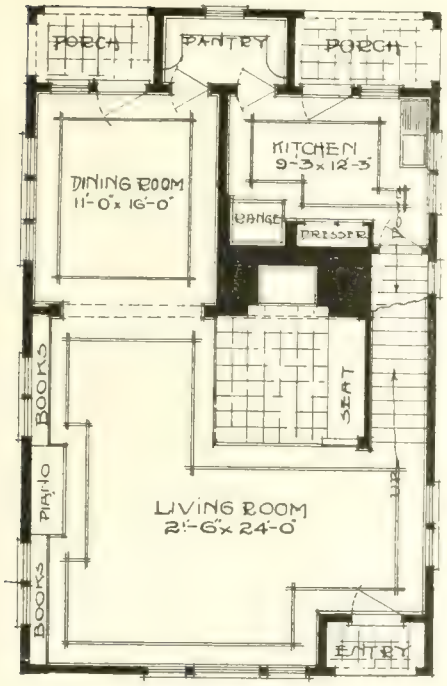
LIVING ROOM OF CRAFTSMAN HOUSE, NO. 117, SHOWING FIREPLACE FURNACE AND INGLENOOK.





CRAFTSMAN CEMENT COTTAGE (NO. 118) FOR NARROW CITY OR SUBURBAN LOT.

LIVING ROOM OF COTTAGE (NO. 118) SHOWING PLACE OF FIREPLACE FURNACE, AND INTERESTING ARRANGEMENT OF STAIRWAY.



HOUSE NO. 118: FIRST FLOOR PLAN

of many heartbreaks in the form of expensive repair bills; besides there is nothing quite so satisfactory in life as the feeling of work well done, permanently secured.

The cement stucco recommended for the two houses is on metal lath nailed directly to the studs, without sheathing, and plastered with cement mortar on the inside and outside both, finishing two inches thick. This insures permanency, as it is really reinforced concrete work. It will not crack, and the lath, being entirely embedded in cement, cannot rust.

House No. 117, with its wide pergola and balcony; the stone and brick chimneys and groups of casements, presents a most homelike and pleasing appearance. Purposely we have set the house down so as to show only a suggestion of the foundation, until there is just a step from the walk onto the cement floor of the pergola. We also prefer to level up the space between the walls of the foundation with earth, topping this with cinders and cinder concrete to a level of the foundation walls, and using 2 x 4's embedded in this for the first floor beams. This eliminates the cellar, incidentally saving from $500 to $1,000 in the cost of the house and at the same time gives one the feeling of having the house built upon a rock.

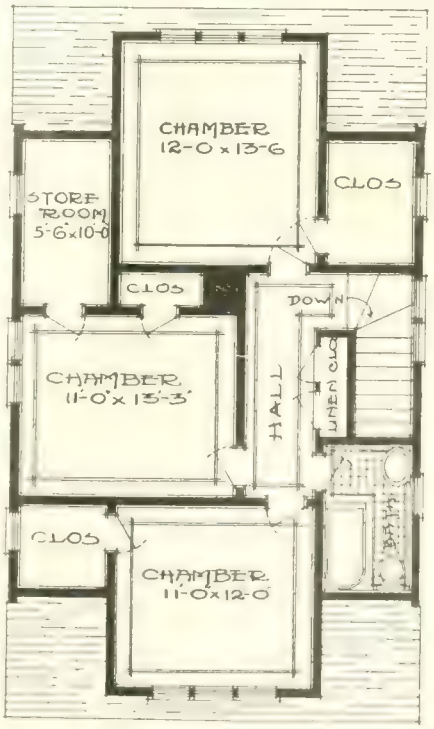
The interior of this house has been arranged to eliminate all unnecessary partitions, and the stairs lead up directly from the living room. A den or work room has been provided off the living room. Seats are built in around each fireplace, and the one in the dining room has been so placed as to serve in connection with the table. Placing the table in this position allows ample space around the fireplace and does not give an appearance of being crowded, so often the case when fireplaces are placed in the dining room.

The house is heated and fully ventilated by two Craftsman fireplace-furnaces at a complete cost for installation of $350.00.

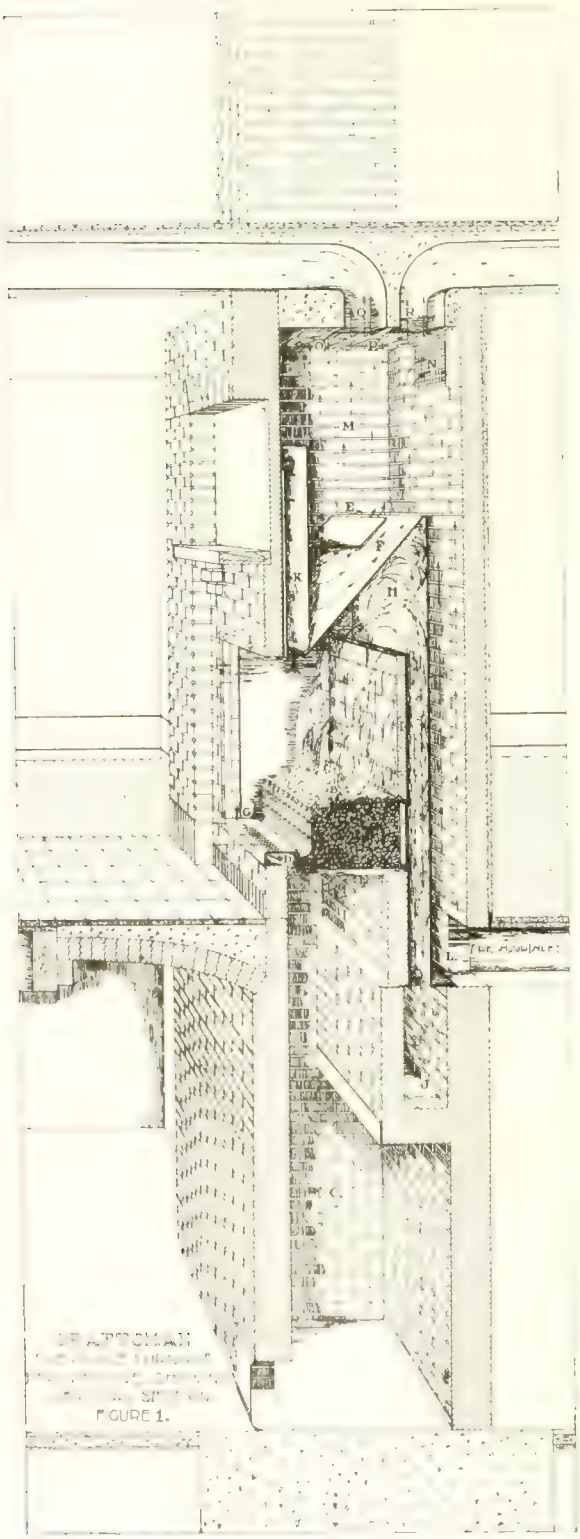
The second floor is commodious, four large bedrooms, a bathroom and ample closet room being provided.

A rather charming feature is the balcony and the open hall terminating a few steps down on the stair landing. The maid's room is reached from this balcony, so that this room is really isolated from the second floor, while actually being located there.

HOUSE No. 118 was designed for a narrow lot, and being only a story and a half high, has a long, low interest-



HOUSE NO. 118: SECOND FLOOR PLAN.



ing roof line broken with flat dormers front and rear. The groups of windows are most interesting, all being casement except the large plate glass picture window of the front group, which is stationary. No front veranda has been provided; but the entry is recessed, and the graceful arch emphasizes the cement construction.

The interior of this house has been arranged with the idea of economy and space-saving, utilizing all floor space and eliminating halls. The entry is recessed, the vestibule eliminated; on entering, you find the hall space has been included in the living room, with an open stair conveniently located near the entrance. A partition dividing dining room from the library is only suggested—an arrangement which permits of a vista from living room through dining room and across rear porch, giving at once a sense of highness and generousness. Open bookshelves serve to break up the long wall of the living room, and a space has been left for the piano, which will give it an appearance of being built-in, a part of things permanent.

The fireplace is large and generous, and with the inviting seat nearby becomes at once the center of interest. The fireplace is built of common, hard-burned brick and is plastered.

To introduce some color, tile porcelain is used for the inside panel, on which the hammered copper hood is placed. The warm air registers in this case are placed on either side, and these, too, may be made of copper. The house is completely heated and ventilated with the Craftsman fireplace furnace at a complete cost for installation of about $250.

The second floor is conveniently arranged with three bedrooms, ample closets and a large storeroom; these closets, of course, are built under the roof and are not full height except at the front.

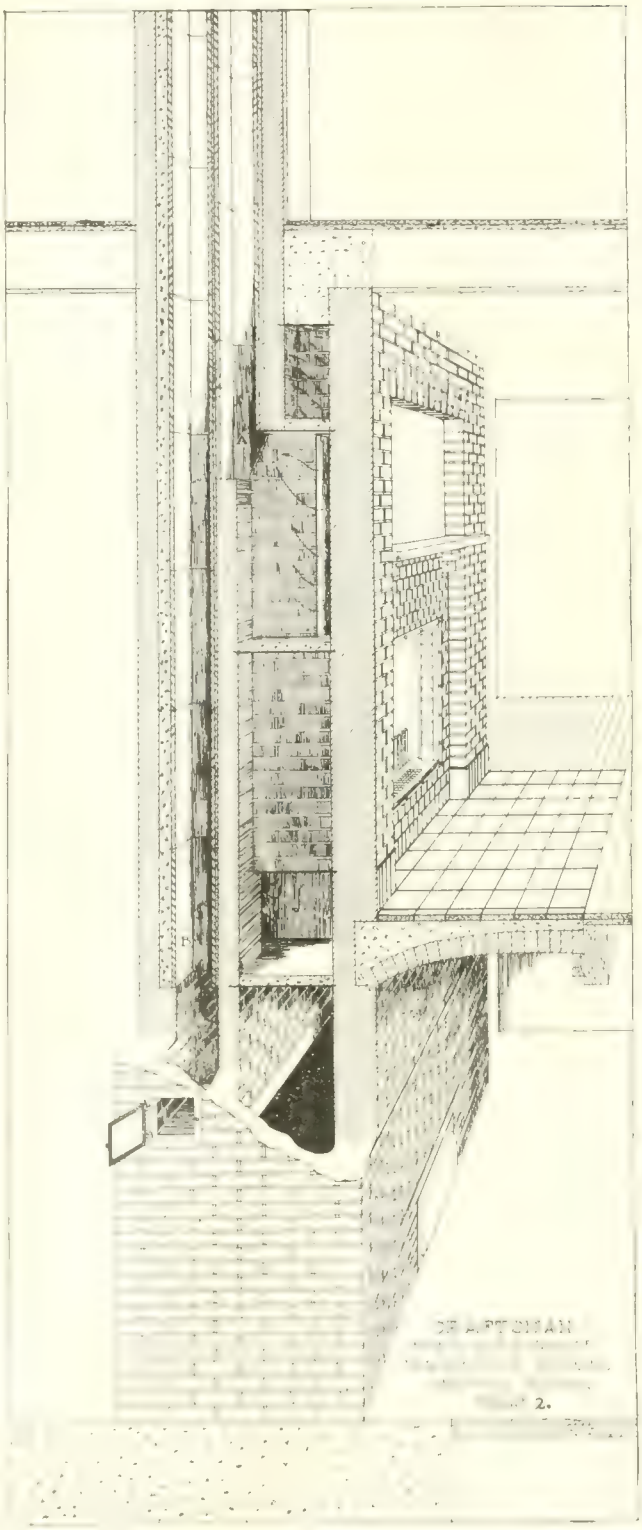
THE FIREPLACE FURNACE

IT was in THE CRAFTSMAN of January, 1904, that we published the pictures of our first Craftsman House. Since that time we have shown over 188 house designs. It was not to use up our idle hours that we gave part of our time to the making of these house plans. The designing of Craftsman homes was the natural result of the training we had

gained in the designing and making of Craftsman Furniture, which has in the short space of twelve years won recognition from good people all over the civilized world. Our purpose in designing houses was to still further carry out the Craftsman idea, namely, of providing an environment which would be in itself an expression of simple convenience, home comfort and beauty,—this beauty, as in the case of Craftsman Furniture, to consist in interesting structural features, so arranged and proportioned that the harmonious result was so satisfying that no applied ornament seemed necessary. We found from the beginning that it was through the construction of the essential features, such as doors, windows, fireplaces, stairways, etc., that satisfactory adornment was obtained. We have long had as one of our mottoes the phrase "Everything should earn its own living," and as we studied into the truth about the fireplace, which is so necessary a feature of Craftsman homes that we put one or more in every house, we found that it was the one structural feature which was not making its own living. For in practically all modern houses the heating system is enough without the fireplace.

It was with this thought in mind, therefore, that we took up the problem (in connection with the building of Craftsman homes) of rendering the fireplace practical as well as beautiful. It was already the center of interest in the room. Its warmth and comfort were the magnet around which the life and happiness of the inmates naturally gathered. So close and friendly was the spirit of intimacy it bred that the old English terms "hob" and "nob" (denoting opposite sides of the hearth), adopted in the idiom "hob-nob," indicate the sort of chumminess that comes when two old friends or cronies chat together beside an open fire.

Nothing could be more natural than that this comfortable blaze should be the nucleus for all kinds of homelike "fitments," with cozy



[illegible] bookshelves within easy reach, the clock upon the mantel, and the construction of the fireplace itself as the foundation for any ornament that might be felt was needed. But also the fireplace must be useful, for nothing, however beautiful, that is without a reason for existence, can either truly satisfy or long survive. To build a fireplace in a spot where its heat was not needed, or to build one which would not adequately warm the room, would be equally a mistake.

Moreover, the question of ventilation was of vital importance. No system could be considered efficient which did not ventilate as well as heat. The danger of imperfect ventilation is pointed out in the following extract from the Encyclopedia Britannica: "An open fireplace, unless the air enters from the ceiling, often produces little or no ventilation above the level of the chimney piece, and even then, it does not afford the best and purest atmosphere. The air above may be comparatively stagnant, and offensive in the extreme from the products of combustion and respiration, while a fresh current moves along the floor to the fireplace." The question of drafts, too, is involved, for the old adage is not far wrong when it counsels: "If cold wind reach you through a hole, prepare your will and mind your soul."

It will be seen, therefore, that many difficulties were to be met and conquered in the problem of the open fireplace. A system must be evolved which would not only utilize as much as possible of the ninety-five per cent. of heat which, in the ordinary open fire, goes straight up the chimney and is wasted, but it must provide for the adequate heating of several rooms instead of only one.

Proper ventilation must be afforded, all drafts eliminated and a practical structure designed which would not only make for economy and convenience, but would retain [illegible] which make the old time fireplace [illegible] of family life and love.

[illegible] have succeeded in evolving a fireplace which we [illegible] of hygiene, economy and beauty. We have [illegible] our Fireplace Mr. M. J. Farquahar, manufacturer of the celebrated Warm Air Ventilating Farquahar Furnace, and in order that we may benefit by his splendid factory equipment and his many years of experience in heating and ventilation, he is now making for us these new Fireplace Furnaces. Our furnace has been given a thorough test and we are now ready to offer it to the public and to furnish complete drawings with instructions for its installation.

The following description and illustrations will show the general features and efficiency of this new system of heating and ventilation.

The Craftsman Fireplace Furnace is of the horizontal type. The door, which is in front, is made the size of the fireplace opening, and being nicely balanced by weights and pulleys slides up out of sight behind the front part of the mantel when a view of the fire is wanted. When closed, the door, being made of hammered copper and iron, presents a beautiful surface of color and ornament. The surface will give splendid results with the door open, but when closed shows its greatest economy and efficiency, while under either condition it provides thorough ventilation, as will be afterward explained.

The furnace body, F, is made of large sheets of steel, electrically welded together by special welding machinery, into one piece of continuous metal, making leakage of gas, smoke or dust absolutely and permanently impossible. The steel is three-sixteenths of an inch thick, being much heavier than ordinary furnace steel. The horizontal vent flue, K, is also made of a single piece of steel, one end being closed and the other being built into the chimney and connected with the vertical vent flue.

The firebox B is large, holding sufficient fuel to maintain an even temperature for twenty-four hours without refilling. The fire is slow burning, on account of the indirect draft, and all fuel is reduced to a white ash without clinkers. The ash pit C is formed by the foundation walls of the chimney and has sufficient capacity so that the ashes need removing but once in a season, thus obviating one of the most disagreeable features of the ordinary cellar heating plant. The draft door D is controlled automatically, being connected by a lever arm to a rod fastened securely at the top of the steel body at E. This control is operated by the heat of the firebox itself, which expands and contracts the steel body F, thus providing a self regulat-

ing draft which never fails when needed and is greatest when needed most. This device is all of iron. Its only moving part is the arm or lever (the simplest of mechanical movements), which swings up or down as the firebox expands or contracts, opening the draft wide to kindle the fire and then partially closing and holding it so as to maintain the heat desired day and night. This control can be regulated at will by adjusting the handle G on its notches, up or down. As the action of this draft is not intermittent but always positive and reliable, overheating of the furnace is prevented and a saving of fuel is effected by maintaining an even, steady fire.

The operation of the fireplace furnace is as follows:

Fresh air enters from outside through a suitable inlet passage L (See Figure 1), passes up behind the fireplace into the upper air-chamber M and is drawn through the grille into the room in which the fire is built. This opening being located near the ceiling, the current of incoming air, which has been first warmed in its upward passage by the heat from the adjacent firebox and flue, forms a thin layer or stratum against the ceiling all over the room. This layer of air, as it cools, gradually descends, the warm, incoming air continually taking its place, and each successive bottom layer of cool air, when it has sunk to the level of the grating on the hearth, is drawn down through the draft door D (Figure 1) carrying with it all impurities it may have gathered, and is immediately sucked up by the action of the fire into the firebox B, as indicated by the arrows, thus forming a continuous and steady under draft for the fire. The warm air, smoke and gas from the fire rise into and fill the upper portion H of the steel body, pass over the smoke wall I, down into the horizontal flue J and out through the smoke flue E (Figure 2). During its passage down behind the smoke wall I, the escaping current of warm air, smoke and gas imparts its heat to the current of cold fresh air rising in the rear air chamber from the inlet L, and by the time the former reaches the horizontal flue J it will have only enough heat left to enable it to rise and pass off through the smoke flue. Thus the heat generated by the fire is utilized to the fullest possible extent.

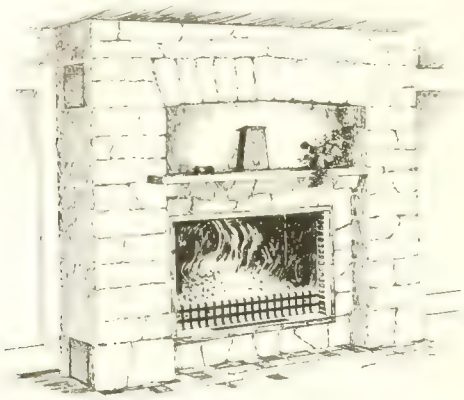
The current of fresh air from the inlet L which fills the chamber M, after it has been heated by passing upward against the hot surface of the steel body F, passes some of it through the grille into the room where the fireplace opening is, which room it heats and ventilates as before described, and the rest of it passes through other grilles, such as N, into adjacent rooms on the ground floor, and also up through suitable pipes, such as O, P, Q and R, between the floor beams into the various rooms on the second story. Thus the adjacent and upper rooms are properly heated, the used air in each upper room, as it cools and descends, being allowed to pass out under the door into the upper hall, down the stairway and on to the ground floor. In this way every room is supplied with warm fresh air, and a continuous circulating and ventilating system maintained throughout the entire house. The amount of warm air admitted to the respective rooms may, of course, be regulated, as desired, in the usual way.

When the fire is first kindled there is apt to be a large volume of smoke which, under ordinary conditions, tends to escape into the room. In our construction, however, all possibility of such discomfort is prevented by the provision of the direct horizontal flue K, arranged behind the front mantel, as shown in Figure 1, and leading into the vent flue A (Figure 2). It will thus be readily seen that any smoke or gas which tries to escape into the room will be promptly sucked up into this flue K by the continuous current and by its own natural tendency, being heated, to rise, and so will pass up and out through the vent flue A.

It will also be noticed, on reference to Figure 1 of the drawings, that by a simple and ingenious arrangement of the vent flue K with relation to the fireplace door, complete ventilation is automatically maintained under all conditions. When the door of the fireplace is open, as shown in the illustrations, the flue behind the door is also open, thereby assisting ventilation and preventing any gas or smoke from escaping out into the room. When, however, the door is closed and the fire, though still in use, is shut off from view, communication between the smoke chamber H and the flue K, being no longer needed, is closed, and another opening into the flue K is provided between the lower edge of the mantel and the top of the closed door, through which opening the used air in the room, when it reaches that level in its descent, may pass up into the flue and out through

the vent flue A, thus insuring perfect ventilation for the room at all times, irrespective of the opening or closing of the bottom draft D.

As a means of still further insuring complete ventilation and the utilization of all air currents, the return air, descending to the floor of the room, passes through reg-



FIREPLACE FURNACE FOR COAL OR COKE

ister openings near the floor at either side of the mantel, as shown in illustration, and after being reheated enters the warm air chamber M.

In order to utilize to the fullest possible extent all the heat generated by the fireplace furnace, we provide a suitable waterback built into the rear wall of the firebox B as shown in Figure 1. This waterback, S, is made in sections, one of which, supplied with the usual inlet and outlet pipes, serves to heat the water for kitchen and cooking purposes and bath. The other sections, the number of which may be varied according to requirements, are connected together and to another pair of inlet and outlet pipes, and can be used, through a convenient system of piping and radiators, to heat any part of the house which it may not be practicable to supply by warm air pipes. The waterback is kept thoroughly heated not only by the firebox itself but also by the current of warm air continually passing behind it into the flue [illegible]

We have shown here two types of the Craftsman Fireplace Furnace, but, of course, the design and various details of construction and decoration may be changed and adapted to meet individual conditions.

The form of fireplace furnace illustrated in Figure [illegible] and [illegible] of the perspective drawings is designed to burn practically [illegible] coal coke or wood. The other design, with the andirons, (shown in perspective below,) is intended to burn wood only. In this instance the hearth is made level with the floor of the room, instead of being slightly raised as in the other type, and in general appearance is just like the ordinary open hearth. Otherwise, its construction is the same as the fireplace first described.

In the installation of these Craftsman Fireplace Furnaces, the chimney must, of course, be specially built. But the cost is no greater than in building an ordinary fireplace chimney. Besides, with the aid of our drawings, which are furnished free with the furnace, you can rely upon having a fireplace which will never smoke, and a chimney which will neither leak nor waste fuel. A complete heating plan for your house is furnished, with full instructions, so that your own builder or contractor can install the furnace for you. We have no agents.

The capacity of the fresh-air inlet of the Fireplace Furnace is 20,000 cubic feet per hour. Authorities find that ordinarily the fresh air supply should amount to 3,000 cubic feet per hour for each adult, and proportionately less for children. A Craftsman Fireplace Furnace, therefore, will furnish full ventilation with all doors and win-

[illegible] FOR WOOD ONLY

dows closed, and supply pure warm air, free from all drafts, dust or gas, for six or seven adults, maintaining automatically an even temperature throughout all rooms in the house,—a feat never before accomplished and a long step forward toward economy, health and happiness.

In fact, we feel that our new system fills a serious and long-felt need, and that its universal adoption will be of the utmost significance in the evolution of the home.

Donn Barber, Architect. GATE AND LODGE OF CONYERS MANOR, GREENWICH, CONN.

GARDENS IN WHICH TO LIVE AND PLAY

"IN these times the play shall be wholesome play, not in theatrical gardens with tin flowers and gas sunshine and girls dancing because of their misery, but in true gardens with real flowers and real sunshine and children dancing because of their gladness."—*Ruskin.*

As children we began the making of gardens. While our doll children were asleep we made gardens for them to walk in when they awoke from their open-eyed slumber. With shells or pebbles we laid paths leading to nooks of enchanted beauty; with a leaf or two we made groves peopled with dancing fairies; a withered flower under the magic of our child imagination blossomed into masses of bloom; a broken bit of glass became splashing, flashing fountains. Now we are older and have put away many childish things, but the making of gardens we have resumed as a wise, satisfying thing to do again.

Instead of a heap of sand, a leaf, a bit of glass, the whim of a moment, the inconsequent fingers of childhood, we now possess ourselves of a plot of ground and some seed and with definite purpose and capable fingers we make a garden, a true garden, full of real flowers, where our real children can dance in the real sunshine.

We are tired of "gas sunshine," the constrained life of the city, and want to dig in the ground, to plant and plan and grow young again out in the sunshine that creates beauty and renews youth.

In planning a garden it is wise to arrange some feature of such especial interest that the rest of the garden is, as it were, attendant upon it. Every plot of ground has a latent possibility that can be developed into a particular beauty.

It may be that the ground selected for the garden is situated where a view can be had of faraway hills. If the distant line of the horizon shows hills reaching up to the sky, try to have a terrace where you can sit or wander about during the meditative hour of evening and let the tranquil beauty of the world become reflected in the sensitive pool of your mind.

If there is no view to hold first interest, there is the possibility of making the approach or gateway the main feature. Gateways have ever been of especial interest to designers, to those who dwell within their portals and to those who dwell without. As rooms reveal the character of their owners,

ON THE GROUNDS OF CONYERS MANOR.

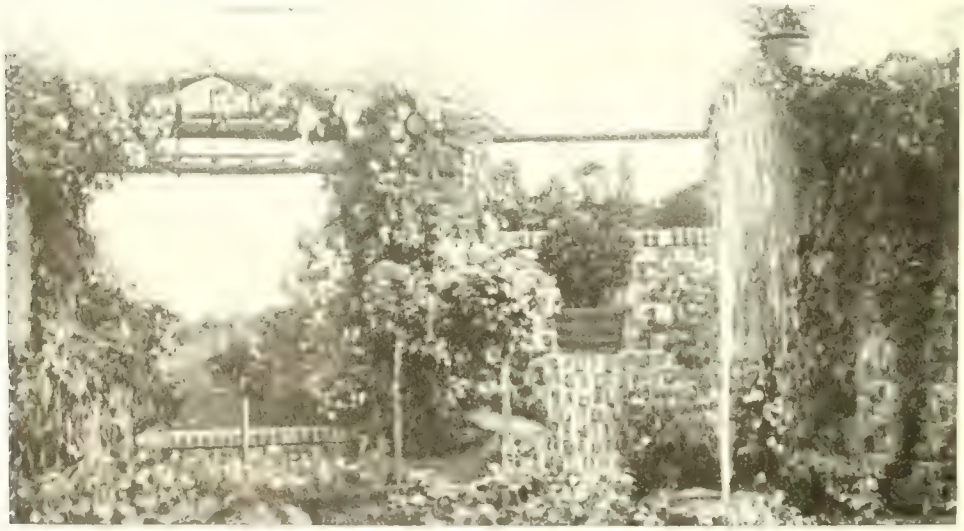
— gateways expose the taste and herald the type of garden or home they give entrance to. They proclaim the garden as formal, natural, extravagant, simple.

The gateway through which one passes into Conyers Manor, the estate of E. C. Converse, is a striking example of the fact that a gateway is the keynote to the home within. This gateway is not a copy of Italian taste; it is eminently of New England. It is made of substantial granite taken from the fields at hand, built into portals of simple design and great dignity. Native vines have been allowed to grow in their own graceful curves of choicest design, softening the lines of what might otherwise be too severe a structure. The lanterns, the lodge, the paths and the drive all carry out this note of simple, clean-cut, substantial natural beauty, and one would be surprised indeed if the garden, the terrace, the house did not carry out the promise of the gateway.

GARDEN FOR W. J. MATHESON, ESQ., FORT HILL, L. I. — CLINTON MACKENZIE, ARCHITECT.

The gateway is the motif, elaborated upon in the garden, but not lost sight of, as a musician lets one carefully chosen motif stamp his whole composition. This harmonious elaboration of one theme is carried out in charming manner in the treatment of the valve house and overflow on this same estate. The architect, Donn Barber, has again combined need, environment and beauty, and produced a spot of great charm, instead of allowing it to be merely a utilitarian blot that it might have been under less artistic handling.

If there is no view as perfect excuse for a terrace, no need for a gateway, no opportunity for a fountain or pool, one can make a pergola the center of interest. The treatment of this feature used in the garden of W. J. Matheson, Esq., Fort Hill, L. I., is especially attractive. The architect, Clinton Mackenzie, has arranged a sweep of garden, from pergola to pergola, that is most satisfying. The arrangement of jars, flowerpots, sundial, formal shrubbery, walks con-



A HILL GARDEN: INTERESTING BRICK WORK: GROSVENOR ATTERBURY, ARCHITECT.

necting these two pergolas makes a picture of line and color equally attractive from either pergola.

A hill garden, such as the one designed by Grosvenor Atterbury, is another picturesque idea that can be elaborated upon to any extent. By taking advantage of a natural group of trees on the slope of a hillside, a nook can be made that will be the heart of a garden's usefulness and beauty. Here one can take a book or a bit of sewing, can write letters or entertain friends, and no more delightful breakfast or tea room can be found.

This is also a good way to arrange a rose garden, for the climbers can twine around the pillars and arch the entrance. The rose trees, rivaling the fountains, will toss up their blossoms like a spray, scattering their fragrant petals as fountains their glittering water drops.

SANITATION AND DOORKNOBS: BY LOUISE RICE

THE twentieth century does not deny us beauty on a large scale. Seen from a distance, the skyline of New York is a thing to dazzle and thrill. Bridges have lines of pure beauty, and public and private buildings are well proportioned and gracious. It is when we look closely at our surroundings that we feel our poverty.

The man who walked the streets of the sixteenth century trod upon filth such as cannot be found anywhere in the twentieth, but the objects which were his familiars spoke a language to him which his children have almost forgotten. An intimate, pervasive, individual beauty lay about the world of yesterday, which we of today might well reflect upon in our moments of vanity and content at our much vaunted progress.

Our forebears treated all objects with respect, because they embodied thought, personal selection, careful and thorough work and individual beauty. They rode in carriages made especially for each individual family; they wore cloaks which were woven, colored and designed with special reference to individuals. Furniture, jewelry, implements, the ware of the table, the smallest articles of daily use, were all the products of special, unique ideas. Today, the tongue of beauty is dumb, save for vast utterances, and for professional expressions. We have good pictures, but ugly and trivial furniture; lovely jewels, set in vapid, insincere designs by workmen who do not know their business; well-built houses whose windows and doors would not have been tolerated four centuries ago; senseless and useless "objects of art" and

RENAISSANCE IRON-WORK HINGE.

hideous household utensils. The house and the bridge are still the exponent of individuality; but their fittings, together with much else, have fallen under the blight of standardization, a blight which removes the exquisite flavor of life.

We eat from plates whose duplicates lie upon a thousand tables, sleep in beds exactly similar to a thousand others, wear cloaks which could not be distinguished from dozens of our neighbors', sit in rooms, write at desks, ride in carriages, visit houses, all of which have the individualitv of a row of pins.

Our reverend ancestors may have thrown the household slops out of the upper windows, to the great detriment of foot passengers and the general health, but they had compensations. *They did, indeed.*

Take the very insignificant detail of house hardware—doorknobs, door pulls, hinges and various small ornamentations which greet our eyes and hands in every building, from the church to the office. Are there any more uninspiring objects in our world of today? Is there anything to distinguish your front door from that of your neighbor? It was made, no doubt, along with a thousand others, upon an approved pattern, by machinery which left not the

could you detect for the smallest variation. You touch it a hundred times a week, but there is no regard in that grasp. Why should there be? Haven't X. Y. & Z. a million more just like it? Cannot you walk down your street, and, for aught you would know by the doorknobs, be walking in a nightmareish multiplication of your own front door?

But if John Strong, a neighbor of yours, and a worthy blacksmith, whose designs are much sought after, had made that doorknob—if it bore the beautifully conventionalized pattern of a rose, your favorite flower—or, if you were a Scot, and the thistle of your native land were quaintly twisted upon it—you would turn that knob with far different feelings. And if every edifice which sheltered your family or your business or your churchly interests was marked,

A HINGE THAT MIGHT BE ON THE DOOR OF ANY WORKMAN'S CABINET OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

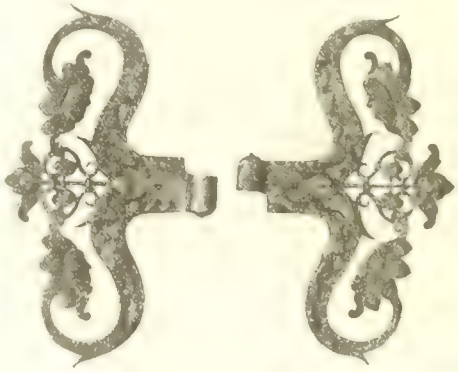
every piece and particle, by a like individuality, with how different a spirit would you attend to your worldly or spiritual affairs.

Remember the stereotyped horrors which confront you in every doorknob of your acquaintance; think of the keyholes of a devastating sameness; as for the hinges, they are usually mercifully hidden. Remember these things and then look at the door pulls, keyholes and hinges from the iron workers of the early Renaissance. Have we "progressed?" These plates are reproductions of a fine collection of wrought iron, which has just been arranged for exhibition by the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. They are good ex-

IMPLE HINGE OF MEDIEVAL DAY SHOWING EXCELLENT DESIGN AND FINE CRAFTSMANSHIP.

amples of the daily, hourly beauty which lay beneath the hand and eye of the ordinary citizen of the sixteenth century. That good man knew nothing of "germs," so he disposed of his garbage in the most convenient manner, and paid his toll for such ignorance in strange maladies, but his inner man was daily freshened by something for the loss of which all the sanitation in the world cannot compensate.

Some of the Metropolitan collection shows the work of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the so-called Baroque and Rococo periods. The stultification of beauty had already begun; the trail of the factory can be discerned. The individual artists who made, each with his own hand, the door and window hardware of the sixteenth century had begun to give place to shops employing "artisans," using estab-



HINGE FOR A COMMON CHEST OF THE RENAISSANCE

lished patterns, coming into close contact with builder and owner less frequently, working more and more without the reviving influence of aggressive individualism.

Sanitation and hygiene have been wonderful blessings to mankind, but is there any reason for accepting cleanliness as a substitute for beauty? The two should be harmonious, complementary. That we have sewerage, open plumbing and sterilized milk is no argument for stupidity and vapidity in our daily surroundings.

A FEW KIND WORDS ABOUT THE BERMUDA ONION: BY HANNA RION

SOME of us ostentatiously, most of us surreptitiously, love the onion. When used as a subtlety it is the *pièce de résistance* of chefs; as a casual prelude in salad-making, a fried grace note of steak, an old-fashioned panacea when baked, for colds and earache, the onion is, after all, a very important factor in our daily life.

When I'm inhabiting the rarefied upper strata of thought, and a desperate cook interrupts me with a query as to what we shall have for dinner, I invariably say "boiled onions" merely because the phrase slides easily off the tongue and requires neither mental nor physical effort.

When at boarding school, we half-fed girls often indulged in what we termed "midnight jags" of onions—probably Bermuda onions. We thought the reason we slept so soundly afterward was because we were becalmed by the bad-consciousness of having eluded cat-footed, cat-eared teachers, not knowing that onions are often prescribed by people who are not M.D.'s for insomnia.

The onion of ogre size, terrific poignancy of flavor, enthusiasm of fragrance and inebriate complexion, which I was brought up to respect as the Bermuda onion, is not the Bermuda product at all; it is an onion grown within smelling distance of the Sphinx, in the holied land of mummies, scarabs, flies, Rameses and Queen Hatasu—in short, the onion which you meekly accept from your grocer as the Bermuda onion is an Egyptian one.

The Bermuda onion is a rather small, pale-faced, mild and retiring vegetable. I am told that some governor in the 1830s first recommended onion-planting to the farmers of these islands, but I don't guarantee any date I ever use, I merely put in numerals to look wise. If that rumor is true, I think they at least might have named the onion after that governor; then his name would have passed down to posterity with more enduring fragrance than even an aroma of rosemary, thyme or rue could have given it.

I'm also told by old wives of the island that in those 1830-something days the inhabitants here were not permitted to raise or harbor more than twelve turkeys, and that the only fertilizer used for each farmer's pioneer onion crops was furnished by his limited edition of turkeys.

One of the charms of the onion industry here today is its element of gamble. Season before last, one of peculiar onion fecundity evidently marked a worldwide onion success, for when the Bermudian farmer carried his onion crates by the thousand to the wharf in Hamilton, news had come from the commission agents in New York telling of a flooded market. After the refused Bermudian onions were piled as high as the tower of Babel, blocking the Hamilton docks so that tourists could scarcely land, the poor farmers were forced to drive their sore-eyed, sore-legged, raw-boned Bucephaluses to town and haul their scorned onions back to the farms, and there dig a grave large enough to hold the Republican Party and bury the fruit of months of hard labor.

The consequence of this tragedy was that few onions were planted the past season—only planted by optimists, incurable gamblers and poets. Then perversely enough the failure of the crop in many of the Southern States caused the onion price to soar, and only the foolhardiest of Bermudian farmers reaped a harvest of gold.

It is a form of obloquy this year when one Bermudian farmer says to another, "I see you are trying onions again." They do not expect history to encore itself.

The American mode of onion-planting is very laborious; the general custom on farms I'm acquainted with is to sow the

seed in the fields where the plants are to mature, then follows a knee service that would exhaust even a Mohammedan, in the weeding and thinning-out of a great field. Here in Bermuda the farmer sows his seed in carefully prepared small beds in the low lands of peculiar richness adjacent to brackish marshes or ponds, and the onions begin life in the stately company of palms, palmettos and bananas—there's nothing like early association for molding the character, you know. There is only one weeding necessary for the seedlings. If the Bermuda farmer is a "Portagee" (which he frequently is when he's not a Saban or a Turks Islander, or a colored person), when the weeding takes place, all the family from the cradle to the grave assist at the ceremonial.

When the onion plants are almost fainting from the exhaustion of growing, they are snatched from their nurseries by the thousand and placed humanely on litters—just such litters as we use in the States for people that street-cars step on—and the seedlings are carried thus to a field bordered by cedars, or a windbreak of oleanders, and planted there for maturity, often in sight of the jade and turquoise sea, which must inspire the plants to further develop the noble qualities inculcated by their early tutors, the palms.

A primitive, home-made, long-handled wooden instrument with nine blocks, eight to mark six-inch rows and one for the twelve-inch path, is dragged over the field. In these twelve-inch paths the men place their feet, and with bunches of onions held in the left hand, with the right hand alone they plant three and four onions a second, with the rapidity of rapid-fire machine guns. For celerity it is the most remarkable performance I've witnessed in this slow century.

An experienced hand can plant twelve rods a day; the slowest hand, ten. From a field of two hundred rods is harvested six hundred crates of onions. Some farmers use seaweed for fertilization, but the majority employ a manure made of fish mixed with pumice; this is sprinkled on the onion rows when the plants are firmly established; it is not worked in, but permitted to be washed into the soil by the frequent rains of winter. So moist is the atmosphere of Bermuda that a great field planted in the wilting midday sun will, by the next day, be quite revived and pert looking.

The first crop of onions planted in November and harvested in February or March is not of as fine a quality as the second crop, gathered in late April or May. The Bermuda farmer complains bitterly of the sharp American; he claims that his crates are saved and onions from Texas or Florida are placed therein and sold for the Bermuda product. They also bring the charge against the Texans of the hoax of naming a town in their State "Bermuda," and by shipping vast crops from this point deceiving the consumers into believing the onions to be from the Summer Islands.

The farmers here have never been able to raise their own onion seed, and are forced to import it all. The potato also deteriorates after a few seasons, and fresh stock must be brought from foreign parts.

The onion has been universally maligned for its odor, but the Bermuda farmer brings the infamous accusation against it of breeding the vast crops of fleas which necessitate many tourists being treated by native physicians of serious countenances for so-called "hives" during those months extending from January to January.

The distinctive sweetness of disposition peculiar to the Bermuda onion (in spite of this aforesaid scandal) is said to be due to the coral soil, which produces mildness and succulence. I suppose, therefore, the only way in which the farmers of the States can successfully compete with the Bermudian will be to import a few million coral insects and domesticate them.

TRUE POSSESSION

IT is said that "flutes are property to the man who can pipe upon them respectably; but to one who knows not how to pipe they are not property." If this is so, then a garden is sometimes the property of the gardener whose love, knowledge and care made it grow, rather than the rich man who holds title to the land and pays the gardener to tend it, yet lives abroad. Love and appreciation are the qualities that give us real possession of things—to have something locked out of sight and use is not the way to make it "property" to us. We own our gardens when we love them and work in them. We are made rich by our care of them and not by possession of the ground in which they exist.

ORIENTAL USE OF GRASSES, RUSHES AND SMALL TWIGS

THERE is always someone who can see in "the stone that the builders reject" a possibility of beauty, strength or fitness that eventually gives it a place as the cornerstone of a new type of building. Builders generally, in a rush of industry throw aside all material that does not conform to their accustomed use of it, and so fail to see that it has another, newer, better use perhaps. We have all heard of the fortunes that have been made by wise men who, wandering about the dump heaps of lumber mills, chemical works, steel plants, found a new use for the waste products.

Orientals pick up the twigs and broken pieces of discarded timber and construct the most charming, artistic and practical articles for use in the home or the garden. They are especially clever in their handling of grasses, rushes, small twigs. The accompanying illustration shows one of the many ways that they use apparently useless odds and ends of grasses and twigs. These little garden gates, tied together, would make most suitable and attractive porch screens. Three of the square ones or three of the round ones bound cleverly together could be put to many uses on the porch, to shut off a draft, to insure a cozy corner, as protection from the sun. They are made without nail, screw or glue, simply by tying the pieces together. The sides are stuffed with grasses or the finest twigs of bamboo, then bound round with twigs of the next largest size, and the panels are held flat by still larger pieces, so in this way they use all grades and sizes of the bamboo, not one tiny shred of it being lost.

JAPANESE SCREENS MADE FROM BAMBOO, WITHOUT NAILS, SCREWS OR WIRE

They also have a way of weaving long or short branches together, having the top larger ends as even as possible and leaving the smaller ends of uneven lengths. These flat long strips, which they sell by the yard, are used in thatching tea-garden roofs.

Nothing could be more attractive than a garden reading or sewing room made with a roof of this bamboo thatching supported by a rustic framework, with the little square panels set in the form of a fence all round it and with two of them swung as entrance gates or doors.

These gates suggest many ways by which they could be modified or adapted to our materials and our uses. For instance, they could be made of hickory or cedar or willow or of our Southern bamboo. Instead of giving over your hickory brush pile to the annihilating bonfire, you could make it serve you as division fence or as unique gates to your garden. An examination of the method of tying and binding together as shown in the picture of the gates will be of service to whoever wishes to experiment with this basket-weaving style of fence or gate-making.

Perhaps a gate or screen made of cedar would on the whole be more practical than if made of hickory or willow, because of its enduring quality, and certainly it would be beautiful, for the color as well as the texture or fiber would be decorative in the extreme. A garden fence made with cedar posts sunk in the ground, and the posts connected with small branches set and tied, as the panels are set and tied in the gates shown, would be novel, practical and beautiful. Almost any article of garden furniture, such as seats, tables, chairs, could be ornamented with this charming, decorative finish, for it does not add much to the

weight of such furniture (which is apt to be most unwieldy because of the weight of rustic as generally used), and at the same time it is so eminently fitted for garden use.

We may learn several other lessons from the Oriental custom of utilizing what we are apt to call valueless things. For instance, they take a few dried grasses and twist them into small strands or rolls and then weave these rolls into charming flat mats or cushions which are used in countless ways about a house. Now we have many grasses and rushes that we can also twist and weave into mats to our joy and profit. Unless we use our ingenuity and taste in making things ourselves our powers will quickly become atrophied and we will find our lives empty of pleasure and void of usefulness. Our great-great-grandmothers made use of everything that they could possibly find, for in those pioneer days everything was valuable. So they made seats for their chairs of rushes that they gathered and dried themselves, and they wove mats or rugs for their homes of corn shucks.

We put glass cases round the things that they so cleverly made out of materials we now overlook, or else we frame them, and in all cases we brag immensely over the cleverness of our ancestors! And would it not be a pity to let our race degenerate in this ability to see use and beauty in everything? Why should we not make or construct useful and beautiful objects that our great-great-grandchildren can point to with pride? and brag about perchance!

Would it not be a great pleasure to learn about our native grasses and rushes and to make baskets of them, or mats, or large jars for flowers, or beautiful gates for our gardens?

The Japanese split the bamboo and make the most graceful of baskets for almost every use. They stain them so beautifully that they become works of art, and when placed on the wall to hold a flower, or at the doorway to hold many flowers, they serve the need of use and of beauty.

Can we not also make baskets of split hickory or willow and stain them so tastefully that the observer is in doubt whether they are made for ornament or use?

With these gates as an inspiration, charming porch accessories can be made at home, adapted to our needs.

HOUSES INSPIRED BY CRAFTSMAN DESIGNS

THE CRAFTSMAN mail is so steadily bringing in evidences of the widespread interest taken in our Craftsman Houses that we have come to the conclusion that many of our readers will be interested to know how valuable the inspiration of these designs has been, even where the exact plans have not been carried out in their entirety. In fact, we find that almost everyone who has built from our plans has made some changes, those essential differences which enable them to express in their building their own individuality, and to meet their own needs. And this is just what the CRAFTSMAN is interested in having people do. We want our plans for houses to be practical, we want the use of them to develop into beautiful buildings, but above all things we want to feel that they are of absolute value in aiding people to build the sort of houses they want to live in. And even where we have simply been the inspiration for the making of other plans, we are quite satisfied. The idea we have in developing our drafting department for Craftsman houses, is to make it easier for people all over the country to build houses that are economical, that are comfortable in every detail, that lessen the burden of housework, that contribute to the real joy of living, not only to the joy of the people who build them, but to those in the neighborhood who perforce must look upon them.

So we find ourselves satisfied rather than troubled at the reorganization that is sometimes brought to bear on our original designs.

Mrs. R. L. Robbins, St. Paul, writes as follows:

"I am sending you the floor plans for our cottage. They were made for me after your plans, to suit our needs. We made a few changes, as you will see, but they were really of minor importance."

Mrs. Robbins' house, which is called "Minneopa Lodge," was built at Lakeview, on the east shore of White Bear Lake. Pictures of the exterior and interior of the house are given in this article, as well as the plans for both floors. The arrangement of the rooms is well worth describing here; it is all so practical and so must lead to real comfort and joy.

The house is of shingles stained brown, with cream-colored trimmings, and the roof is stained green. The arrangement of porches is of great interest. The large front porch (10 by 30) overlooks the lake, is well screened and serves as a sitting room by day and a sleeping room by night. The rear porch is used as a dining room and has no direct connection with the outside as far as door is concerned, "a feature," writes the owner, "much admired by everyone, for we can eat in peace, there being no danger of flies or mosquitoes slipping in by the careless opening of a door. Wild grapevines are now trailing over this porch." There is a living room, recessed dining room, kitchen, bathroom, one bedroom and hall downstairs, besides kitchen porch for icebox, etc. And three bedrooms, large closets and storeroom upstairs. The entire cottage downstairs is paneled in rough wood and stained brown, except the bedroom and bathroom, which are stained green. The beams in the living room and dining room are 4 by 8, in the rough, stained brown, while the ceiling is Washington fir, oiled. The stairs and railings are also of Washington fir and the floors maple, oiled and waxed. The hangings at the windows are of pongee silk which harmonizes with floor and ceiling, the entire effect being brown and tan. The beams in the hall are brown and the ceiling stained green.

The large cobble stone fireplace is a charming feature of this house; the wide shelf is made of ordinary sidewalk flags, as is also the lower part of the fireplace. And, quoting again, "it is easy to keep this dusted; an occasional sweeping is all that is necessary, and the effect very much in keeping with the rest of the fireplace."

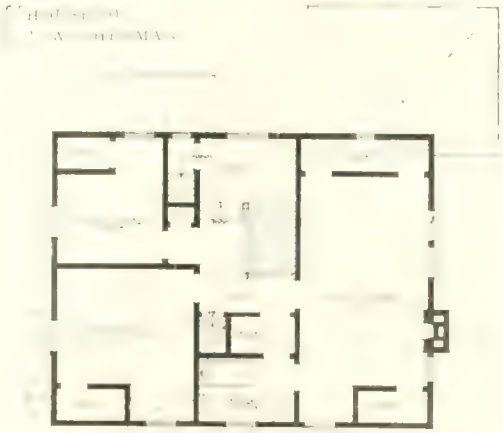
HOUSE OF J. W. SHERMAN IN MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Opposite this cheery fireplace is a cluster of Craftsmanlike windows, and there are two Craftsman doors leading to the dining porch, which give a beautiful light, decorative effect to that end of the room.

This whole house gives a very good idea of what can be accomplished at slight cost (the cost, including well and plumbing, be-

HOUSE OF
J. W. SHERMAN

FIRST FLOOR PLAN



SECOND FLOOR PLAN

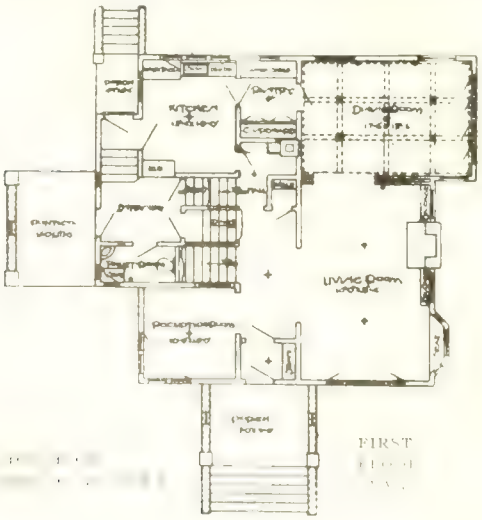
ing but $2,000.00), but with much personal [illegible] attention and the exercising of good taste. The result is artistic and harmonious and the house nestles among the green trees like a pretty brown bird, not obtrusively, but as if belonging there by the very nature of things.

One of the most interesting features in connection with the construction of houses from the Craftsman idea is the frankness with which the builders of homes acknowledge their indebtedness to the plans which have been published in the magazine, designed by Gustav Stickley. Mrs. H. E. Burt, of Battle Creek, Michigan, writes of the house which we are publishing in this article as follows:

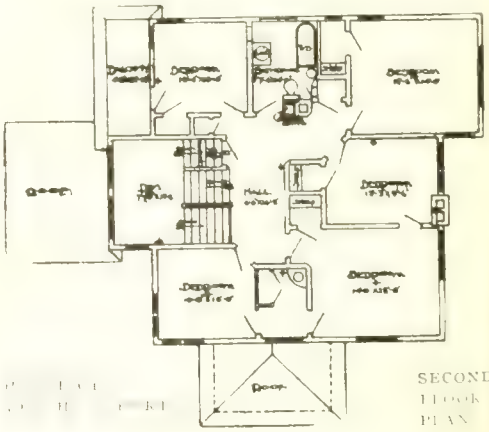
"It is really a very pretty and interesting house. We find that the style of the living room and the landing called for Craftsman furniture. I am remodeling a house next to this and I wonder if you have any literature about your new fireplace furnace. The exterior of my house is the pebble-dash plaster with round wood trim and finish, with Indian red or terra cotta asbestos shingles. The wood in vestibule and living room is quartered oak in a finish nearly matching the Craftsman furniture." The interior views of Mrs. Burt's house are singularly interesting, showing how admirably the finish of the room is adapted to the Craftsman furniture used. It is almost—and possibly this is quite true—as though the interior of the rooms had been designed to hold this furniture. The built-in bookcases, the lighting fixtures, the seats, the mantels, the metalwork throughout the rooms are all suggestive of Craftsman inspiration, and yet as you look into the little fittings you find the individuality of the owner very strongly impressed upon the detail of the rooms. The windows are charmingly grouped and afford the best possible lighting, and there are opportunities for reading in the most comfortable fashion. The finish of the exterior of the house suggests rather the earlier ideal of Craftsman architecture, but it is extremely well carried out. There is a fine, dignified simplicity about the entire structure that is most satisfactory to see in American domestic architecture. One feels that the house is built as a permanent home and that it is quite good enough to be permanent.

HOUSE OF MRS. H. E. BURT, BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

The floor plans of this house are full of interest. They perhaps more than the exterior suggest Craftsman ideals. There is first of all the large living room, which is



FIRST FLOOR PLAN



SECOND FLOOR PLAN

LIVING ROOM OF THE HOUSE OF MRS. H. E. BURT: FURNISHED WITH CRAFTSMAN FURNITURE.

the cornerstone of the Craftsman floor plan idea. This opens at one end into the dining room and from another end into a small reception room, so that the lower plan is most intimately connected, and yet there is a sense of a great deal of space. The arrangement of the upper floor is extremely practical. There is a central hall around which the bedrooms are grouped, and they all seem near each other and yet with opportunities for complete privacy. The entire house has been one of great interest to us.

The third house which we are showing in our illustrations was built for Mr. J. W. Shuman out in Minneapolis. It was designed by Mr. J. M. Shuman. The exterior is a combination of concrete with half-timber construction and clapboard, with an extremely well built chimney. This chimney furnishes the fireplace for the living room, and on either side of it are cosy corners with windows above. The lower floor plan gives one the sense of a great deal of space because of the open hall which connects the living room and dining room. The upper story is divided in unusual fashion, nearly one-half of it being given over to the owner as a bedroom and living room. There is a sense of rest and comfort in this room, and the suggestion that the bedrooms of most of our country houses are inevitably too small. The windows throughout the house carry the very small panes of glass which is one of the particular features of the Craftsman houses and which adds much to the beauty of the exterior and the picturesque effect to be obtained in the interior. They are much cheaper than the usual mullioned windows, as the frame work can be made of wood, and the effect is especially pleasant, as it breaks the bare space of the glass on the outside and from within dozens of specialized little views of the landscape are furnished rather than one wilderness of view.

This house especially carries out one of the essentials of Craftsman building, and that is permanence in structure. You feel at once that it is a carefully designed, extremely well built house, that the owner's ideal in construction was to evolve a permanent home, one far removed from the typical American house, thrown up for rent and to last only as long as that prevailing "style" of architecture may endure or be endured. Nothing has been worse for the permanence of domestic architecture in America than the idea that we have had that we must have new "styles" every year or two, that we must change our houses as we change the mode of our gowns, and as we have in the past thought we must change the style of our furniture and furnishings. Any style in architecture or furniture that does not spring up slowly to meet the needs of the existing civilization is a matter of vanity. There is possibly a deeper cause also, and that is the desire of the people who create the "styles" to make money by pampering the American love of novelty. The result has been most disastrous throughout the country. We have our lovely landscapes dotted with the most futile, ænemic architecture, of no value at the time of its erection, of no beauty and utterly unrelated to its environment; badly built because it was the sense of the builders that it would not be permanent; thoughtlessly built because people who would rent it or buy it also desired it for the moment only, until now we are largely a homeless, migratory people, seeking new resting-places for what furniture we may possess, each remove destroying our home ideal and our peace of mind.

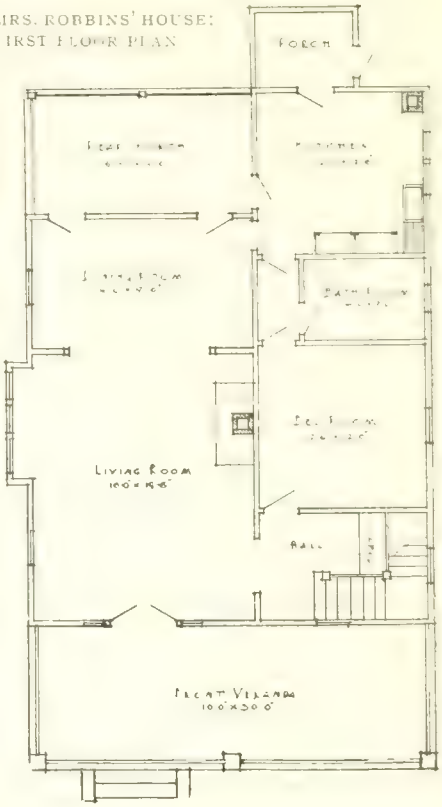
It is Mr. Stickley's object fundamentally to establish a new ideal in home building for this country. He feels that no nation is progressing in the right direction that is moving steadily and willingly away from permanent home life; and the only way to

THE HOUSE OF MRS. R. T. ROBBINS, ST. PAUL, MINN.

secure a desire for the permanent home life is to build the homes that people will want to live in, which they themselves are interested in, which are an outgrowth of their need for home life and their love of it and which will because of its comfort and beauty increase the home feeling the nation has so sadly lacked. To meet the problem of home-making in America we must have a simple domestic architecture. Although permanent, it must be comparatively inexpensive. Although lessening in every way the burden of living, it must increase rather than lessen the opportunities for beauty and for comfort in living.

Every house which is designed in the CRAFTSMAN drafting rooms honestly endeavors to meet these very great problems, and whether meeting them as completely as may be desired, they are one and all a result of the most sincere effort to place home building in America on a level with the best aspiration of the home-makers.

MRS. ROBBINS' HOUSE: FIRST FLOOR PLAN



The floor plans of these three houses are an interesting study. They one and all so entirely reveal the purpose of the owner to build for comfort, to have ample living room, plenty of light and a chance for outdoor living.

RECESSED DINING ROOM LOOKING FROM LIVING ROOM OUT TO DINING ROOM PORCH.

POPPIES: "CHILDREN OF THE DAWN"

POPPIES "multicolored as the mind of man" should have a place of honor in everyone's garden.

"Aye, true enough, our time is quickly past,
But we may give thee joy the while we last."

Yet if we understood better how to plant and to gather these delicate, silky-tissued flowers, their time would not be so quickly past, and certainly the joy they give, even though it were brief indeed, would amply repay the small amount of effort expended in their cultivation, for they are easily grown and respond quickly and surely to the slightest attention. A small package of seeds is all that is required to start a bed, for they are self-sowing, and year after year will spring up anew and hold gay revels in the garden.

Poppies that are self-sown come up more quickly than those that one sows in the spring, so it is an easy matter to have a succession of bloom. Early in the spring, sow seed in your last year's bed, raking lightly the soil. In two weeks sow again, either in the same bed or nearby, and then you will have a procession of blossoms extending through a period of six or eight weeks.

If your garden space is very limited and you do not like to have the poppy bed idle the rest of the season, plant asters in the bed. They will not prevent the poppies coming up next year, neither will they interfere with their blooming, for asters do not grow much until the poppies have gone to sleep for the summer. Or you might plant alternate rows of poppies and asters, pulling up the poppy plants after they have ceased blooming.

No flower lends itself better to house decoration than this brilliant, delicate flower, for its exquisite shades are unlimited, its petals full of graceful curves, and if it is picked properly it will stay fresh for two days or even longer. Take a deep vase or pitcher full of cold water into the garden with you, and plunge the stems as fast as you pick them into the water. This may not at first appear important, but it is the secret of their lasting quality. It is best to pick them early in the morning, just as they are opening, and it is also good to prevent all seed pods from maturing until the last of the crop, for then each bloom will last longer.

To have a perfect poppy bed, each flower of dull or unattractive color should be pulled up as soon as it is discovered, before it has time to blend with those of pure color. The seed should be sown sparsely, and after the plants begin to bloom they should be kept well watered.

With the exception of the yellow poppy of California there are no native poppies in America; all others are simply "escapes." The opium poppy, the oldest of cultivated poppies, is now grown as a hybrid, yet the primitive persists at times. It is a glaucous plant with wavy leaves, petals of delicate silky tissue which are "a flame and warm the wind." It is a genus of about fifty species. In India and Persia the petals are white, in Asia Minor they are purple. Opium is the milky juice of young poppy capsules, used as a sedative since the days of Vergil, and doubtless long before. It darkens and thickens and is sold in this form as crude opium, from which morphine, narcotine, thebain, etc., are made. The seed contains no narcotic principle, is sold for bird food, and also yields a valuable oil.

The corn poppy (*Rhœas*), which abounds in Europe and Western Asia, is scarlet or deep red, with a splash of black at base of each petal.

"And far and wide, like a scarlet tide,
The poppy's bonfire spread."
—*Bayard Taylor.*

This "scarlet tide" of Mediterranean origin washes against the shores of our gardens, but not always in color of flame. For this corn poppy is parent of the myriad-colored Shirley and French poppies, "the children of the dawn," who are named "Fairy Blush," "Rosy Morn," "Snowdrift," "Eiderdown," "Mikado," "Bride," and numerous other poetical, fanciful names. All trace of black has been eliminated from the corn poppy, and it is this absence of black blood that gives the Shirley children such ethereal beauty, such silky, papery petals. Their white gossamer garments are tinged with rose, rayed with pink, tinted with sea-green, or are just of purest snow, fringed delicately.

The Oriental poppy, native of Armenia, is barbaric in splendor. Its variants run through many gorgeous and marvelous changes of orange, salmon, rich pink, but

they cannot transcend the type, the pure flame color. They are unsurpassed in brilliance, blossom with Oriental generosity, and flourish easily in our gardens.

There is only one flower that can approach this poppy in richness of color, and that is the yellow poppy of California, the "Copa de Oro" or Cup of Gold. When the Spanish first saw this flower rioting over the fields they named the whole coast "Land of Fire," and they held it "sacred to San Pascual, since his altar cloth is spread upon all its hills."

In the West this poppy makes everyone think of "the field of the cloth of gold" when they see it gilding the meadows and hills; it is a perennial, but in the East it is an annual, climatic conditions making the change of character. The blossoms open and close with the sun in a human sort of way, and as they open, the sepals are lifted up by the expanding flower, so that they sit upon the golden head in a coquettish way, like a tiny green dunce cap. This gives a fascinating, merry touch to their already bright little faces.

In the West is also the Matilija poppy, a scrub which sends out a profusion of large crinkled and crumpled white blossoms.

The Iceland poppy, native of Siberia, is a clear, beautiful yellow; it hybrids through orange to rose pink and scarlet, and is most satisfactorily grown in our gardens.

Then there is the Horn or Seaside poppy (named from its oddly curved seed pod), which does well in rock gardens. And the Blue poppy of England, the only blue poppy known, thrives well in rock gardens.

The Alpine poppy, with its large white flowers and yellow centers, its leaves cut into acute lobes, is a hardy, beautiful plant that does well in America, though it is a native of the European Alps.

And there is the pretty Celandine, so named because it comes with the swallow.

This list of poppies runs through the whole brilliant gamut of red, rose, pink, the yellows, oranges and white, with myriad variations, and surely will satisfy the flower lover's desire for beauty.

"We are slumb'rous poppies,
Lords of Lethe downs.
Some awake and some asleep,
[illegible]
What [illegible]
Let [illegible]

DIGGING IN THE DIRT

IF you wish to drink Ambrosia, you must climb step by step up to the high realms where live those who understand the brewing of it and who dispense it freely to their guests. It is not to be had by sitting idly in pleasant valleys, snapping your fingers for a paid attendant, and ordering him to run fleetly and fetch a gallon or so! It cannot be brought to those living in idleness, even though with heart inspired by love you make the toilsome journey in search of it, that you may make an offering of the heavenly nectar to a friend.

A garden is not unlike ambrosia, inasmuch as in order to get the perfect enjoyment of it, you must work for it yourself and not sit idly by and order someone to make a fragrant spot where you may dwell at ease.

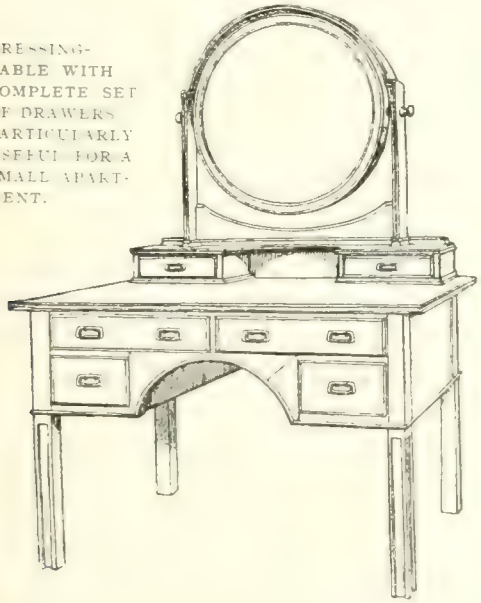
To fully enjoy a garden you must, as everybody knows, make it yourself,—plan it, dig in the ground, consult the needs of the flowers that you wish to bloom. You must, for love of them, marshal the services of sun, wind and water, that they may aid the plants and not destroy them. And nothing so increases your love of a thing as a greater understanding of it. So because you love the flowers and desire to have them in your garden, you work for them, and the more you work the more you love them, so that this charmed circle extends endlessly to the great good of gardener and garden.

Man loves whatever causes some effort of his brain and some strain of his muscle. It is this power of his brain, this foresight or vision, that raises him so far above the animals. A man sees with his mind possibilities, beauties, improvements, and, having faith in his vision, is content to dig and delve and plant and carry out little by little all details required to make that vision a reality. Visions, whether of poet, artist or gardener, come in radiant guise, but the carrying out of them requires a vast amount of what corresponds to digging in the dirt. It is by much digging that we climb to the heights where the nectar of perfect joy awaits us. If we are willing to "dig" unfalteringly, to labor steadily because of the vision's sake, we shall find that we are in possession of a great secret. This joy-giving secret sings quietly and sweetly within our hearts like an invisible soloist, to the accompaniment of our rhythmic "digging."

A NEW DEVELOPMENT OF ENGLISH FURNITURE BASED ON OLD MODELS

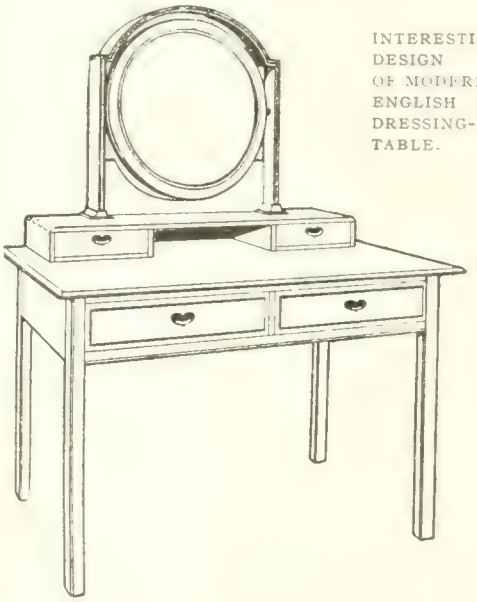
HERE in America we have begun to realize the need of simplicity in our lives, our homes and our furniture; we have come to see the necessity of eliminating the superfluous bric-a-brac that has so long cluttered up our homes, and of reducing the amount of our furniture to the number of pieces actually needed for use. Even the forms of our furniture are being designed along lines that make for the least possible effort to keep it clean and in good condition, together with the greatest amount of efficiency and comfort in its use.

This need of making things to fit their use has been felt very strongly in England since the end of the last century, when a few artists awoke to the fact that the art of furniture-making had deteriorated to an alarming extent. They revolted against the clumsy absurdities of the Victorian era, but, although such revolt was necessary, little was achieved except to make a start in another direction, almost as bad as the one that had been taken before, for the New Art phase of decoration gave variation, but no relief from the condition they sought to change.



DRESSING-TABLE WITH COMPLETE SET OF DRAWERS PARTICULARLY USEFUL FOR A SMALL APARTMENT.

In the history of civilization it has always been true that every great development of real worth has had its inception in some slight tendency or in a single step in the right direction, and that no attempts, however vigorous, to revolutionize bodily any existing evil would do more than cause much confusion and possibly result in a condition as bad if not worse than the one that obtained before.



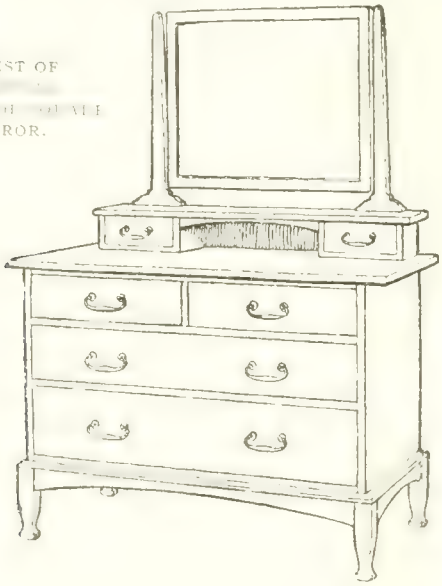
INTERESTING DESIGN OF MODERN ENGLISH DRESSING-TABLE.

This truth is evidently being realized by the makers of furniture in England at the present time, for a most interesting development of cabinetwork has been attained, as evidenced by some most charming examples of modern furniture that have recently been designed there. This furniture is by no means new; that is to say, it is not an entirely new development along radically different lines, but is merely an adaptation of some of the best results obtained by masters of cabinetmaking in past generations. Old forms have been held to and old lines adapted and modified, and much that was purely ornamental has been done away with.

The designers have evidently delved deeply into the best periods of furniture-making, especially the Tudor, Stuart and Colonial, and have seen the truth as the old craftsmen saw it, and applied it with modern feeling to modern needs. The result is a distinctly modern style that could never be confused with the achievements of other days, and yet one possessing a fine evanescent suggestion of an older time.

The examples of this new-old furniture that we have selected for illustration give a good idea of what these modern cabinet-

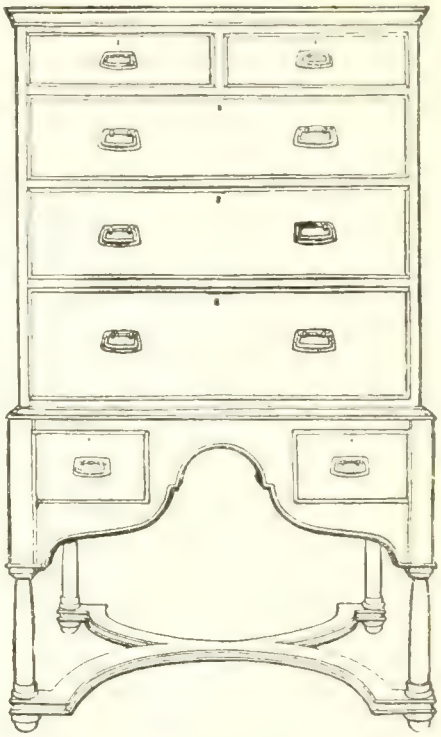
makers have accomplished, and may perhaps carry a new suggestion to workers in wood on this side of the ocean. The designs shown here were developed in mahogany and are admirably in harmony with the bright chintz hangings and gay papers that are now being so extensively used for bedrooms. These models would, however, be quite as suitable for the simpler environ-



CHEST OF DRAWERS WITH OVAL MIRROR.

ment and more quiet surroundings afforded by the plain walls and restful colorings that some of us like, as there is nothing in line and finish of any of these pieces of furni-

COMBINATION DRESSING-TABLE AND CHEST OF DRAWERS.



MODERN TYPE OF HIGH-BOY.

ture to disturb the most tranquil of color schemes.

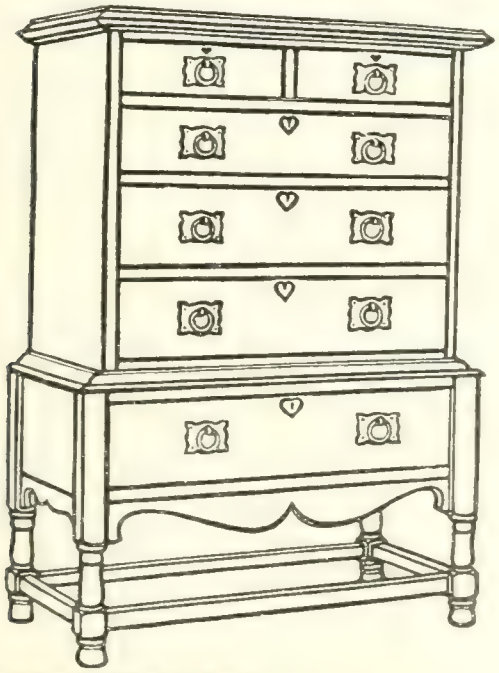
Most of the designs here given are for bedroom furniture, and nothing could be more charming and practical. The lines are light enough to be graceful, there are no carvings or cubby holes to collect dust and make cleaning difficult, and each part is constructionally perfect, as it has a purpose and fulfills it to the utmost.

The two lighter dressing tables with the round mirrors would be charming in a young girl's bedroom, and would furnish an education in taste and fitness as well as afford a never-ending delight to the girl who takes pride and care in her personal appearance. These two tables have been adapted from extremely old models, but show the most modern thought in their fitness for practical use. The number of drawers included in the designs make for convenience that is not usual in furniture of this nature, and this is something that should be appreciated by an orderly housekeeper.

Rather more commodious models are shown in the heavier dressers with the square mirrors, and they suggest placing in more masculine surroundings. Where is the man who would object to keeping his

collar-buttons and scarf-pins for convenience in little drawers that are always in close proximity to shirts and collars and cuffs, and who would not appreciate having on his dressing table a mirror that can be seen into and adjusted to his comfort? There is a slight suggestion of ornamentation in the turning of the legs of these designs that is not quite as graceful as the other dressers shown, but is still in keeping with the structural lines of the pieces.

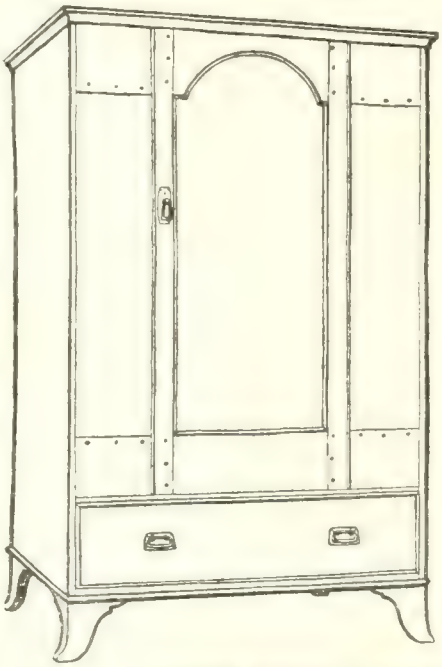
For a home that is not overflowing with built-in closets, nothing could be more convenient or in better taste than the two lockers illustrated here. They are capacious and yet compact in design, and decorative enough to be in harmony with almost any



MODERN ENGLISH LOW-BOY.

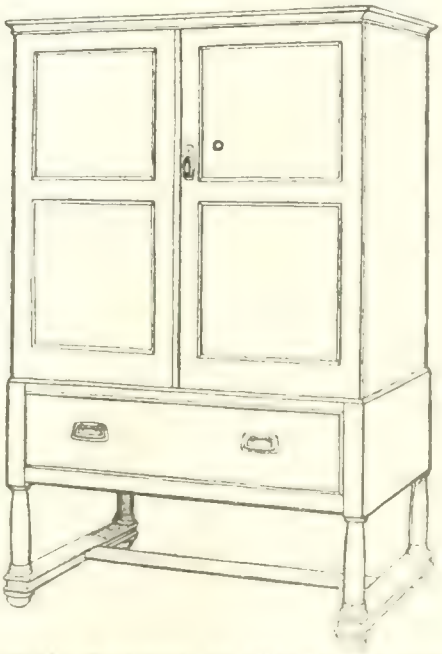
scheme of furnishing along modern lines. European housekeepers would doubtless be more appreciative of them than Americans, for these movable lockers or wardrobes seem to find more favor on the Continent than we accord to them. There seems to be a feeling abroad that the built-in variety of closet is more difficult to keep clean and aired than one that can be moved about and perhaps taken apart.

The chests of drawers shown are rather massive without being awkward, and would serve equally well in a bedroom as part of a set designed along these modern-antique

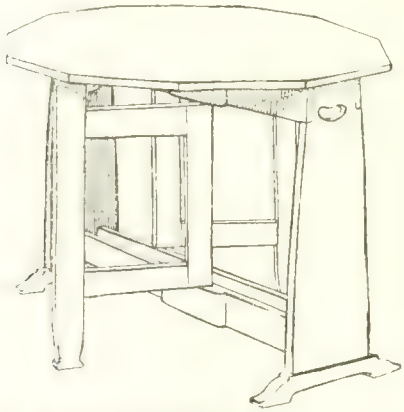


ENGLISH MOVABLE WARDROBE.

lines or in a dining room or library. No one ever has drawers enough for linen, either table or bed, silverware, pamphlets or papers. A rather unusual feature in the more slender design is the placing of the two lower small drawers. This adds a



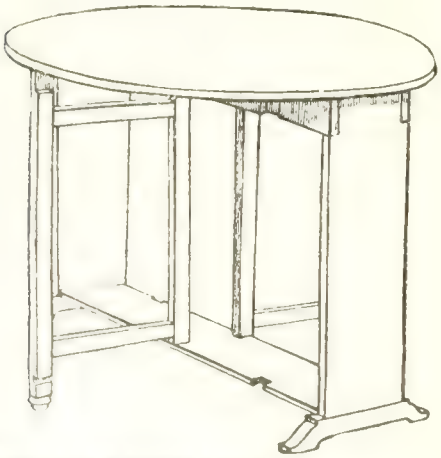
touch of decoration as well as shows an interesting solution of a problem in economy of space. This same model also seems more dignified in the matter of the design of the drawer pulls, which seem a little



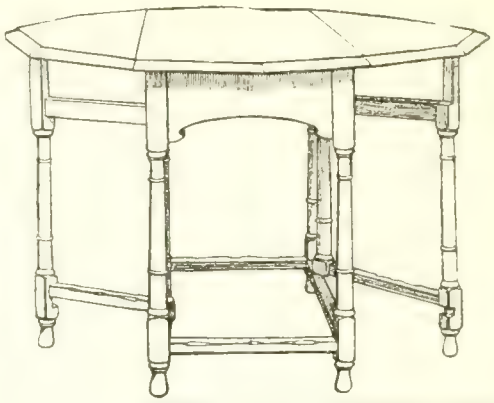
SMALL TABLE SUGGESTING MONASTIC CRAFTSMANSHIP.

fussy in the heavier design as compared with those of the lighter piece.

Two of the tables illustrated are developed along rather heavy lines, suggesting the severe simplicity of monastic craftsmanship. Nothing could be more delightful than to serve breakfasts or informal luncheons on a table like one of these, and they are also admirably suited for use in a living room or library as reading tables, or on a



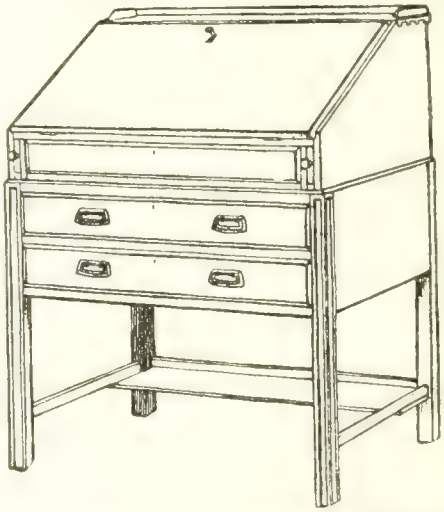
porch. They suggest unlimited possibilities for home workmanship, and afford a fresh impetus to the home cabinetmaker who designs his own models. The Colonial table shown is rather more in keeping with the dressing tables and chests of drawers. An



COLONIAL TABLE OF ENGLISH MAKE.

unusual placing of two of the legs is shown, which gives a decorative touch as well as solves the problem of how to support the two drop leaves when they are required for use.

The commodious and substantial desk shows a design that ought to find favor with



COMMODIOUS MODERN ENGLISH DESK

anyone who enjoys keeping his correspondence in order. Ample space for manuscripts or books and papers for household accounts is provided in the two capacious drawers, and comfortable writing space is given by the dropping of the desk lid. In fact, the design of this desk is unusually satisfying to the discerning eye of an experienced cabinetmaker; it is constructionally beautiful as well as useful and substantial, and yet it is a design that is seldom seen among the many desks that are offered for sale, or among the models that cabinetmakers work from.

ALS IK KAN

THE JAPANESE IDEAL APPLIED TO ART IN OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS

OUR city schools are getting larger appropriations every year for art decorations,—for mural paintings, casts of antiques, photographs of foreign art. And we are very proud in America of this effort to foster the development of art. We like to feel that we are giving our children and everybody's children the "best educational advantages." It has become quite a fad to be interested in the elevation of the masses through art. As a rule the masses don't mind, and the people who do the elevating enjoy it very much.

Now undoubtedly a well-planned room overloaded with photographs and statues is better background for formal instruction than a dingy, ill-ventilated spot, sordid and empty; but is it the best place for practical education that will make our boys and girls *think,* and really develop them mentally and physically to the best of their capacity? Are we not going from one extreme to another, from dreary emptiness to confusion and an embarrassment of riches? Are we not overloading undeveloped brains and imposing upon helpless youth standards that cannot be honestly accepted?

That children should see many pretty things is not important, even if also they are told to admire what they see; but it is a good thing for them to see and understand a few things that are intrinsically, structurally worth while. It is of little value to superimpose ready-to-use standards of culture upon superstition, prejudice, evil purpose.

If there is value for art in the public school it would be that through one beautiful thing at a time children might be taught the truth about art, its place in life and in the development of nations, its value to the creator, its importance to the onlooker. If, in other words, children could be taught to think coherently about some one work of art, to construct by such thought some faint standards of good and bad, if their interest could be awakened to the relation of art to man and his environment, so that they would *know why* the *art* is, and why they are looking at it instead of playing marbles or stealing trolley rides or devising joyful schemes of escaping school altogether—then art in our public schools would be really of some use. This would not be any harder for the children than the present system, and much more interesting, but it would involve considerably more outlay of mental effort on the part of the teachers. To help children to *remember* is a fairly mechanical process; to teach children to *think,* and then aid them in selecting something worth thinking about, is the only instruction worth considering for the youth being prepared to live under a democratic form of government.

Children cannot think through confusion, and too many good things are just as bewildering to unformed minds as too many bad things. Children as quickly center their interest as they do their affections. They do not want a wide range of interest, —one mother, one dolly, one little yard, one stick to mix mud pies, one spoon for the joys of food, and the average little child is satisfied. A city boy may want a few more implements of happiness; a ball, a military cap, a policeman's whistle, he would add to the essentials of food and bed.

This is child psychology, worth considering in connection with educational matters. To overstimulate a child's interest only excites the nerves and induces irritability or indifference. I am not sure but this is also largely true of grown-up minds. Too much dulls the appetite and pricks the nerve centers. The Japanese, of all people, have known best how to enjoy beauty, how in a way to take it reverentially. They do not expect an adult man, even an artist of mature years, to divide his interest between two works of art. *One at a time* he permits himself the full delight of a rare bronze or a beautiful painting, or a tapestry of rich and varied hue. He does not cover his walls with as many confusing symbols of art as he can afford to buy and call his friends to see how *many* he has accumulated. Instead, he gives each treasure an environment of simplicity and thoughtfulness that truly tests its worth.

If we find it wise to cultivate a widespread knowledge of art among our youth, why not be genuine about it? Why not really enlighten children's minds to the riches of the world and cultivate in them an understanding and appreciation that must widen interest and develop brain? Children do not *see* what they do not want to *understand.* By instinct they seem to pro-

tect their little faculties by ignoring the vast quantity of matter in life unrelated to their interests. And thus much of the mass of "art" matter distributed in public schools is wholly missed by the children, who are either studying hard, or wishing they didn't have to study at all.

But the direction is right, and there is, in fact, a way of winning children's interest in art and opening their minds to its real value; mainly by imitating the Japanese attitude toward all art. Teach children just a little at a time. Take one subject, let them become familiar with it, so familiar that they will finally ask questions about it. Let them know its history, a thrilling, if possible, human history, something about the man who created it, his environment, his story, his reasons for being an artist, some simple explanation of the technique of the rendering. All this about just one piece of art at a time, the Winged Victory, a Japanese painting or print, a detail of the Parthenon frieze, Rodin's "Thinker," a Botticelli Madonna, Borglum's Lincoln, Glackens' "Washington Square," Henri's "Laughing Boy," and so on, step by step, for weeks, months, years.

Do the same thing with music and you will have trained the child's senses to know and believe. It must be slowly done, in a simple, friendly fashion, with the utmost kindness and always with understanding of art and of children.

Of course, it would require a different kind of instruction in the public school, and that, too, would be a good thing. But it seems to us the only way to develop any general understanding of art in American schools.

There are but two kinds of mural decoration that may be complementary to this sort of art training, that representing home history and that having spiritual significance. Every youth can be stimulated to enjoy vigorous painting of scenes of home history, and almost every boy can have his ethical as well as his art impulse stirred by an adequate portrayal of the great virtues. It must, however, be done with imagination, with enthusiasm, so that no suspicion of doubt as to the boy's own capacity for heroic deed is allowed to blight his interest.

I [illegible] not believe that this theory of art instruction has ever been tested, except in the past in Japan, where, of course, in addition to the appreciation and owning of good art, they were creating it, all unconscious of it as art, recognizing it only as a contribution to the beauty of the Empire.

As our youth can be only in a limited way taught to create, the utmost we can do, as a rule, is to help to honest appreciation by teaching children to think, thus enabling them to be truthful in their expression. As a nation we have permitted ourselves (half in shame of our ignorance, half in ignorance of our limitations) to talk so glibly of what we know little about, that it would seem as if any process of training which tried to clear up the confusion about art, and in addition insisted upon actual individual thought and a sincere expression of thought, would be of far-reaching value to the public schools of the nation.

THE SCIENTIFIC FARMER

ARROWS show the course of the prevailing wind—events show the direction of the ascendant thought. That there is a dominant interest in all things pertaining to the farm, to country life, to better food, is conclusively shown by the recent gathering together in Rome of farmers from all over the world. King Victor Emmanuel received them and sat in council with them, discussing questions of world interest. This meeting of the General Assembly of the International Institute of Agriculture proves that farmers are now scientists in the truest sense of the word, for they met to discuss such essential subjects as the organization of an international meteorological service, with the object of issuing warnings of atmospheric disturbances likely to damage crops; methods of combating plant diseases; the protection of birds useful to agriculture; improvements in statistical records of exports and imports; uniform methods of reporting crops, etc.

The future position of the farmer under such auspicious organized effort will surely be one of greater independence and success, with more gain and less waste, with more joy and truer balance between his efforts and his successes. He will no longer hold the subordinate position he now unfairly occupies, for whoever furnishes the food of the world ought to be accorded a place of honor. Farmers and sons now attend agricultural schools, visit demonstration farms together, or set up local experimental centers, and are thus increasing their knowledge and dignifying their position.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, AMERICAN POET AND JOURNALIST.
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WASTE: OUR HEAVIEST NATIONAL LIABILITY: BY THE EDITOR

"EFFICIENCY," as rediscovered by the advocates of the new science of management, has given a fresh and startling emphasis to the cost of its converse, waste. The "efficiency engineer" has demonstrated that a workman can double and treble his output, shorten his hours of work, and increase his income—to say nothing of swelling the profits of his employer—by simply eliminating superfluous motions. In other words, labor is being taught to increase its capacity by conserving its energy, by cutting off waste, and the result promises to revolutionize our present business and industrial methods. Moreover, there is no field of human activity to which the principles underlying this new science have not pertinence and applicability. "The conservation of our national resources," as President Roosevelt reminded the House of Governors, "is only preliminary to the larger question of national efficiency." And national efficiency means simply the elimination of national waste, in its widest sense,—not merely of our streams, our forests, our soil and our coal, but the vaster though less tangible waste of human effort. A suggestion of what this waste costs is found in the statement of an eminent efficiency expert, that scientific management applied to the railroads of the United States would mean a saving to the companies of at least a million dollars a day. And ex-Senator Nelson Aldrich, whose slightest word on matters of finance carries weight, is credited with the assertion that if he were allowed to run the Government on a business basis he could effect an equal saving for Uncle Sam.

As to the national waste of our purely physical resources, that is a subject with which the latter-day campaign for conservation has made us all fairly familiar. But even so we get something of a shock from the new Secretary of the Interior's recent reminder that our annual fire loss from burning buildings alone amounts to a quarter of a billion dollars—especially when we remember that last year in addition to this destruction nearly five million acres of national forest land were burned over. It is evident that the human factors of efficiency and foresight have a bearing here, since in no

other country is the red element permitted to levy such a toll. "Possibly in no other direction," says Secretary Fisher, "is the national habit of waste more clearly exemplified than in the comparative indifference with which we permit such a sacrifice." This indifference is written eloquently in last year's statistics of city fires which are largely preventable. These figures show that the destruction of property by fire in American cities was nearly three times as great as in France, five times as great as in England, and more than twelve times as great as in Germany. And the depressing significance of this utterly uncompensated waste lies in the fact that it is characteristic. It has its parallel in almost every department of our national life.

BUT it is in the domain of industry, as we remarked in the beginning, that the cost of waste—not of material but of human effort—has been most recently and startlingly revealed. In his book called "The Principles of Scientific Management," Mr. Frederick Winslow Taylor, father of the new science of industrial efficiency, argues that the nation's daily loss from the awkward, inefficient or ill-directed movements of men achieves a more formidable figure than does the loss from our waste of material things, although against the former there has been as yet no public agitation or organized campaign. The writings and demonstrations of Mr. Taylor and other workers in the same field, however, have already accomplished so much that Mr. Gompers and other leaders of organized labor have taken up the cudgels against this new movement as a menace to unionism. According to Mr. Gompers it tends to throw men out of work both by setting a pace which only the exceptional worker can maintain and by enabling a few men to do the work of many. It discriminates against the less efficient workman, these critics complain, and it tends to transform every factory and workshop into an industrial speedway. Moreover, they affirm, it is "a plan to destroy unions," because under the Taylor system workmen are dealt with individually, not through representation by committees. To an unbiased observer, however, it seems that the spread of the new system, instead of destroying the unions, is more likely to force them to change their attitude toward this question of efficiency, and to recognize the essential wastefulness of their present theories of "making work," and of letting the least efficient element in their membership set the standard for a day's work.

If we dwell for a moment on some of the amazing results that Mr. Taylor claims for his system, it is because these results serve to demonstrate, more vividly than any other facts recently recorded,

one phase of the stupendous daily and hourly waste of human effort. The first step of the "efficiency engineer," we may explain in passing, is to make an exhaustive analytical study of the particular work to which he is going to apply his system. Whatever this work may be, it is asserted, he will find that under the old way of doing it there is squandering of energy at a dozen points, each so slight as to escape the notice of the untrained observer, but totaling up to such a sum that in some cases the mere utilizing of this unconsciously wasted energy has increased the workman's output as much as four hundred per cent. It is another astounding illustration of the potentiality of trifles.

When the "efficiency engineer" has located the leaks, his next function is to devise a method of stopping them, of making this dissipated energy productive while at the same time conserving the workman's powers and increasing his capacity. Incidentally it is found that the highest efficiency in many cases is achieved not only by utilizing the time and energy formerly lost through innumerable little unconsidered leaks, but by also cutting down the length of the working day. Among the results already demonstrated Mr. Taylor cites the increasing of the work of a large gang of pig-iron handlers from twelve and a half tons per man a day to forty-seven and a half tons per man a day, and the raising of a bricklayer's output from one hundred and twenty to three hundred and fifty bricks an hour—about the number to which in one foreign city the Bricklayers' Union has restricted its members *per day*.

THE adoption of this method of scientifically utilizing the workman's energy in one yard of the Bethlehem Steel Company's plant resulted, we are told, in saving the company between seventy-five thousand and eighty thousand dollars per year. And in a factory where girls were employed to inspect for flaws the little steel balls used in bicycle bearings, the application of "efficiency" methods enabled thirty-five girls to do the work formerly done by one hundred and twenty, "and to do it better." These girls averaged from eighty to one hundred per cent. higher wages than they formerly received, and their working day was shortened from ten and a half to eight and a half hours, with the additional gain of Saturday as a half-holiday. Moreover, under the new system, says Mr. Taylor, there is "universally friendly coöperation between the employer and the man," because the new system spells better pay and shorter hours for the man together with a lower labor cost for the employer.

When Mr. Taylor began to look for the leaks through which

human effort was unconsciously wasted among a gang of shovelers employed by the Bethlehem Steel Company, he found that the first and most obvious leakage was due to the size of the shovel. He had already learned by an exhaustive series of experiments that a first-class shoveler would do his biggest day's work when his shovel load averaged about twenty-one pounds. At the steel works, however, where each shoveler owned his own shovel, he found that a workman would frequently go from shoveling ore, with a load of about thirty pounds, to handling rice coal, with a load on the same shovel of less than four pounds. In the one case his shovel load was so heavy that a full day's work was impossible and in the other case it was even more impossible because the load was so light. The obvious remedy lay in providing different sized shovels for different materials, so that the average load in every case would approximate twenty-one pounds. This, of course, is only one small but illuminating detail in the process of applying the principles of scientific management to a gang of shovelers. We cite it not as at all an adequate illustration of the new science, but as an instance of the more glaringly wasteful methods which can still pass unnoticed in spite of the pressure and competition of modern business.

NOR are these unrecognized and unintentional leakages the only ones which keep down the level of national industrial efficiency, declares Mr. Taylor, who asserts that a large proportion of workmen deliberately practice "soldiering," prompted by the fallacious idea that it is against the best interests of the laboring class for each man to turn out each day as much work as possible. "For every individual who is overworked," he maintains, "there are a hundred who intentionally underwork—greatly underwork—every day of their lives, thereby helping to establish those conditions which in the end inevitably result in low wages." Those who are afraid that a large increase in the productivity of each workman will throw other men out of work, he says, should realize that "the one element more than any other which differentiates civilized from uncivilized countries—prosperous from poverty-stricken peoples—is that the average man in the one is five or six times as productive as in the other." And finally, Mr. Taylor claims for his "scientific management" that its fundamental principles are "applicable to all kinds of human activities, from our simplest individual acts to the work of our great corporations."

A local but none the less striking example of waste was dragged into the light of newspaper publicity by the recent talk of a possible water-famine in New York City. It transpired that the daily use

plus the daily waste of water in Greater New York reaches an enormous figure, equivalent to one hundred and ten gallons to each inhabitant. One can guess how much of this is waste, since other cities just as cleanly, statisticians tell us, manage to get along on less than half that average.

Yet the idea of waste, we have said, is inherently repugnant to the modern mind. Thus of all the factors contributory to the growing sentiment against war as a means of settling international differences, probably none is more potent than the realization of the tremendous waste involved in this method. Ignoring the waste of human life and the destruction of property in actual warfare, we have only to glance at the figures representing the capital and the human energy tied up and diverted from productive channels in maintaining armaments and standing armies in time of peace, to realize the overwhelming economic waste involved. Thus even in the United States, where militarism is far less dominant than in Europe, the annual appropriations for the army and navy, for fortifications and for pensions which are a result of the Civil and Spanish wars, aggregate approximately two-thirds of all the expenditures of the Federal Government. In other words, it costs this country hundreds of millions of dollars a year to maintain its army and navy on a peace footing and to pay the pensions which are the lingering price of its wars. Add to this the sums taken each year for a similar use from the treasuries of the other nations, and we see that past wars and the fear of others which may never come are responsible for an annual drain upon the resources of civilization amounting to billions of dollars. This fact, indeed, was strikingly emphasized a year ago when the commission appointed by the State of Massachusetts to investigate the causes of the high cost of living published its report. The commission found that "a most far-reaching influence in creating, fostering and perpetuating high prices is militarism, with its incidents of war and waste and its consequences in taxation. The commissioners pointed out that in the one hundred and twenty-seven years of our national existence Uncle Sam has spent for all purposes something over twenty-one billion, five hundred million dollars, of which more than sixteen billion, five hundred million dollars was devoted to militarism and its incidents while less than fifteen billion dollars was absorbed by the activities of peace. National debts, we are reminded, are in the main a heritage from past wars. Taking the national debts of less than a score of European countries the commissioners found that the annual interest payments on these debts amounted to more than a billion dollars. Moreover, says the report, this enormous drain upon the

earnings of the nations "is supplemented annually by many other billions to maintain huge armies and navies of men taken from industry, who are organized, trained and maintained for the day when they will again be hurled at each other, to duplicate the destruction of the past and pile up new and heavier burdens upon the thrift and industry of the world."

IF SUCH waste as we have earlier instanced is possible in the industrial field, where competition is keen and unceasing, what part must it play in other domains? Yet the very idea of waste is unlovely, offending our inherent sense of the fitness of things. Futile and misdirected effort carries a suggestion of strain, of ugliness, but when we watch effort efficiently applied we get a sense of beauty. Nature herself is stupendously lavish, but the more we learn of her laws of compensation and conservation, her subtle adjustment of forces and materials to her work, her unsuspected and far-reaching utilizations, the more absurd becomes the charge that she too is wasteful in her processes.

Speaking of Nature suggests a negative form of waste of which the city-dweller is peculiarly the self-condemned victim. How many of us habitually live below our possibilities of full, effective and happy life, largely through neglecting to renew frequently enough our contacts with Nature, in her cleansing, elemental and recreative moods? Yet we are all by primal birthright citizens of Nature, and have, for the taking, access to her great power house of being. As a modern poet reminds us, it is only when a man has left the city behind and united himself once more with that world of Nature from which, for so much of each year he is an exile, that "he really comes to himself and a realization of his proper significance in a universe so vast that the roar of the greatest city is lost like the murmur of a fly in its dread profundity." To quote further from Mr. LeGallienne's illuminating prose: "In town, maybe, he would boast himself a citizen of no mean city, an important unit in its earnest, ambitious life, but here, under the solemn stars, or amid 'the sacred spaces of the sea,' it is not only his own littleness that is borne in upon him, but a new greatness, a greatness he had all but forgotten, —a spiritual importance. Though here he is a unit so infinitesimally small, the scheme of which he rediscovers himself a part is so mysteriously magnificent that it dignifies its humblest unit, and even a blade of grass is a modest kinsman to the stars. In the great growing silence of Nature, in the punctual rhythms of her times and seasons, in her quaint energies, in her vast peace, in her immortal beauty,—O weary child of cities! there is for us forever healing and a home."

"TO A LITTLE GIRL:" AN UNPUBLISHED POEM: BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Written on the Fly-Leaf of "A Child's Garden of Verses."

ALL on a day of gold and blue,
Hearken the children calling you!
All on a day of blue and gold,
Here for your baby hands to hold,
Flower and fruit and fairy bread
Under the breathing trees are spread.
Here are kind paths for little feet:
Follow them, darling! You shall meet
Past the enchanted garden-door,
Friends by the hundred: maybe more!
Why do you linger? Ah, you elf,
Must he come for you then himself?
He of the laughing look and mild,
Whimsical master, glorious child?
There you go now, away from me.
"Where are you, Elsa?"
It is he!
"Come, we must hurry, I and you,
We've such a number of things to do:
Posies to gather, thrushes to hear,
People to wonder about, my dear!
Take my hand like a good girl. Yes,
I am the gardener, R. L. S."

THE VALUE OF WATER COLOR PAINTING, AND THE SPRING EXHIBITION IN NEW YORK

TO MANY people now-a-days seem to harvest only disappointment from a water-color exhibition. The difficulty is mainly that they are not seeking the interest it carries as a very special phase of art, but rather insist upon taking it as a sort of second-rate oil-painting show. Just as so many Americans regard the contralto voice as less worth while than a soprano, or a baritone as inferior to a tenor, and blond beauty as more desirable than brunette. These extraordinary, meaningless distinctions would be humorous if they did not really affect the attitude of the unthinking toward the various phases and possibilities of art develment. It is certainly naïve, if not childish, to designate phases of art according to stupid traditions of value instead of estimating each according to its power to contribute a varied expression of beauty to life. As a matter of fact, contralto voices can in many instances produce sensations of rich emotion quite impossible to the lighter, more resilient soprano tone. And it is equally true that a water-color drawing will often suggest freshness, delicacy, a spring-time of art that the more labored production in oils is powerless, even in the most exalted impressionism, to convey.

I shall never forget, after wandering through endless halls of the National Gallery in London, and facing acres of very finished smoothed-out Constable landscapes, the joy with which I came across a little group of his sketches in which there were more spontaneous beauty, more intimate knowledge and love of life, than in all the canvases put together.

It is an absurdity to regard water color as in any way inferior to oil, or etchings as inferior to water color. These are distinctions that are mainly established by dealers, and are wholly arbitrary. An oil painting naturally may be more expensive than the average sketch, simply because of the materials involved, and formerly, of course, an oil painting was found more durable, and we invested our money in the future. But I question very much if that point of valuation would hold today, when all mediums are made for sale mainly, and when the most interesting, the richest of our modern oil paintings become "old" in a few years. And if price was based on the question of durability, an etching would rank in selling capacity with an oil painting,—that is, it would have done so formerly. But again we are face to face with the commercial problem, and the modern papers are no better than the modern tube paints. The etching that should last centuries grows crisp and brown in a decade.

CALICO MARKET — FROM A DRAWING BY JEROME MYERS

"HOMEWARD BOUND" FROM A WATER COLOR PAINTING BY MARY LANGLEY

[illegible] FROM THE POST OFFICE [illegible] FROM A
WATER COLOR BY COLIN CAMPBELL COOPER

"BEACHING THE BOAT" FROM A WATER COLOR BY WILLIAM RITSCHEL

And so after all, to have a sliding scale of appreciation for the various phases of art, whether in painting or singing, would seem to indicate a limitation of understanding of beauty rather than a superior kind of culture. In fact, so many modern standards seem to have been established through ignorance rather than through real knowledge and sympathy, that one grows skeptical of American art ideals in almost any form.

Then, when we hear, as we usually do every spring in New York, that "the water-color show is so disappointing," those of us who care for all the freshness and charm of water colors always wonder just how good this particular exhibition may be, and just what excellent men are represented with small canvases showing rare, fine moments of inspiration.

AS HAS been the case for a number of years past in the Spring Exhibition of the American Water Color Society, the interest centered in the walls hung by Henry Reuterdahl. There again one found the most vital work of the most significant younger artists. Mr. Reuterdahl is in sympathy with the most progressive phases of art development in America. His own work proves the reality of his interest. Everything which Reuterdahl writes or draws is accomplished with an open, alert, fearless mind, keen for actual progress, humorous toward the artificial, with an attitude always generous for all sincerity and ruthless for all insincerity. Naturally this honesty of intention toward art finds still further expression in his partisanship for all men who see life in a straightforward, sympathetic way, and who so express it, through whatever medium they employ. These are the men you find year after year at the American Water Color Exhibition, grouped on some one wall which Mr. Reuterdahl as a member of the Hanging Committee has had the privilege of arranging.

At a first glimpse this is not apt to be a striking wall, there are no pictures painted for exhibition purposes,—little water-color sketches, etchings, illustrations in wash and pen and ink, done by such vital people as Glackens, Shinn, Sloan, Myers, Preston, Raleigh, and E. Dimock,—fairly bristling with life. The swing of surging humanity passes over the face of these drawings, the life that is sweeping by you on Broadway, over Washington Square, down Macdougal Street, through narrow gulleys to the Russian quarter where existence in New York is unbalanced, turbulent, characteristic of the stream from which it flows. In these sketches you find the drama of the strange confusion of present-day New York conditions, undeveloped, tragical, crude, equally unhuman and

humorous, all its phases portrayed, whether with pen or brush or pencil, with absolute truthfulness and complete understanding.

A more comprehensive, philosophical, convincing presentation of New York east of the Bowery than Glackens' "East Side" has never been, and probably never will be, made. George Luks has made as vital presentation in detail, witness his poetical yet vigorous "Madonna of the Vegetables," and John Sloan's sketches with their burning satire of the working girl's life in his recent record of twilight New York, has given a series of isolated living pictures rarely equalled. Abastinia Eberle with her small figures of New York life has presented the slum children playing, the old women gathering coal, the young women sweeping, all instinct with the force of their environment, all vivid; but Glackens alone has summed up the whole philosophy of East Side New York in *one* sketch, every detail of which is a complete story in itself, told supremely well. In looking at this sketch one is reminded of the extraordinary knowledge and philosophy portrayed in Rodin's "Balzac," and again in Balzac's "Human Comedy."

Everett Shinn's "Dancer" is a fragment of life equally convincing. Again, you see back of the sketch the man who *knows*, who sees life clearly and luminously. On the same wall, selected with sound judgment, is E. Dimock's "Street Group" on Macdougal Street, and her vagrant happy children are presented with a sureness and tender sympathy that are inescapable.

LUIS MORA surprises us with a complete change of subject—a farm-yard scene done with the enthusiasm of a lifelong genre painter. There is sunlight that radiates out into the gallery. And one remembers with a pang the woman who goes about without a catalogue, insisting upon recognizing for her friends the various painters by their subjects. She will have a nervous time from year to year if Mora continues to present his varied interest in life.

Of course these are but a few of the many exhibitors. There are well-known names gleaming through the catalogue. Mary Cassatt with her fluent use of pastel shows "A Cup of Tea," proving here, as in her water-color and oil work, her absolute mastery of whatever medium she handles. The painting of the hands of the woman holding the teacup are as characteristic and as subtly fine as the work of the great old Hals.

Both of the Coopers have New York sketches. Rhoda Holmes Nichols shows a beautiful coolly painted "June." Henry Raleigh a sumptuous Eastern Market, Marion K. Wachtel a "Sierra Madre," rather map-like in impression, and Groll a "Summer Day in Ari-

zona," quite the reverse, with its delicate hazy beauty, another example of what water color will enable a man who understands it to accomplish. Childe Hassam shows a "Thunderstorm," a little terrifying in technique as well as subject. And happily there are many Winslow Homers (undoubtedly due to the interest of his great admirer, Reuterdahl), a rare collection of sea scenes from the Maine coast down to Florida, some of which have already been reproduced in THE CRAFTSMAN for March, nineteen hundred and eleven.

Jules Guerin's "Shepherd of Nazareth" is an interesting contrast to Jerome Myers' "Calico Market," and in quite another section of the gallery a delightfully humorous note is seen in Mary Langtry's "Homeward Bound." Alice Schille's "White Wall in Zara" is a brilliantly painted scene in white, with interesting composition in light and shade. Jonas Lie has a flight of fishing boats whirling up a moonbeam that suggests the light beauty of motion of the starting south of the Canada wild goose, so delicately are the little vessels handled. There are, of course, a certain number of Arizona mesas, for seldom is an exhibition complete without one today. And there are some studies of country life in the mood of Millet and of Horatio Walker, as shown in "Beaching the Boat" by William Ritschel.

In fact, the variety of subjects and methods of presentation seems limitless, and from room to room and wall to wall one feels that there is every effort to treat this light, fragrant, spirited medium of art with all dignity and reverence.

SALVATION THROUGH WORKS: BY HALVORSEN HOUGH

THE house rocked and swayed like a ship in a choppy sea while Aral Ballou stood gazing out through a tiny square pane, as from a porthole, at billows and billows of snow, upon which a dark object bobbed and lurched. The craft that he had sighted was none other than his wife, wallowing and floundering in the drifts, the gale tugging furiously at her skirts now heavily crusted with watery snow, but there was no solicitude in his gaze, rather a sullen, injured expression.

She plodded heavily in.

"The sooner I'm gone, the better," he greeted her, "there ain't nobody cares, as I see. I hain't hed no nourishment fer a n'hour 'n a half."

"I come as quick s'I could, Aral, but I hed to sweep the meetin' heouse an' start the fire fer prayer meetin' t'night, an' the goin's turrible. Thar ain't a dry stitch on me. Just as soon as I've shifted I'll git ye some malted milk."

"Thet's it, sweepin' an' garnishin' the meetin'-heouse an' yer husband a-perishin' o' neglect. I guess ye don't realize how sick I be, a-standin' thar talkin' of changin' clo'es an' me faintin' away. I wouldn't wonder if I'd ketched the golldarndest cold you ever see, Jhu!"

His wife halted, little rivulets trickling from every peak of her sagging skirt-hem. A dull, dark red mottled her cheeks.

"Aral Ballou, I'm ashamed on ye. I know ye've had trials an' they've wore on ye, an' ye've hed nuvvous prosperation, but thet ain't no reason ye should hev it the rest o' yer natural life. The doctor says ye're better, an' ye *be* better, an' as fer neglect, thar ain't an hour in the hull durin' day but I'm onscrewin' a cork out'n a bottle, or stirrin' up somethin' in a cup. Ye've got a mania fer swashin' things deown yer thro't. I dunno heow many empty boxes I've split up marked *Dr. Dick's Remedy*, which, an' if ye did but know it, is mostly all clear alcohol, *alcohol*, Aral Ballou, an' you a strict temp'rance man thet's always voted the Prohibition ticket."

It was several hours later that Aral Ballou, furtively observing his wife's movements, returned to the charge.

"Ye don't pretent to say ye're goin' out agin, Lizy!"

"Yes, I be. It's held up snowin' an' I'm going ter ring the bell fer meetin'. Twenty-five year, Aral Ballou, ye've tended the meetin'-heouse an' when ye come ter yer senses agin, ye'll be thankful thet I've done it for ye all these months. Thar's them in teown as would like the orfice, orfices ain't very plenty, an' heow'd ye feel

after you an' yourn away back hez always rung thet bell, to see the orfice in some other fambly?"

In vain, however, the voice of any bell on such a night. The self-appointed janitress and the parson faced each other in lonely piety.

"I'm kinder glad on't," said Mrs. Ballou. "Thar's somethin' I wanted ter speak 'bout, Passon, an' neow I kin. Me an' Aral's goin' ter separate, leastwise *I* be. Aral, he don't know it. I ain't goin' ter git a divorce, you understan', nor 'ply fer seppret maint-'nance, but I'm goin' ter leave him. Fact is, he ain't Aral B'llou no more'n you be. He don't relish his vittles, he's poor as a crow in the forehead, he won't go ter meetin', an' come afternoon or Sunday he don't put on no collar (an' Aral wan't never no hand ter set 'reound without a collar when he wan't workin'), an' he'll see a button drop off his coat an' never move ter foller whar it rolls an' pick it up. Time wuz when he couldn't fell to see anythin' out o' fix 'bout the place 'thout gittin' right after it, but neow the front gate won't hardly open an' the fence is broke, an' the harnesses ain't iled, an' the locks is weak, an' he don't never mind.

"I see," said the minister kindly, "he lacks initiative, doesn't he?"

Mrs. Ballou looked vaguely alarmed.

"'N—n—Most likely he dooz," she assented. "Still, he's taken ev'rythin' else ye kin think on. Well, as I wuz goin' ter say, I got egg-money enough ter keep me quite a spell, an' likes 'nough I kin pick up somethin' ter do, anyhow, an' I'm goin' ter fix it so's Aral'll think I've hed to go away fer a rest, an' here," she pressed a sealed envelope into his hand, "is the address whar I'll git any word you send me in case anythin' *should* happen. Then bum-bye, well—we'll see."

"This is—is a very grave responsi—"

"I'm takin' the responsibility," she cut him short, "an' neow, Passon, I'd better be cuttin' home ter fix Aral's gruel 'fore he goes ter bed."

ARAL BALLOU gazed abstractedly at the smooth, cream-colored dial of the living-room clock. That worthy timepiece ticked brazenly, in view of the fact that Aral should have had a light lunch at ten o'clock and it was now quarter past. There was an unusal silence about the house. He drummed irritably upon the table, where a cup of cocoa and a plate of sandwiches should be. At quarter of eleven, he started for the barn in search of his wife. Upon the kitchen door, secured by a small tack, was a sheet of

writing paper. He recognized his wife's handwriting. Mechanically, he began to read.

Deer Frend Aral:

Would of told you sooner I wuz goin away but you bein so nuvvous that didn't seem no need of you knowin about me goin to a sannitorion to git rested up till the time came. There's baked beans in the oven and cup custards and sponge cake in the pantry. Didn't hev time to make you no riz bread. Make sody biscuits. They ain't hard. Use your jedgment. Your spoon vittles and emulsion and compound and tonic and everythin' is all in a line on the kitchen table. Take em in order. Begin at the littlest bottle and don't git em out o fix. There's a program writ out when to take em pinned on the wall. Dont take the hoss-medicine by mistake. Remember the meatin' house.

Respectfully your wife,
Mrs. Aral B. Ballou.

Numb and uncomprehending, Aral stood many minutes, staring unseeingly at the white patch on the door. It held him as by some hypnotic charm. Finally he passed his hand over his eyes as if to wipe away some film and again read the letter, going then to the pantry where a row of irreproachable custards verified the handwriting on the wall. He staggered to a chair, holding his head tightly between his hands. A neighbor came for eggs but Aral heard no knock. The horses pawed and stamped for the noon feed, but Aral heard nothing. At last his eyes vacantly sought the road. The rural delivery clerk was passing. Aral started. The mailman! That meant half past one. Half past one! and he had sat down at eleven. He was hungry, hungrier than for any meal since he could remember. Slowly he rose and with hands that fairly trembled drew the beanpot from the oven. At the end of three plates, he entered the pantry, took a custard, and then sheepishly and almost stealthily, for all that he was quite alone, took a second, fastened all snugly in place with a golden wedge of spongecake, and dropped into his armchair, where over and over he wrestled with the unreality of it all. Deserted! He, a helpless invalid dependent upon hourly ministrations!

A persistent lowing came from the barn. "I s'pose," he muttered, "I got ter milk them critters. It'll be the end o' *me*, though." Half-way through the task, the whistle that liberated the mill-operatives of the next town, shrieked across the intervening miles. Five o'clock. Tonic. "Jhu!" he grunted, "Jest got started 'n got ter tramp in 'n wash my hands."

Eight o'clock! Oatmeal gruel. There it was, in line beside the

tonic. Aral transferred a portion to the stove to heat, and set about mending and banking his fires for the night. The smudge of scorching oatmeal called him in haste. "Jhu! Don't more'n git at anythin' an' it's time to grab somethin' off'n the stove." A sudden idea smote him. How did Lizy manage? Did she keep running in from the barn and stopping her work to wash her hands and prepare his special foods? He concluded she must have. He remembered asking her one day if she couldn't manage not to open and shut the back door so much. It made him nervous.

Bed-time. Vegetable Compound. From the largest and hindmost bottle, Aral consumed his good-night dose of a patent compound and retired.

Breakfast. A breadless breakfast was unthinkable, especially with no flapjacks, doughnuts, or pie. It was sody-biscuit, then. Sody,—h'm—h'm—how much? he wondered. "Use your jedgment," Lizy had said. Aral's knowledge of the properties of soda was confined to its presence in commercial fertilizers. He scratched his head. "If t'was an acre o' loam stid of a bowl o' flour, I'd know," he said aloud, poising tentatively a heaping tablespoonful. Recklessly he cast it in and hurried the biscuits to the oven. Just to get them out of sight was a relief.

"Now thar's them critters, but I can't never tend 'em. I can't do it. I *can't*." He repulsed the idea as loudly as if a living presence were summoning him to the task, then suddenly, "But if Lizy's beound ter kill me, it'll serve her right for 'em ter find me layin' dead between two keows, an' all mired up."

Pitying himself intensely for his ignoble deathbed, Aral moved to the barn. He fairly stumbled over two pails of milk, unstrained, uncooled, unset, uncovered. "Jhu!" he ejaculated, regarding them ruefully, "an' thar'll be another mess this mornin' an' agin t'night." He lifted the milk and guiltily poured it down the drain.

The responsibility of the biscuit drew him back to the kitchen like a magnet. Cautiously he peered into the oven. "They're riz," he chuckled, "higher'n Lizy's even (which was indeed true), "kinder yallery though an' them little rust-spots all over 'em looks like measles. May as well stay now an' eat." He gathered the remains of Lizy's cooking and crunched into a jaundiced biscuit. His face drew awry in long deep lines from nose to mouth and he shuddered. It was that or nothing, however, and he disposed of the rest of it, heavily veneered with butter and washed down with floods of inky coffee. The dishes he settled upon the ever-growing colony in the corner.

He resumed the chores. Here and there, great needs and Lizy's

little makeshifts for bridging them kept attracting him. He scrutinized all, went from one creature to another, questioning their remembrance. All at once there swept over him a sense of how long he had stayed there. He rushed to confront the kitchen clock. Eleven-thirty! With compunction he consulted his program. "Nine o'clock. Malted milk." That draught belonged among the never to be recalled opportunities of past time. "Ten. Cocoa and sandwidges." Lost, that too! "Eleven. Tonic." That too!

Obedient to schedule, he swallowed the malted milk (scalding hot, for was not the cocoa waiting?), then the cocoa, then the tonic, and sank into a chair with a virtuous sense of having settled his debts. Twelve o'clock. Dinner-time! "Jhu, if I hain't forgot ter git any dinner, an' it's taken me a solid half hour to stir up them slops!" He cogitated deeply. "All is," he concluded, "thar ain't time in one day ter foller thet ere program an' git reg'lar meals 'n blessed if I see how Lizy's done it. Guess I'll go t'the store 'n git some sassages fer supper, an' some roast pork'll go good t'morrer. Wish t'was time fer beet greens."

As he passed out, he stepped on a rotting plank. He scowled at it ominously. "I'll fix *you* termorrer," he said.

FOR six weeks, Aral Ballou had faced independent existence, and his right hand had taught him terrible things. He had blazed a pioneer's trail through the cook-book that he found in Lizy's table drawer, and had become sufficiently skilful in the laving of linen for all practical purposes. Dish washing he solved very satisfactorily by the simple process of piling them all up until the last clean dish had been used, and then righting himself by a wholesale cleansing debauch at the week-end.

It was in one of these weekly lustrations that Aral suddenly became aware of "happenings" out of doors. Ladybugs promenaded the window-panes. A bee buzzed importantly into the kitchen as Aral flung up the sash. The shadbush in the copse across the way had "blowed out fine," a misty wraith by day, a ghostly presence by night. The grass was greening fast along the edges of the neglected front walk. The love notes of birds wooed him into the open.

He flung himself into the work of tidying the place. He pruned his trees, divided and reset his clumps of perennials, trimmed the borders with line and stakes to the nicety of a hair, toiling early and late. This done, with scuffle-hoe and rake, he attacked the gravel walk. He looked not to the right or left. When it was finished, he would stand off and admire it all, but *now*, dig, scrape, and rake. He did not see a comely, stylishly-dressed woman steer-

ing towards his front gate. He would not have known her if he had seen. He did not see her lay hand to the latch with a mighty push. What he did see, or rather partly see and partly hear, was a woman plunging forward through a gate that had yielded too suddenly before her weight, half retrieving herself, half falling, staggering from her knees and brushing off the gravelly dirt that was ground into the front breadth of her dress. He rushed with outstretched hand to assist.

"All my fault, all my fault, Aral, I give it sich a onmerciful shove."

"Why—why Lize!" he cried in genuine pleasure and relief.

"Yes, it's me. No, I haven't hurt myself. Lemme git my breath. No, I hain't spiled my bunnit, t'was stove in like that when I bought it. Leave it be! It b'longs deown over my eyes 'n part o' my nose. They all wear 'em so whar I been. No, t'want from not bein' able ter see under it; thet wan't why I fell; t'was on account o' the front gate bein' mended. I kallerlated t'would take an almighty shove ter histe it, but it's been fixed an' opens real easy, an'—why -lots o' things hez been fixed. La, ain't you smart, Aral! Homesick? No, I wuz havin' a stavin' good time, but t'was spring-cleanin' time an' I knowed things'd be in a turrible muss here by neow, so I come home. Why, heow *fat* ye be, Aral!"

THE PATHWAY

HIS name was famous, and many people praised his work. But one, resentful, asked him: "Who are you, to talk of truth, of harmony? What right have you to prate of high ideals? You are no better than the rest of us."

The other smiled sorrowfully. "Did you not understand?" he said. "It is for myself I write. It is my own path I grope for,—my own soul I analyze,—my own faults I condemn. And in speaking to my own heart, I reach the world."

ELLA M. WARE.

OPEN-STAIR APARTMENTS: A NEW DEVELOPMENT IN CITY ARCHITECTURE: BY HENRY ATTERBURY SMITH

THE Island of Manhattan, containing the old City of New York, has for a century had a problem as to housing the people who selected this small area for their homes. Years ago individual, private wooden buildings were sufficient; then they were replaced with brick. New neighborhoods were opened and settled at once with newer types of houses while the processes of remodeling the old buildings further down town went on. Old family estates were divided up and the homestead, being entirely surrounded by quite an inappropriate setting, was frequently turned into habitation for several families. As the pressure for room was felt, buildings were erected on the rear of lots and all sorts of conditions arose.

At this time there came to be introduced the flat or tenement from abroad—a building of multiple type containing several families, all doing independent house-keeping under one roof. At first these buildings were reasonably generous as to the amount of space and light and air alloted to the tenant, but soon competition drove the speculative builder to building rows and rows of houses in which it was impossible to house human beings healthfully.

The community soon became aroused to the danger it was incurring by allowing this crowding to continue and laws were enacted from time to time restricting the amount of lot that could be covered by a building, also making other beneficial provisions as to light and air.

For a long time this crowding was only among the laboring classes, and the "tenement" was the source of worry to the Health Authorities. Gradually the middle-grade of society began to adopt the French "flat." These became more and more elaborate, and with the perfection of the elevator the "apartment" became the vogue. Now we have the wealthy classes taking to a multiple type of house in preference to the private house of the past. The same tendency to build too densely was observed in these buildings and laws were passed restricting them. In fact, the tenement, flat and apartment were all classed tenements and had to obey the same rules.

During the development of years thousands of houses were erected from the most modest tenement to the most sumptuous apartment. All sorts of plans were built. Some "took" well: these were sure to be reproduced rapidly. As new devices were introduced, the speculative builder was keen to observe. As laws were

changed, the resultant new types became more and more various.

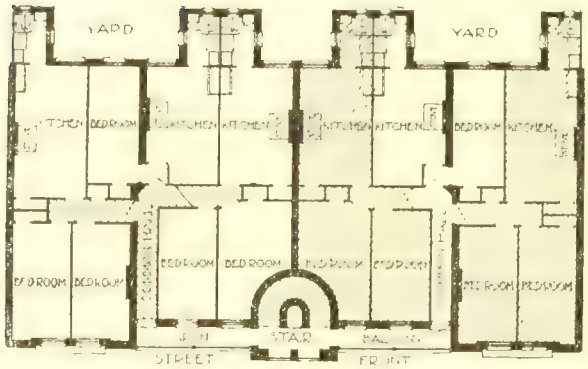
Nearly all these houses had interior stairs and halls, some of them black dark: all of them ill-smelling and often steam-heated. When carpeted they were dusty. It was quite natural to have interior stairs, the private houses from which many of these houses developed having had interior stairs. The tenants liked interior stairs: they kept their apartments warmer. The steam-heat often provided here, if nowhere else, in the house, took the chill off in winter.

BUT soon it was observed that the death-rate in these multiple dwellings having this disease-breeding, inter-communicating dark hall and stairs was a serious menace to the health of the city. As the germ theory became established, people began to think about these stairs. Many model tenements then came into existence making the stairs perfectly light, and also well enough ventilated too, if the tenant only saw fit to open the windows thereon. The tenant seldom saw fit: if one did, another would surely object.

The author, having had some years of rather trying experience with operating several types of tenements, determined that the only safe means of housing many families, under one roof, was the very simple method of having *open stairs.* That is, the various tenants should ascend from the street to roof in the fresh air on a stairway sufficiently weather-protected to be unobjectionable. The street should be brought right to each one's door. A plan, embodying this idea, was submitted to the Tenement House Committee of The Charity Organization Society at a competition in nineteen hundred and it received a prize, but was not built until ten years later.

Convention and custom are very serious hindrances to development. People were afraid of open stairs. New York's climate was unfit for the types of houses we see frequently in Europe. So people thought, until Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Sr., through her interest in tuberculosis, sought this plan for four large buildings housing three hundred and eighty-four families in Seventy-seventh and Seventy-eighth Streets and Avenue A. Here now can be seen sixteen open stairs, weather protected, which remove from this tenement the most serious danger to the occupant.

As soon as these buildings were sufficiently advanced to show the scheme, the value of the plan, as a speculative instrument, was observed by others. The usual hall space was used for rooms: all rooms were light. The use of the open stairs for ventilating toilets made it possible to preserve all the outer wall space or periphery



FLOOR PLAN OF WHITE TENEMENTS.

for rooms: none of it being wasted for toilets or baths. Twelve lots opposite the Vanderbilt group are now being used for open-stair tenements.

The financial statement of this group and the evident economy in room space soon appealed to a land improvement company of New Jersey. Mr. Richard Stevens, in commenting upon the plan pointed out that it was a duty of such a corporation to erect a building that did not outclass its neighbors. He felt that the greatest lesson must be one that would appeal to the business man or speculative builder. Mr. Stevens hit the keynote: a reform to be lasting must be profitable. The laws of demand and supply cannot be upset.

PROBABLY many forms of open stairs have been tried in New York. The author was informed by one of the oldest architects in town that years and years ago the latter had built such buildings; since torn down. We have right on Manhattan Island the "Monroe," illustrated herein, an interesting example of open stairs tenement, built, perhaps, in eighteen hundred and seventy-eight. This type did harm to the development, so unprofitable was it as to the use of space that no one would embrace it. The tenants liked it. This the author well knows for the plan is identical to that used about the same time by Mr. Alfred T. White in Brooklyn. In the February, nineteen hundred and ten, number of THE CRAFTSMAN, the author pays tribute to these buildings. From eighteen hundred and seventy-eight to nineteen hundred and nine no building of prominence seems to have had open stairs.

Open stairs, in any form, are a great improvement over the former types. Their application is very broad: they are readily applied to flats, apartments, or any form of multiple building. The multiple building has come to stay. People, who can afford larger quarters or private houses, prefer the ease of house-keeping, which comes from being grouped with others. The tenement dweller once saturated with the conditions of congestion is not readily willing to go into the lonely suburb.

Nor are we in New York and in big centers solving our own

[illegible] TENEMENTS IN [illegible] WITH OPEN STAIRWAYS AND ROOFS ARRANGED FOR OUTDOOR LIVING

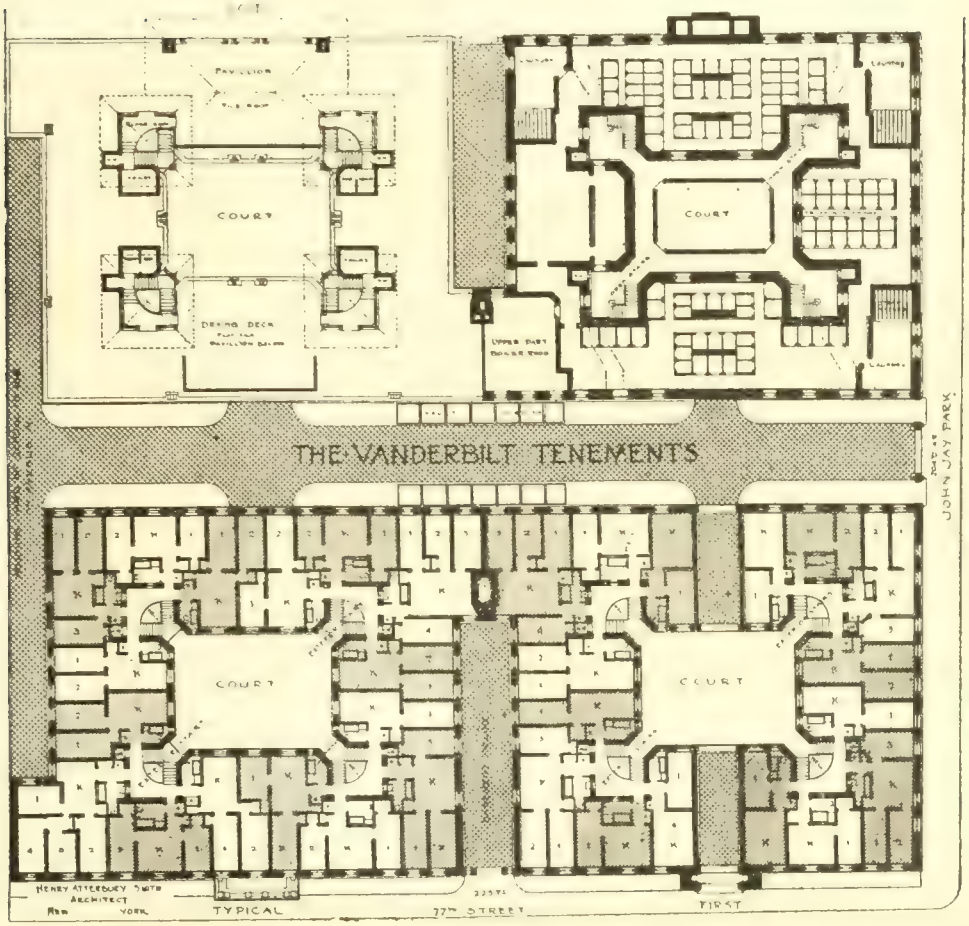
THE [illegible] DWELLINGS IN NEW [illegible] OPEN STAIRWAYS ROOFS PLANNED FOR USE OF THE [illegible]

"THE MONROE" SHOWING STAIRWAY OF APARTMENT HOUSE IN 1878. STAIRS IN AN EXPOSED PART OF THE BUILDING, ALSO WASTEFUL OF STREET FRONT.

THE DETAIL OF AN OPEN STAIRWAY SHOWING METHOD OF CONSTRUCTION AT ONCE SANITARY, SIZE AND CONVENIENT

THE EXTERIOR OF THE VANDERBILT OPEN TAGRWAY DWELLINGS SHOWING BALCONIES AND STREET ENTRANCES

VANDERBILT TENEMENTS SHOWING DETAIL OF GLASS CANOPIES OVER OPEN STAIRS



DETAIL DRAWING OF FLOOR PLANS, SHOWING PLACING OF OPEN STAIRWAYS.

problem alone. The whole west watches New York and follows somewhat blindly. Right on the plains of the west or south, one can see rearing into the air without any reason the four or five-story apartment to which the New Yorker is escorted with pride. Our example in this line, although bad, should be our best and it is a pity that any multiple building should be allowed in the future that does not safeguard its occupants by some sort of non-communicating stairs.

Factories, schools, even hospitals, and, in fact, all forms of buildings where many people are grouped independently of each other, would be much benefited by exterior, fire-proof stairways. The occupants would be less liable to accident in case of panic.

AMONG THE MAKERS OF AMERICAN LITERATURE: WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, POET AND JOURNALIST: BY ELIZABETH ANNA SEMPLE

EW YORK has waited a long time for the memorial statue of William Cullen Bryant, soon to be unveiled in the park which bears his name. Not long after the poet's death, on June eleventh, eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, a fund for such a purpose was proposed and the trustees, Messrs. George L. Rives and the Hon. John Bigelow, announced their readiness to receive subscriptions for a suitable memorial to be erected to the memory of one of the first men to win foreign recognition for American poetry. The commission for a portrait statue was at last happily bestowed upon Herbert Adams, and the admirable result of his labor will be seen in the reproduction shown in our frontispiece.

Mr. Adams has portrayed Bryant in that attitude of serene, benevolent contemplation, most familiar to his friends. There is something majestic in the seated figure, conveying the impression of the power, restraint and dignity, mental as well as physical, that animated this man and made him so strong a force for good throughout his long life.

In many ways the career of William Cullen Bryant is one of the most remarkable in the history of American literature. Shortly after his eleventh birthday his paternal grandfather gave him a Spanish nine-penny piece for turning the first chapter of the Book of Job into verse, and two years later "The Embargo: or Sketch of the Times: a Satire," was privately printed in Boston. It was a volume of this edition that, a very short time ago, brought a record price at a book sale.

Bryant entered the sophomore class at Williams College in eighteen hundred and ten, but left to prepare for Yale. For financial reasons his college course was never finished, a fact which he spoke of later with regret. In this connection, it is curious to note that among the so-called Knickerbocker School of writers, Cooper, Halleck, Irving, Poe and others,—to which Bryant undoubtedly belonged for all his New England birth and ancestry—none was a college graduate.

September, eighteen hundred and seventeen, marks a new era in American poetry. In the *North American Review* of that date a poem appeared bearing the singular title, "Thanatopsis." At this time the *Review* was conducted by three young and brilliant men—

all writers—who called themselves the "North American Club." The little packet containing "Thanatopsis" and "An Inscription upon Entrance to a Wood" was received by one of them, Mr. Willard Phillips, with whom the poet's father, Dr. Peter Bryant, had a slight personal acquaintance. The lines were accompanied by a note, "so modestly ambiguous" that for some time the real authorship of the poems was a matter of doubt. No sooner had Phillips read the contents of the packet than he rushed off to Cambridge to share his treasure with his associates, Richard Henry Dana and Edward Tyrell Channing.

"Ah, Phillips," Dana cried, when the poems had been read aloud, "you have been imposed upon! No man on this side of the Atlantic is capable of writing such verse."

Phillips warmly defended his discovery, saying that he knew Dr. Bryant, and Dana could see him at the Boston State House, for the good doctor was a State Senator.

Dana at once set out full of enthusiasm to walk to Boston. He hastened to the Senate Chamber where Dr. Bryant was pointed out to him. But he sadly admits: "I could not see the fire divine that had produced 'Thanatopsis,' and I went away disappointed and mortified at my own lack of discernment." Later, however, Dana met Dr. Bryant and a complimentary allusion to "Thanatopsis" brought about an explanation as to its real creator.

One day, during the year eighteen hundred and fifteen, Bryant, as was his custom, was walking from his first law office in Plainfield to his home in Cummerton (the very place where, a few years later, we hear of Charles Dudley Warner "trying to milk his father's cows to the rhythm of 'Thanatopsis'"), when glancing upward the poet saw a bird flying steadily across the band of light marking the setting of the sun. He stood gazing after it till it vanished, then hurrying home he wrote "To a Water Fowl," which appeared in the *North American Review* during eighteen hundred and eighteen.

FROM Plainfield Bryant moved to Great Barrington, where he was made a justice of the peace, and there married Miss Frances Fairchild, a charming young woman with some local reputation as a writer of tales and verses. This union was ideally happy, and to his wife Bryant owes the inspiration of some of his noblest poems.

One of the friends Bryant had made during his short stay at Williams was Henry D. Sedgwick, who came of a family prominent in literary affairs, his sister being one of the most popular novelists of her day. After his graduation, Sedgwick had removed to New

York and from here he wrote to Bryant urging him to give up the law and direct his attention exclusively to literature. As a practical inducement he stated that the *Atlantic Magazine* appeared to have taken on a new lease of life under the management of Henry J. Anderson, adding, "everything and everybody succeed here and it will be strange if you do not do so." He also mentioned the very large number of foreigners all "eager to learn our language," the teaching of which, to Sedgwick's mind, offered a final resource to the impecunious author.

In speaking of Bryant's retirement from the law, Mr. John Bigelow—later to become one of the poet's closest friends—says: "He did not abandon it hastily or inconsiderately; nor did he trust himself to the precarious resources of his pen with any chimerical expectations. No one knew better than he how limited was the market for such literary work as he was able and willing to execute. He was animated solely by a desire to exchange an uncongenial employment for a congenial one."

Thus in the winter of eighteen hundred and twenty-four to twenty-five, Bryant came to what Washington Irving –a good friend of a later date –loved to term, "the gamesome city of the Manhattoes;" Mrs. Bryant remaining in Great Barrington to await the outcome of the bold venture. His first residence was with a French family named Everard, on Chambers Street, where he was often visited by S. F. B. Morse, then a struggling artist.

Bryant speedily became acquainted with the leading literary men of the day, to whom he was already something of a celebrity through his membership in the Bread and Cheese Club, an organization which gained its title through the quaint practice (suggested by Cooper, its founder) of having candidates for membership balloted for with bread and cheese—a piece of bread was cast for affirmative and cheese for the fateful black ball.

These meetings were held once a fortnight in Washington Hall, at the corner of Broadway and Reade Street where the Stewart Building now stands, and among the regular attendants were Cooper, Halleck, Drake, Paulding, Bryant, Washington Allston, Sands, Percival,—in fact all the writers as well as the wits of the day.

Gulian C. Verplanck was also a member and in eighteen hundred and twenty-seven he, together with Robert C. Sands and Bryant, were engaged in the production of *The Talisman*, "an annual publication containing miscellanies in prose and verse" written by the trio, usually in Sand's library in Hoboken. Though *The Talisman* gave great pleasure to certain sympathetic souls, not to speak of the three collaborators, it was far from being a pecuniary

success, and Bryant's financial condition was almost desperate when, in eighteen hundred and twenty-six, he was offered and accepted an editorial position on the *Evening Post.*

Speaking of journalism at that day, Mr. Bigelow, who for many years occupied an editorial position on the *Post*, said to me:

"JOURNALISM when Bryant entered the profession was as little like the journalism of today as Jason's fifty-oared *Argo* is like a modern steamship. A weekly packet with the news of a file of London papers condensed into a few paragraphs supplied all the information from the outside world for which there seemed to be any demand, while local news was limited pretty much to such items as friends of the editor or interested parties might take the trouble to communicate.

"For the first twenty years," Mr. Bigelow continued, "of Mr. Bryant's connection with the *Post* he had but one permanent assistant in the office. The attraction and influence of the paper depended mainly upon its editorials which rarely occupied more than a column. As the *Post* was published in the afternoon, work had to be begun at an early hour in the morning. During the first forty years of his editorial life, it was a rare thing for Mr. Bryant, if in town, not to be found at his desk before eight o'clock.

"One day, a few weeks before he died, I asked him if he never varied from his earlier rules, including early rising, exercising with dumbbells and a horizontal bar for half an hour before eating a breakfast of rigorous simplicity, then walking to and from his office, rain or shine.

"'Not the width of your thumb-nail,' was Mr. Bryant's answer."

When Bryant joined the *Post's* staff, its publication office was in William Street, but later it removed to the building it occupied for so many years, at the south-east corner of Broadway and Fulton Streets, a spot more than any other filled with memories of the poet. Here is the window from which he used to gaze out while composing the stirring editorials, the fame of which spread all over the country and made the *Post* a power,—a window that was (and is still) often pointed out to curious visitors. Of the desk at which he wrote, as characteristic, apparently, as all else belonging to Bryant, Mr. Bigelow says:

"Bryant's desk was his newspaper Egeria. It was also a curiosity. Except for a space about two feet long and eighteen inches deep, his desk was usually covered to a depth of from twelve to twenty inches with opened letters, manuscript, pamphlets and books, the accumulation of years. During one of his visits to Europe his

assistant thought to do Bryant a good turn by getting rid of this rubbish and clearing his desk so that he could have room for at least one of his elbows on the table. When he returned and saw what had been done, his expression—he said nothing—told that what had been so kindly intended was anything but a kindness. He also had one habit in common with Pope ('Paper-sparing Pope') as Swift called him), of always writing his copy for the paper on the backs of these old letters and rejected manuscript. One who associated with Bryant for many years affirmed that he never knew the Editor to write one article on a fresh piece of paper."

During his early days in New York, Bryant frequently visited Cooper at his home, three hundred and forty-five Greenwich Street, and it was not long after his first dinner there (at which, by the way, he met Halleck for the first time), that Bryant wrote to R. H. Dana apropos of a review projected for the *North American Review*, dealing with the "Last of the Mohicans," which the poet had been asked to prepare.

"Ah, sir, he (Cooper) is too sensitive for a creature like me to touch. He seems to think his own works his own property instead of being the property of the public to whom he has given them."

THE first English edition of Bryant's work appeared in eighteen hundred and thirty-two. The poet's good friend Verplanck had written to his old comrade Washington Irving (then our minister to England) requesting that he find a publisher for these poems and bring them before the English public. Though his new literary ward was personally a complete stranger to him, Irving undertook the task with his usual blithe good nature and friendly interest. After some difficulty he found a publisher named Anderson who consented to undertake the venture on condition that Irving would be willing to affix his own name as "Editor"; to which Irving willingly assented, having no thought that his duties would be more than purely honorary. However, trouble arose in connection with a certain line in "The Song of Marion's Men," reading, "The British soldier trembles when Marion's name is heard," for the publisher declared that a mere hint that any British soldier actually *could tremble* would suffice to bring ruin on the whole enterprise. Finally a compromise was reached and the matter satisfactorily adjusted by changing the offensive line to "The foeman trembles in his tents," and the volume was issued, dedicated to Samuel Rogers.

The "Editor" tells of a tete-a-tete breakfast with this famous wit. "He served his friends as he served the fish," Irving related

"with a squeeze of lemon over each. It was very piquant but it rather set my teeth on edge."

However, neither this nor any subsequent English edition brought great pecuniary reward to the author himself. Once a friend brought him a copy bound in paper, purchased on a London railway stand for a shilling. The poet remarked, when he heard the price, "It's more than I ever got for it," and laughed heartily when he saw the villainous portrait forming the frontispiece, "looking," he added, "more like Jack Ketch than a respectable poet."

From his American copyrights, Bryant eventually derived considerable money, though, as he was wont to say in speaking of his early struggles, "I should have starved had I been obliged to depend on poetry for a living," usually adding those familiar words of Goldsmith's, "Could a man live by poetry it were not an unpleasant employment to be a poet."

Though Bryant was famed among his friends and associates for the kindness of his heart and his equable disposition, he was by no means incapable of righteous indignation. Two lines in one of his poems,

> "And wrath has left its scar—that fire of hell
> Has left its frightful scar upon my soul,"

by most readers has been construed as one of those bits of imaginary self-accusation that even the most blameless of poets indulge in. However, an incident passed over by Mr. Bryant's biographers seems to indicate that, to the sensitive conscience of the poet, it may have had some shadow of foundation.

IF YOU walk along Broadway by the Post Office, you will pass over a spot that, in April, eighteen hundred and thirty-one, was the scene of a personal encounter between Bryant and William T. Stone, then editor of the *Commercial Advertiser*, a publication far from friendly to the *Evening Post*. And of this event Philip Hone says in his "Diary": "While I was shaving this morning at eight of the clock I witnessed from the window an encounter in the street nearly opposite between William C. Bryant and William L. Stone; the former the editor of the *Evening Post* and the latter the editor of the *Commercial Advertiser*. The former commenced the attack by striking Stone over the head with a cow-skin; after a few blows, the men closed and the whip was wrested from Bryant and carried off by Stone. When I saw them first, two younger persons were engaged but soon discontinued their fight. A crowd soon closed in and separated the combatants." The cause of this "encounter" is given by another writer of the time as "Stone's having given Bryant the lie."

When, years later, rumors were spread that the *Post* building was to be attacked by rioters, Bryant not only took measures to defend his property but was on hand to see that they should be enforced, for with all the well-known amiability of his nature he was not lacking in personal courage. His moral courage was never called in question, even by his bitterest enemies—and in his journalistic career he made many. Unmoved by blame or praise, he walked unswervingly in the political path he had marked out for himself—first as a Free Soil man, later as a Republican, of which party he is justly regarded as one of the founders.

No man was ever a more loyal friend. "He held to his friends with hooks of steel," Mr. Bigelow says, "closing his eyes to everything about them which he could not admire. When Verplanck and Tilden deprecated the nomination of Lincoln and opposed his election, much as he regretted their course and frankly denounced it, he never permitted it, for one minute, to disturb their friendly relations or interrupt their mutual confidences."

Bryant was one of the most ardent workers for the establishment of the National Academy of Design and presided at the opening of the first building at Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue; moreover when the Academy was started he gave gratuitous courses of lectures on mythology which proved popular, and had to be repeated for two years. He was also a founder of the Century Club, and at the time of his death, its president.

To all his work, be it poetry or prose, Bryant brought the spirit of the true craftsman, since it was always his first desire to make what he did the best expression of his mental impulse, so far as in him lay. And this is one reason why our memories of the man himself are almost as valuable as his "Thanatopsis" and the handful of other poems that seem to be framed for immortality. We love to recall the majestic form of the old man, striding along from twenty-four West Sixteenth Street (his last residence in New York and the place of his death) to the building at Fulton Street and Broadway that is still filled with recollections of his years of service there.

The serenity and dignity of this man's work seem to have been made manifest in his person, and—once more to quote Mr. Bigelow—"Those seeing him in his later years discerned a new force and fitness in Dr. Donne's lines:

> "'No spring nor summer beauty has such grace
> As I have seen on an autumnal face.'"

ULTRA CONSERVATISM IN THE PAINTING SHOWN AT CARNEGIE INSTITUTE THIS YEAR: BY JAMES B. TOWNSEND

MUCH has been written and said, and often with justice, of a tendency toward too much "progressiveness," not to say sensationalism, in the art movement and its expression through recent exhibitions, as witness the Autumn Salon and even a predominating portion of the New Salon of Paris in the Spring of late years, the so-called "Independents' Show" recently held in New York, and other displays here and there in Europe and America; so that it is both surprising and significant to find this year's Fifteenth Annual International Exhibition at the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburgh a really ultra conservative display.

This exhibition is the nearest approach we have had to a Salon, both in size and scope, and especially in that it includes the work of representative older foreign painters as well as that of veteran and a few younger American artists. It is larger this year than ever before and contains some three hundred and fifty oils, while less than ninety two foreign painters are represented as against some hundred and fifty American artists. But most unfortunately nothing new is expressed save in a few canvases. And while eminently dignified and with a high and strong average of merit, the exhibition is still, for that reason, something of a disappointment to the lover of art who has followed or who would like to follow new art movements and mark either the progress or decadence of certain schools of painting or of changes in the work of individual artists.

The spacious and well-lit Carnegie Galleries are, as always, a delight to visit, for save in three smaller galleries they permit the showing of the pictures on one line and with so much space between the individual canvases as to display them to the best possible advantage. And as the American pictures, with few exceptions, have been selected from among the best in the previous large displays of the season in New York, Washington, Philadelphia and Chicago, the visitor who follows the season's exhibitions gets a retrospective view of the year's art in the United States.

AMONG the American exhibits landscapes predominate, then follow marines and portraits with only a few figure works. The well-termed "Center Bridge" School of which Edward W. Redfield is the master, and Schofield, Symons, Rosen, C. Morris Young, and, in a way, Ernest Lawson are the prophets, is largely and well represented, and even Gifford Beal swings into line with

these painters with a strong winter landscape. The older American landscapists, J. Francis Murphy, Bruce Crane, Willard Metcalf, A. T. Van Laer, Leonard Ochtman, Ben Foster and others show their strong, sincere works, and the marine painters, Paul Dougherty, F. J. Waugh, Charles H. Woodbury, Alexander Harrison also show typical examples. Daniel Garber is to the fore among the younger American landscapists.

In portraiture William M. Chase, Cecilia Beaux, Wilton Lockwood, Edward Dufner and a few other lesser men are represented, while typical and, of course, good figure works are shown by John W. Alexander (whose "Sunlight" captured deservedly the first prize), Robert Henri, Lillian Genth, Childe Hassam, Robert Reid, Elizabeth Sparhawk-Jones, George de Forest Brush, Sergeant Kendall, Henry M. Walcott, and others of lesser note.

This brief list of the more striking American works shown does not contain, it will be noticed, the names of such clever painters as George Luks, Glackens, Rockwell Kent, nor the men who were prominent in the recent "Independent Show" neither those of the same school at the Union League Club. With the exception of Henri, whose "Giggling Boy" is one of the very strongest and best character figures in the display, two examples of Everett Shinn, two of Arthur B. Davies' mystical dreamy landscapes with his weird figures, and three virile, clear-aired landscapes by Ernest Lawson, one misses the work of these young men who have stirred the artistic camps of the country as they have never been stirred since the advent of the now seemingly old-fashioned "Munich Men" in eighteen hundred and seventy-eight.

These so-called Impressionistic painters, Willard L. Metcalf, J. Alden Weir, who is honored with a special display of some thirty-seven of his figure works and landscapes in a separate gallery, Childe Hassam, Robert Reid and Frank W. Benson of "The Ten American Painters," all strong workers and shown at their best, seem rational and sane enough now, and the public has more than begun to understand them and to realize not only the strength but the beauty of their work, which compares most favorably with a selection of examples of the French Impressionists, Monet, Moret, Maufra, André, Sisley and the later Raffaelli. But the work of these men has been seen so often during the season that it strikes no new note.

REALIZING this, the visitor to the display turns with expectancy to the comparatively large foreign representation, again to meet with disappointment. The same painters from England, France, Russia, Germany, Italy, Holland and Belgium, who have been represented the past few years, are again to the fore, but

A GARDEN GAINES
KUGLER DONOHO PAINTER.

"CHAMPS ELYSÉES" JEAN FRANÇOIS RAFFAELLI, PAINTER.

"SEA BATHING" OF VALERY ON THE SOMME. — ALICE LANNER, PAINTER. HONORABLE MENTION AT THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTE.

"BEARING OFF THE BRIDE"
NICOLAS TECHIN, PAINTER

with few new fellows, while the familiar visitors have nothing new to tell this year. Even Gaston La Touche, he of the golden glow and fantastic conceit, shows this year simply the interior of a Paris department store, typical in color and composition, but not especially interesting. Lucien Simon has a large figure canvas, not noteworthy, and René Prinet two outdoors, with figures, good in air and movement but not striking works. There is no representation of Matisse and his followers, much less of any of the even more pronounced painters, who are called the "Post Impressionists." And this is greatly to be regretted, for the influence of these men on the art of the day, not only in France, of which land they are natives, but throughout the Continent, and even in the United States is not to be questioned, whether one believes in their theories or not.

The cleverest of the foreign work shown is that of the Russian Nicolas Féchin, the Frenchman Jacques Blanche, whose half-length, seated portrait of Henry James is remarkably strong; the Englishmen, Harrington Mann, Sir Alfred East, William Orpen, William Nicholson, the late J. A. Shaw and Arthur Wardle; the Germans, Schramm-Zittau and F. Grässel, and the Italians, Troccoli and Caputo.

Last year Féchin astonished us with his marvelously clever technique. This year he exhibits a large outdoors with figures, "Bearing Off the Bride,"—a remarkable piece of characterization, but too muddy in color and too confused in composition to be entirely effective. His half-length sketch-portrait of a little girl, however, is simply wonderful in expression and in its rendition of character in a few slight strokes. It is by far the cleverest work of the exhibition.

Sir Alfred East departs from his large, muddy landscapes to show a beautifully composed "Venice," low in key and full aired, which is a revelation of powers unknown to his American admirers. The remainder of the English pictures are average Royal Academy work, and in fact many of them have figured in the Academy displays of the past few years. The portraits of Troccoli are instinct with life and expression.

To sum up, the exhibition is ultra conservative, and lacks the life and novelty that might have been given by even a sprinkling of the works of those painters before alluded to who have startled of late the art camps of the world.

It would seem as if the management of the Carnegie Institute and the juries for next year should go further afield and present the work of some of the newer and younger painters. It is a mistake, apparently, to ignore them or shut them out, although, in the present instance, the omission may have been quite unintentional.

THE CONQUEST OF FIRE IS OUR RACE HISTORY

"The Red Flower that Blossoms at Night."—*Kipling.*

E ARE all fire worshipers in modern life, if we stop to think about it, for we have grown to be a luxury-loving civilization and practically all comforts in our present mode of existence are rendered feasible by that most vital, ingratiating and encompassing of elemental forces. For the mere support of human life possibly the usefulness of the different elements is fairly equally divided, but for the progress and peace of our most material of all civilizations fire is the force of supreme importance, for even when it does not supply the actual power that transmutes crude conditions into comfort, it at least furnishes the energy that generates the power. And when it does not run all our machinery of building, travel, light, heat, etc., it is the power behind the engine that furnishes electricity, steam and water. It is the spirit of all motive power, the soul of all material progress. And those who demand luxurious surroundings, as we most of us are rapidly getting to do, are relying as entirely upon the good offices of the Great Red God as did the Indians in starting their camp fires or the Israelites before their sacrificial altars.

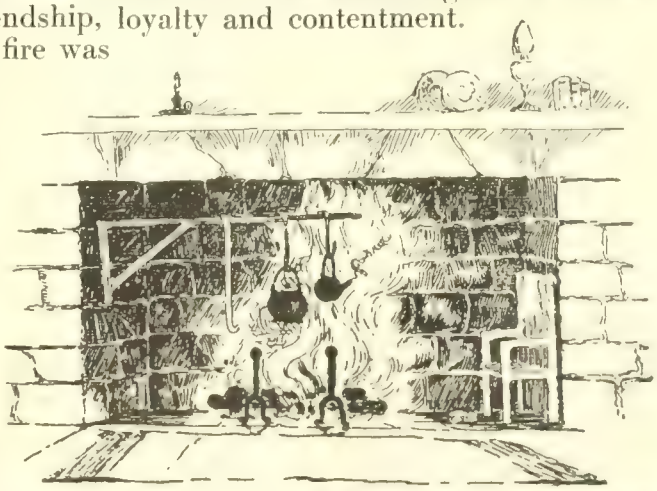
Those who rule out imagination and memory from the daily interest of life have let themselves come to see fire as a common thing. Of the fact that it is in reality the spirit of the universe harnessed to the chariot of civilization and whirling it through magic lands of scientific discovery, the sightless ones have taken no heed. The match has ceased to be a miracle, and we have forgotten that when fire was kindled by the accidental striking together of branches of wood, the early beholders of this wonder fell upon their knees and thanked the remote gods for sending them a gift direct from the heavens. We smile at the "savage" adoring God for the splendid gift. We are so informed and so cultured that we accept placidly as "common" the great revelation of divine fire that animates all achievement of which modern life can really boast.

But centuries ago the simpler folk received this benediction with humility and reverence. It meant the first awakening of their minds toward the possibility of comfort, shelter, protection. Through it, God himself was serving them. It established an intimacy with deity. It stimulated through this intimate appreciation a desire to give thanks, to worship. It stirred the primitive imagination with the understanding of service. The fire from heaven served the people and through it their sense of service was touched and also asso-

ciated with the gifts of gods, with the best of life. And as the races grew and developed through their dependence upon fire, the more spiritual of them advanced to an understanding of service from *man* to *man* as well as from *God* to *man*. And then the soul of man was born out of the soul of the universe.

PERHAPS the greatest good that fire brings man, if we except the illumination of his imagination, is the development of the homing instinct. Since the building of the hearth in the dwelling place no tribe has ever from choice wandered far from its own fireside. The *wanderlust* is not an inherited instinct from nomadic ancestry, but rather the reaction of modern man from walled-up conditions, his escape from the house-prison. And in early days men only were nomadic because they were compelled to follow up the trail of nature's commissary department. The hunter had to seek constantly the haunt of his game, and so the life of the earliest men was fashioned somewhat after the ways of the roving beast. Nothing less vital, less stimulating, less incalculably valuable than fire could have overcome the old established ways of wandering life. But the mysterious force which could furnish warmth, dryness, better preparation of food, good cheer, drew men together. It established a purpose for permanent dwelling places. It suggested, or rather brought about, the evolution of friendship, for men found peace at the hearth. In short, it revolutionized the life of the homeless world. It created family feeling. Through its friendly agency the real home was evolved and the fireside grew to be the symbol of peace, friendship, loyalty and contentment.

From the hour that fire was first captured between two sticks, there has been endless progressive experience in the conquest of this illusive spirit of light. We have sought to imprison it for our own material purpose in all kinds of practical ways. We have little by little forgotten its divine origin; using it for our comfort or pleasure, ignoring



NEW ENGLAND FIREPLACE, WITH THE OLD FOLKS' CHAIR AT ONE SIDE.

its power for beauty, its right appeal to the imagination. We have shut it up in our stoves, hidden it in our furnaces, expected it to creep through iron pipes and radiators. We have deadened our imagination to it as the spirit of the hearth and shorn it of its splendor. Who among us today recalls the legends of fire that ally it to all that is godly and mighty in the universe? How often are we reminded of *Hestia*, or *Vesta*, the Goddess of the Hearth, who, because she scorned her earthly lovers and vowed herself to eternal chastity, was given a seat at every man's hearth, to be forever a symbol of purity and light; or *Vulcan*, the God of the Fire of the Forge, who protects all artisans, whispering inspiration in their ears as they work with him; or of *Agni*, who is clad all in black and carries a banner of smoke and a javelin of flame and goes about the world on purifying missions?

Man who began by worshiping physical fire, in time discovered the divinity behind the fire, and gradually regarded the flame itself as only a symbol of spiritual light. Almost all races in fact have worshiped fire in one form or another, and many religious cults have sprung up in its wake. The Egyptians, Assyrians, Chaldæans had certain fire rites, and there are still living earnest followers of Zoroaster. The extinction of the Holy Flame in the temples when Mohamed conquered Persia was synonymous with the downfall of Iran.

THE history of man's desire to gather up this flaming force and imprison it for his comfort and happiness, erecting about it the walls of his home, becomes in reality the history of the development of the human race, and its search for peace and beauty. The first dwelling place after the caves and mounds and cliffs were abandoned as inconvenient and unsanitary, was the circular tent of the Indian tepee, with the fire in the center, the chimney little more than open flaps, and the draft through the tent "door." This dwelling in fact progressed but little beyond a protection for the fire, for the space between the fire and the tent walls was an area filled with suffocation.

Then along came some revolutionist in building and devised a more permanent structure in which a hearth stone was placed at either end of the long room, leaving space in the center for ceremonials, for the gathering in of friends and the clan. Having achieved comfort for himself, the house builder wished to present the spectacle of his luxury to others. Around the sides of the room long seats were built for his guests and there were banquet tables stretched from fireplace to fireplace.

In the course of time the splendor of the housing of fire seemed to know no end. Mighty carvings encompassed the fireplace. It was installed with ceremony. Festivals of the tribes circled around it, poems were written about it, minstrels gathered in its light and melodies grew in its honor.

So long as the spiritual gift of fire was recognized and reverenced, so long as songs were sung and festivals wrought, the place of fire as the ruling spirit of the home was understood and worshiped.

But the degradation of fire began when, for the sake of still more luxury and because of our fear of manual labor we began to lose touch with a sense of beauty about our fireside, until the radiant face of the home deity was hidden and we merely accepted her bounty, failing to do her homage. And so from generation to generation in our hideous American middle century civilization, we maltreated the Red Spirit sent to us with healing and peace on her wings. We enslaved her, yet exacted heavy toll from her. But this wrong was not done without payment, for our ugly stoves vitiated and poisoned the air we breathed. They complicated all opportunity for sanitary living and eventually became a well-spring of American humor.

Even the traveling braziers of the ancient Greek were not to be compared in discomfort and noxious conditions with our modern stoves, for they at least gave glimpses of the glowing flame and were graceful in construction, and there must have been always an equal joy in seeing one of them rolled in or out of the room, for although they brought in heat they took away gas.

"There wan't no stoves, till comfort died,
To bake ye to a puddin'."

is apparently the lament of an overheated, asphyxiated Yankee whose boyhood had been spent with twilight hours cuddling about a large fireplace, and who in his old age had grown bitter in the unfriendliness, the bad atmosphere created by the black stove.

BUT now at last with our national fortune made and more time at our disposal in which to consider health, beauty and comfort, we are slowly returning in our allegiance to the old bright, good gift of the gods, the open fire. We are learning that no heat is so satisfactory, so beautiful, so hygienic, and that properly understood and used the fireplace can, without sacrificing any of its charm, prove as practical, and far more healthful than any of our furnaces or steam heaters.

As for the joy of the open fire, it is today as in the time of its miraculous discovery a source of never-ending inspiration and pleasure. Who does not love to watch a fire as it springs from its smoke sheath and dances swiftly from log to log, wrapping them about with its glowing mantle of flame? It is a master magician who touches dull wood or coal with his wand, releasing the bright spirits of light and heat that are imprisoned within them. In some mysterious way it also liberates our imaginations, opens some door within

us that is generally closed, so that we dream and plan, expand into temporary poets and philosophers, sound depths and soar to heights never explored except under the influence of fire.

Friends, lovers, comrades need no conversation when in the presence of an open fire, for it croons and sings and dances for them, writes fiery sonnets upon the dark scroll of the sooty chimney, sketches charming pictures with its smoke pencil.

It is the prince of entertainers, the king of hosts! It offers bewitching divertisement, runs the full gamut of ceremonious amusement for your benefit, then skilfully decoys your best thoughts from their hiding places until you discover you have committed yourself to a philosophy that heretofore apparently had no working basis in your mind!

Like a genial host it removes all trace of the self-consciousness that cramps and dwarfs expression, for looking into its heart we find there inspiration unmarred by thought of self.

What significance is in the lighting of the first fire in the new home! What wordless hopes, fears, plans and vows are offered as oblation upon this newly made altar, sacred to all that is best in the lives of the homemakers. What associations of sweet homecomings gradually weave themselves around the hearth! How cheery it is when the winds scream outside, rattle the shutters of the window and strain the latch of the door!

The fireplaces of England, which one can well presume to be the survival of old Druid stone altars, hold a memory of Druid rites in the ceremonies that surround the bringing in of the oak Yule log entwined with the mistletoe, sacred to Druids.

Our own New England fireplaces were once built of such generous proportions that the back log was hauled in by oxen through doors left large for this very purpose. Many of the fireplaces were ample enough to allow a nook or cozy corner for the old folks to occupy by the side of the fire, safe from the reach of chilling drafts. They were fitted up with long cranes from which hung iron pots containing (if the testimony of the senses had been relied upon) food for a king! And before these same fires hung turkeys and ducks on the end of long strings which wound and turned and twisted about so that they should be well browned "against the time of eating."

OUR jolly, generous, beloved Santa Claus might never have filled the stockings we hung before the open fire with such faith in his yearly visit to good children, were it not for these old-time wide chimneys and broad hearths. The prevalence of sheet-iron stoves in our land has almost caused the death of our merry Christmas saint, a cause indeed for universal mourning.

The fireplace of the South was also a large affair and we love to read about (if we cannot, alas, otherwise enjoy) the flavor of the sweet potatoes raked from the ashes, the corn pone browned before the blaze, the ham boiled in champagne on feast days over a slow heat. One cannot think of the South without thinking of hospitality and thoughts of hospitality center around an open fire from which issue the fragrant odors of the coming feast of eatables, or the more lasting flavors of a feast of reason and exchange of thought. A trace of English Yule log festivities survived in the South in old days and there was much cunning and clever woodcraft displayed by the darkies in selecting the oak log to be brought in at Yule-tide.

The camp fire of the out-of-doors, the original form of fire, that we have tried to preserve as nearly as possible on our hearths, will forever be the most poetical of all fires to us. This "red flower that blossoms at night," so mysteriously at man's command, is held in awe by all animals, and they join man in their circle around it, never venturing within the radius of its light, yet watching its leaps and bounds with intense fascination. It is a trustworthy guardian for man in the wilds, a valued companion to the lonely mountaineer. And how beautiful it is, as in its cheerful, radiant way it serves him in the menial office of cook, comforts his weary body with warmth, lights his mind with flashes of spiritual thought!

It has been a swift courier spreading news of warning or of victory from hill top to hill top. The Indians made it speak to enemy or friend for them, by governing its smoke, and there is much religious symbolism behind the fire dance that is still observed by them in the West.

The bon-fire (good fire) is woven with the camp fire in our fond remembrances of childhood days, and the chief attraction of a picnic was the fire, sometimes a large one of iridescent driftwood down by the beach, sometimes a small fragrant one of balsamic odors in the woods. Oh, we all owe much to fire that is so like the sun, and we can well echo St. Francis who, in his Canticle to the Sun, says:

"Praised be my Lord, for brother fire, through whom thou givest light in darkness, and he is bright and pleasant and very mighty and strong."

THE INVISIBLE GARDEN

OU who are hedged in by city walls and duties, and to whom the gospel of the country life brings only a longing for something that is out of sight and out of reach; for whom the only walks are crowded pavements, the only glimpse of green a dusty, tramp-filled park; lay aside your cares a moment, come with me, and I will show you how to plant a garden—a place wherein your soul may grow.

First weed your heart, plucking out all harsh thoughts, all worries and anxieties that have choked it for so long; root out all sordid plans, all striving after needless gain. Then from this spot shut out the little prowling Envies, the giant Ambition and the weary ghost Despair. Wall off the noise, the chaos, and amid the hungry desert of commercialism make a tiny oasis of peace. Here, in this little garden, where no spirit of tenseness may enter, no tiresome cares intrude, let your thoughts wander into pleasant paths of rest.

Take out your dearest memories and plant them where their fragrance will make you glad. Sow sweet thoughts, like mignonette, about you, so that their perfume fills your heart. Dig up old recollections, look upon the everlasting flowers of time, the blue forget-me-nots, and linger amid the bitter-sweetness of pale "might-have-beens."

Or, if your thoughts will not tame themselves into a kindly mood, then borrow for a little while the pleasant thoughts of others. Coax into your invisible garden the gentle words of some old poet; dig up some phrase, some bit of verse that used to comfort you or make you glad. Let your own thoughts circle around it, and plant about the nucleus of its inspiration some sweet philosophy.

Let the warm sunshine of optimism pour into your garden, that your flowers may bloom; let the soft wind of hope bring you strengthening messages from the outer world, and instead of the withering heat of cynicism, let happy tears, if need be, keep the ground moist with tenderness. So shall the kind fingers of our dear lady Silence smoothe away your troubles, and gentle daydreams be your lullaby. And in this little garden of contentment your body and your soul will be at peace.

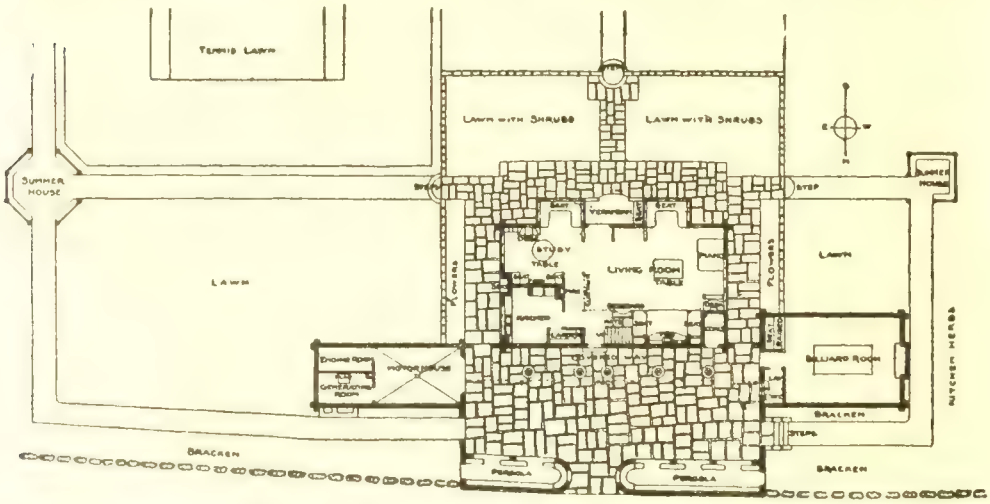
Then, when this peace has worked its inevitable miracle, you will find yourself refreshed, invigorated, full of a new bravery and kindness, with finer sympathy, clearer judgment and firmer mental grip. And in the end perhaps your toil will be rewarded, and you may plant at last the garden of your dreams, where real winds stir the leaves of the rosebushes and real dewdrops grow every morning on the lawn.

MODERN COUNTRY HOMES IN ENGLAND: NUMBER FIFTEEN: BY BARRY PARKER

BEFORE passing on to other themes I am going to sum up what has been said in previous articles of this series in regard to houses designed for occupation by their owners. And in order to do this as graphically as possible, by means of illustrations rather than by abstract theories, I have chosen "Whirriestone," near Rochdale, Lancashire, as the type of home which exemplifies, more than any other I can call to mind, the application of those qualities and principles of architecture and furnishing for which I have been contending.

"Whirriestone" is, before all else, an expression of its owner's own taste and personality. The disposition and arrangement of the rooms and their accommodation are all her own planning, while the sizes of the rooms are in each instance of her own determining, within a very few inches. Every detail of the house and its furnishing has been designed to realize her own clear image of what she wished it to be. Almost the only item for which she had made no suggestion, when the work was drawing to a close, and about the only one I had not designed, was a coal-box handle. I selected one already on the market and submitted it. She pointed out some distinct improvements which might be made in its design and asked me to make a drawing embodying these, and have it carried out. And it was in this spirit of intense personal interest and thoughtfulness that all the work was planned and executed.

In the designs for this house I followed my usual custom, pre-



GARDEN AND GROUND PLAN OF "WHIRRIESTONE," SHOWING RELATION OF HOUSE TO GROUNDS.

Barry Parker and Raymond Unwin, Architects

"WHIRRIESTONE," NEAR ROCHDALE, LANCASHIRE, ENGLAND. CEMENT CONSTRUCTION, WITH TILE ROOF. VIEW OF SOUTH AND WEST

DETAIL OF ENTRANCE TO "WHIRRIESTONE" SHOWING STONE FOUNDATION AND INTERESTING GROUPS OF WINDOWS

THE SOUTH AND GARDEN SIDE OF "WHIRRIE-STONE" SHOWING GRACEFUL ROOF LINES

MAIN ENTRANCE GATEWAY AND PERGOLA AT "WHIRRIESTONE"

THE FORECOURT AND ENTRANCE TO PERGOLA AT "WHIRRIE TONE"

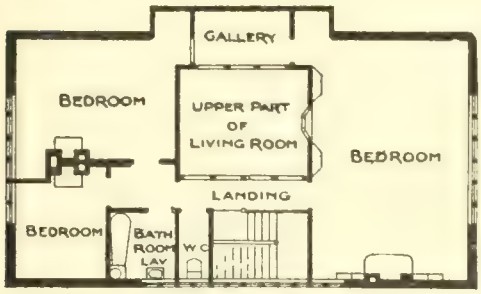
SHOWING ENTRANCE DOOR AT "WHIRRIE TONE" AND FOOT OF STAIRWAY WITH EXTREMELY INTERESTING THOUGH SIMPLE USE OF WOOD

LIVING ROOM AT "WHIRRIESTONE," WITH GLIMPSE OF FIREPLACE

LOOKING FROM LIVING ROOM INTO STUDY THROUGH ARCHWAY

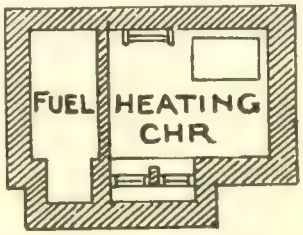
LIBRARY, WITH FIREPLACE AND COZY ARRANGEMENT OF SEATS AND BOOKSHELVES.

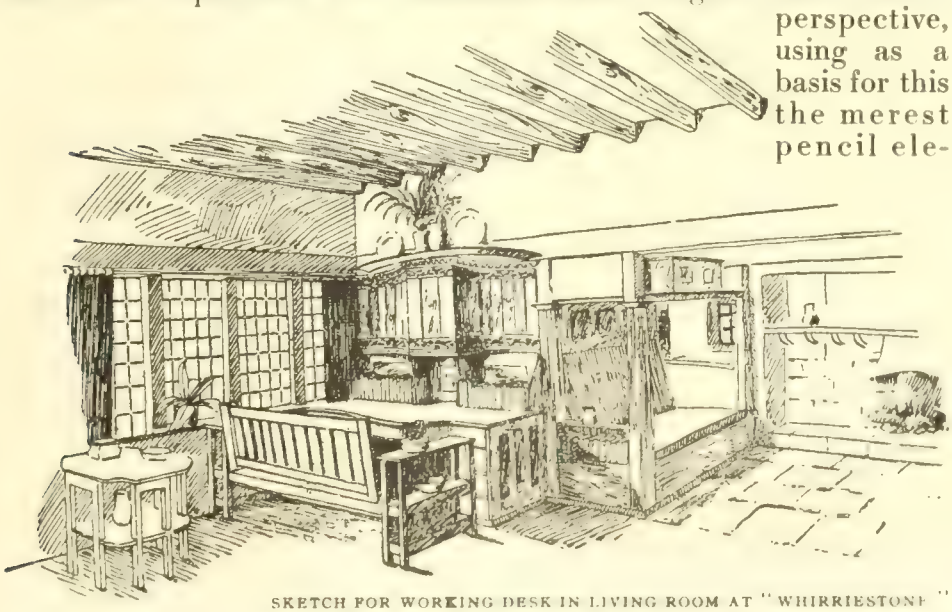
BEDROOM AT "WHITEHSTONE," WITH SOME NEW AND VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS FOR FURNITURE MAKING.



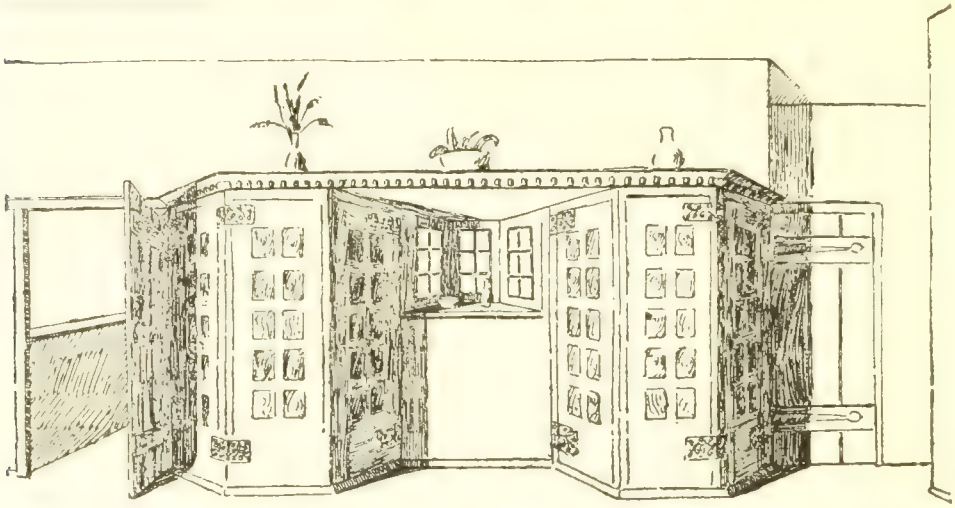
"WHIRRIESTONE:" SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

paring slight sketches or perspective drawings for everything before making any working drawings. A few of these sketches are reproduced here to show the method of working. It seems to me that architects would be materially helped in the realization of what will be the effect of their work in the end, and in their grasp of the final result and feeling of the whole, if they more frequently designed in perspective. The mental effort of taking flat elevations and constructing from them in imagination the finished product, is by no means an easy task; whereas if they could see the ideas realized first "in the round," this strain on their imagination would be greatly reduced, the final aspect of their designs would be clearer and easier to understand and criticize, and their minds would be freer to receive other impressions. At present, however, the usual custom, when perspective drawings are made at all, is to execute them after the working drawings are completed. Would not many buildings have been improved if their architects had designed them first in perspective, using as a basis for this the merest pencil ele-





SKETCH FOR WORKING DESK IN LIVING ROOM AT "WHIRRIESTONE"



SKETCH SHOWING INTERESTING DESIGNS FOR OWNERS' BEDROOM WARDROBES. THE PLACING OF THE WINDOW IS ESPECIALLY CHARMING AND PRACTICAL.

ments of working drawings, and then afterward, with the necessary changes, made the complete set?

But to return to "Whirriestone." It will be seen from the plans which appear here that the one good living room or "house place" (which every house should have, however much or little else it has) is especially large. Whatever light there may be during the day will find its way into this room, with the exception of the early morning rays which will come into the study. Further, it will be seen that all the traffic through this room is across one corner of it only, so that a visitor could at any time be shown into the study without disturbing any members of the family who might be using the living room, particularly if the curtains indicated were drawn. And another feature that helps to insure comfort consists in placing the staircase so that any cold air descending will not chill those parts of the room in which one would be most likely to sit.

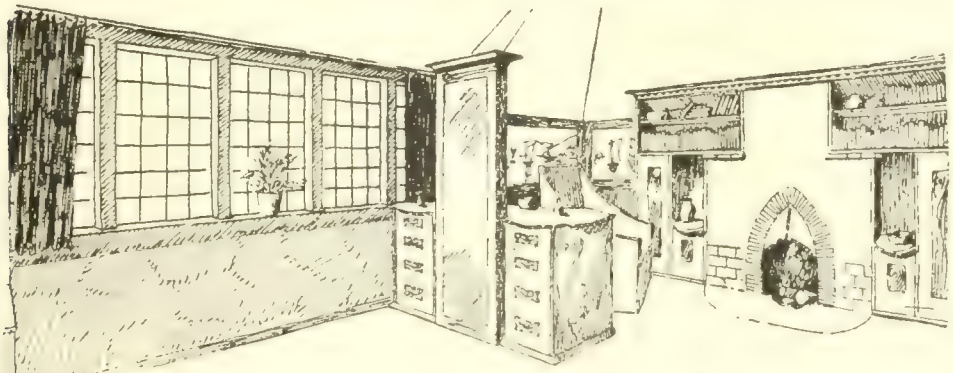
As the accompanying photographs show, the rooms of this house have the advantage of not being too high. In comparatively small houses, if the rooms are very high there is always apt to be a feeling that their height is too great to be pleasant in proportion to their width and length. It will be noticed that this danger has been avoided in the present instance by carrying the higher part of the living room up two stories of running galleries which look down into it along two sides.

Another cheerful characteristic of "Whirriestone" is the fact that as one enters at the front door a pleasant vista through the

house and away to the south is opened up. This arrangement gives a first impression very different from the oppressive, inhospitable feeling produced by the blank wall or dark recesses of a hall which usually confront one upon entering the average home. All the other views and vistas in the house have been contrived with this idea in mind, and in some cases to avoid the objection just mentioned they have been lengthened by means of a window, or terminated by something of interest.

As the pleasantest view is toward the south, the two principal rooms have been given a southward "trend" or "direction." That is, the whole arrangement of each room is such that its occupants enjoy the best available prospect from those portions of the room which they will most frequently use and those positions which they will most naturally assume. The principal rooms look away from the road because this southern aspect affords the most pleasant view; but no outside elevation of the house is less agreeable to look upon than any other, and certainly no visitor could determine which to call the back of the house.

It should be noticed in this connection that above all the elevations are the natural outcome and expression of the internal planning. Some points, of course, are pure ornament, but these unmistakably proclaim themselves as such and could not be mistaken for construction, their claim to respect resting solely on the ground of their own beauty. But soundness of construction has never been sacrificed to ornament, and it will be observed that the attempt

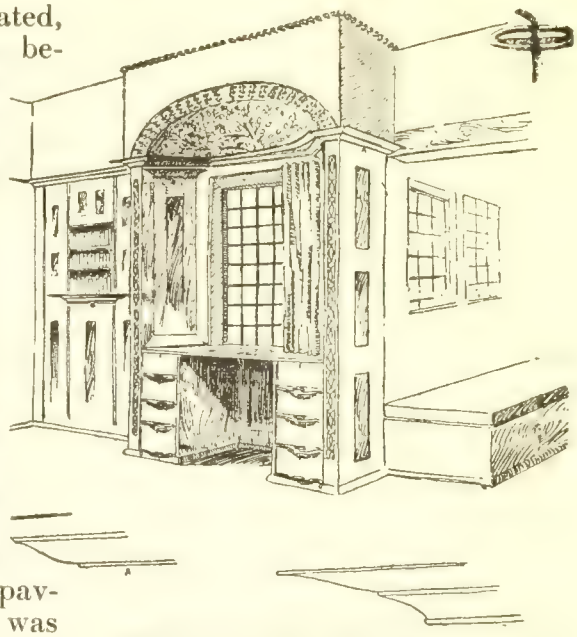


SKETCH FOR DRESSING TABLE AND FIREPLACE BOOKSHELVES FOR OWNERS' BEDROOM

throughout has been to so beautify the useful and necessary things that they might become objects of interest and decoration instead of being put out of sight and other things substituted. Most of the interest, in fact, comes from construction frankly

shown and decoratively treated, the elements and textures belonging to the construction, and the materials used being made the basis for whatever ornament was desired.

It should be pointed out that as far as possible local building traditions have been observed and local building materials used. All the fireplaces are built of stone from the country side; the simple roof is covered with the stone roofing slates characteristic of the locality, and all the stone for the walls, paving steps and hearths was quarried not far from the site.



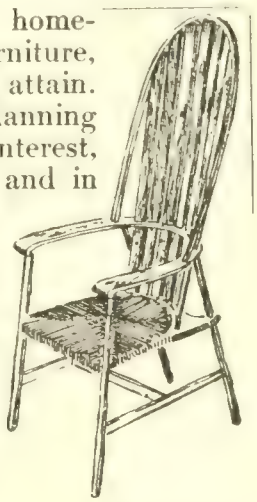
REVISED DESIGN FOR SOUTH END OF STUDY

The house as originally built is shown in black on the accompanying plan. The parts hatched on that plan are later additions, comprising the billiard room, motor house, engine and generative rooms, and the covered way connecting them with the house, together with the gateway and pergolas.

The general construction and details of "Whirriestone" are unmistakably, it will be seen, the result of careful thought and individual treatment, all along the most practical lines possible. In fact in all of the houses which I have recently described, the criticism will probably be made that commonsense has been placed before everything else. This would be a somewhat exaggerated accusation, but in a sense it is true. For I do, in a way, put commonsense before everything, believing that the truly artistic is ever the most practical, and that, in architecture as well as other things, if we are not first sensible we can never be artistic, or anything else worth while.

One of the most noticeable characteristics of the "Whirriestone" interior is the use of "built-in" furniture. The handy bookshelves, the cosy corner seats and lounges, the cupboards, sideboard, desk,—all of these seem and in fact are integral parts of the construction. Not only does this type of furniture achieve a maximum of convenience and space economy with a minimum of housekeeping labor,

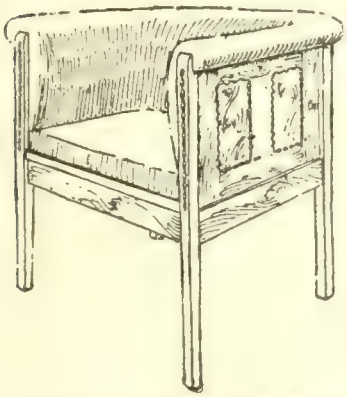
but it gives to each room a sense of comfort, a home-like quality which the usual movable piece of furniture, no matter how good, can somehow never quite attain. The care and forethought required in the initial planning and executing of each object imply such personal interest, such exercise of individual taste, such ingenuity, and in many cases such originality, that the result can hardly be other than sincere.



SKETCH FOR LIVING-ROOM CHAIR.

People are slowly beginning to appreciate once more the value of "built-in" furnishings. And it is encouraging to find increasing evidences of this use, for it shows that we are getting to realize the futility of that most wasteful and nerve-racking habit—patronage of the moving van—and growing to want, instead of mere houses, real homes where durability and permanence may dwell side by side with comfort and beauty.

And not least among the advantages underlying the use of "built-in" furnishings, is the equally interesting, if unconscious, development of self that keeps pace with the material side of the work. For it is impossible to plan and build and contrive and develop all the possibilities of a home interior without at the same time building up one's inner personality, enlarging one's own field of vision and experience, drawing out unlooked for talents and capacities, and discovering all sorts of novel and delightful channels for self expression. And there is such unlimited chance for real enjoyment in this kind of work, that it seems a marvel, when one stops to think, that we have been so long in awakening to the fact. Surely anyone with even a small endowment of the "home instinct" would derive a genuine satisfaction from having at least a share in the planning of those surroundings and the choice of those things amongst which a goodly portion of existence must perforce be spent. For the right adjustment of all those intimate little details might make of any dwelling, no matter how humble or how small, a place where every task is pleasant and every corner full of interest, so that housework, instead of being a burden or drudgery, might be a cheerful labor.



SKETCH FOR LIVING-ROOM CHAIR.

ON DIRECTING CRITICISM: BY CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS

I HAVE a picture in my house which I call the picture for critics. It is a landscape by a clever man; it is full of feeling for nature, harmonious in its coloring, masterly in composition, painted with a sure technique, not impressionistic, nor yet too slavish a copy of actual things; a picture to live with and to take joy in—but I use it to provide amusement for my idle hours. It so happens that among my acquaintances are many art critics; some professionals and others critical by nature. Among them all are two or three whose criticisms are thoughtful and sincere; the rest——

My usual method when I see a critic coming over the fields to my house is to go and get my Picture for Critics and set it in a place where it has a good light. Then when the critic comes up my steps I open the door and hail him with a "Hello, you know something about pictures, don't you?"

"Well, I get my living telling people about them."

Let me pause here to say that in order to play my little game called "Directing Criticism" I have to call in the services of a liar—in short I do not balk at absolute mendacity in order to bring out the critical opinions of my visitors, and today I tell one story about my landscape and its manner of creation while tomorrow the story is quite different.

Today, then, it is a speedily painted picture, done in an hour, "to be quite candid." As a matter of fact the artist spent but one morning on it, but he brought to that spending the hoarded skill that years of experience and practice had given him.

"I want to show you a little landscape that I picked up. I don't write about pictures myself but I know what I like" (It always hurts me to use that phrase, but it stamps me as a Philistine in the critic's mind and thus renders him freer to express an opinion), "and it struck me that this little thing had merit. And the thing that appealed to me was the speed at which the artist painted it. Do you know it was all begun, continued and ended in three quarters of an hour?"

My friend has been looking at it with head on one side and noncommittal expression but at this piece of studio news, he begins to laugh in a very superior way.

"My dear fellow, it looks it. The thing looks it. Haste is blazoned in every brush mark. The man has a certain cheap dexterity and his color might be worse, but insincerity is stamped all over the picture. I hope you didn't pay a great price for it."

"A hundred." (A lie. The picture was given to me by the widow of the great American artist who painted it because I had

known her husband when he was an art student in Boston and I a reporter on a Boston paper. I have refused five hundred dollars for it.)

"A hundred dollars! My dear fellow you ought to employ an agent. You'll get badly stung some time. Of course a hundred is not much but I wouldn't give you five dollars for that picture. Three quarters of an hour! How can a man so prostitute his talents?"

Well, I've had my fun and I lead him off on other topics as we go for a walk in the fields, and pictures are forgotten.

NEXT time I pursue different tactics. The man inside the house and the picture studied carefully (it is not signed, by the way) I say carelessly, "Do you know it seems a waste of time for a man to spend so large a part of his life painting a little thing like that" (the landscape is twenty by twenty-four); "it's like Grey spending years in writing the Elegy when a first-class man might have pounded it out in a couple of days."

My Critic is horrified. He is an academic of the academics and he says, "Oh, don't say that! Patient, discriminating selective labor put into a song or a piece of sculpture or a painting always tells. It shows in every brush mark of this painting. How long did you say the artist worked at it?"

"The better part of two years. Of course he had other things under way but he turned to this for a part of each day and it was left me by my uncle who had the fine collection in Schenectady."

"Oh, it's a beautiful piece of work, full of distinction. It represents the man's thoughts and ideals for a long period and yet it's loosely painted. He has put himself into that little thing day by day. It's a gem. You're a lucky man to have it. I don't care who painted it, it's a little masterpiece; but of course no one but a master ever painted a masterpiece."

"I can't think of his name, myself, I'm such a duffer about pictures, but I know he's one of the big ones like Wyatt or Homer Martin."

"I don't doubt it. I'm glad to have had an opportunity to see it. No dashed off work in that, but the slow setting forth of many years of observation and poetic feeling for nature in her ideal moods. It's stimulating."

This comes near to being a just criticism of the picture but it is a fact that poor "Lonny" did it between breakfast and lunch and did it on the cover of a hat box that had just come from a department store to his wife. He was always using any old thing as a "canvas" and producing effects that less clever men could not have obtained on a well-toned canvas.

Sometimes I vary my "song and dance." If I think my visitor is a man who values foreign study unduly I tell him something like this:

"I don't know much about this picture except that it was painted by a man who studied with some of the best French masters. I think he lived with Rousseau for a time. At any rate he was steeped in the French Influences and began studying when he was only thirteen. He won a prize for composition when he was fifteen and he excelled as a draughtsman. Of course I don't care anything about that; it's the color in that picture that makes it interesting. It's tonal. I say that a man may have no teachers at all and if he have genius he will paint like a god. Don't you think so?"

"No, no! No profession can be mastered without masters to teach one. I see at a glance that this is a man who has been well schooled; almost too well schooled. It is a bit academic, a little lacking in individuality but it is full of charm, nevertheless. And so French! You've happened on a really meritorious picture and in this age of cheap, meretricious stuff, you are to be congratulated." (Poor "Lonny" who never crossed the ocean although he longed to and would have done so if consumption had not done its worst to him before he had a chance. A term or two in a Boston art school, and for the rest self tutored.)

But next day I vary the game by telling the truth about him to a critic who before I have said a word has begun to like the landscape.

He catches himself in time, however, and when he hears the truth he says "Umh! Never was taught beyond a few months? Well, the thing has a certain naïve charm, but it lacks authority. It's the tyro trying hard." (And before he died "Lonny's" brothers in art told him in so many words that in spite of his lack of opportunities he had somehow contrived to become a really great technician.)

It's an amusing game and when I'm in the mood nothing pleases me better than to pitilessly expose my brothers, the critics.

But I am free to confess that I am not lacking in bias myself and it is possible that I could be hypnotized into voicing an expression of opinion concerning a landscape that would perhaps be exactly opposite to the verdict I might have expressed had the hypnotization been by another. Absolute independence of judgment is a rare thing in any of us and perhaps one of the men I have fooled could get back at me if he chose. Mobray Stevensons are not on the staff of every two-cent paper. And so few of the papers cost three cents.

A SONG DOMESTIC: BY MARY BRECHT PULVER

I SING of my kitchen!
Sing you of cathedrals; of dim, purple crypt; of dimpling brook; of wind-swept grasses; of sun-pageants; of festal boards a-glitter with cheer of silver and crystal—
Sing you of the heart—of tears—of laughter—of love—

But I sing of Life—of that whence emanates the sap of life; of the shrine of things domestic—the kitchen. For birth and death may be achieved without it, but it is life's necessity.
Into the fabric of my song are woven many things. Humble things! My teakettle!
A great plump-shouldered vessel singing its time-old bubbly chant.
(The day is great without, with a plaintive, whining little wind fumbling at the window.) But my teakettle purrs softly on, humming quietly to itself.
What are you crooning, O teakettle?

"It is a lullaby I sing. Long ago I learned it—I and my brothers. The first teakettle sang it from the hob-corner—sang it to a little one sleeping in its cradle by the fire. The mother wrought at her spindle and pushed the cradle with her foot. She sang alone to the child, and her song was of the gray sea outside, of the fishing vessels and the bleak winds. And while she sang the wind moaned in the chimney and the babe fretted, for her song came from a grieving heart. And the kettle, pondering, knew this, and at length commenced to sing this same little lullaby of mine, and the babe slept, and at length also the sad mother.
But of the song I cannot tell more save that it has in it peace—and comfort—and the whisper of Eternity."

(The little wind frets without and wails down the chimney.)

I look into my fire-box.
What a cheerful, ruddy mass! The glowing coals!
They, too, murmur and sing and leap with vivid color-play:
"We burn. We burn. That you may have warmth to boil your kettle—to roast your meats—to bake your great loaves. We give our lives to be consumed for you,
Cheerfully, cheerfully."

The ranks of shining tins and coppers! My willing servitors they.
Let the winds assail. Let the nip of November wait outside—whose heart can fail to be staunch here at the household shrine? For its voice is of peace and the goodness of things.
My stove, all radiant, invites alluringly. Sit with me here this gray afternoon and listen to the soft little life sounds. My old clock ticking the passing of the hours; my old cat breathing deep drafts of peace at my feet; my kettle bubbling—bubbling its sleepy lullaby—my fire chirring, whispering warmly, rebuking the wind, that tries to creep down it.
Warm! warm! warm as love—warm as Life—
the very heart of God speaks here.

Courtesy of *The Independent.*

THE STREET SINGER

IT WAS an early June morning. The grass was being cut in Gramercy Park. The faint, sweet, green smell blew over the red geraniums out to the street. Two middle-aged Italians, dragging a heavy organ, caught the fragrance, and resting the instrument against the curb, they sniffed happily and looked through the railings, smiling. Then, although no one was yet in sight, they prepared to make the morning gayer with their music. The smaller man gave his attention to the organ, grinding out a cheerful—nay, dashing—rendering of Pagliacci, and the stout one, red of face and ungainly of figure, threw back his head and sang the thrilling old love-song with all the joy and abandon of Caruso on an "Italian Night" at the Metropolitan. He forgot the empty street, the rags, the sad nights in his cellar house, and his heart was full of Italy, her sky, her ways with love, her daily little joys. And with hand on beating heart and eyes looking over far seas, he poured forth the wonderful old melody until it flowed over street and park and melted down through the odor of the new cut grass.

I rounded the corner of the park and stood silently by, amazed that so much joy could be found at the turn of a city street. The singer did not notice me, or the advent of a fellow countryman—a flower-vender, his stock in trade a few faded red carnations. He too stopped, tears in his eyes, all care and poverty forgotten. As the song soared into the tree tops and up to the blue space, I heard the refrain murmured nearby in soft bass tones. A street inspector in gray uniform, his Irish face tender with pleasure, had joined the flower-vender and myself. For him, too, the melody and the perfume had put up double barriers.

As the leaves caught up the last ecstatic note, the Irish inspector and I found ourselves smiling in a friendly way at each other, and emptying our light-weight pockets of their little change. The flower-vender had no money, but his "beautiful" flowers, with voluble gratitude, were thrust into the singer's hands, and the fat hero of the lovely old opera accepted them with full appreciation. They were indeed the right tribute to his joyous music.

The inspector and I left the flower-man and the singer, and hastened on to Broadway; properly silent, yet knowing each other for a moment as few friends do. As I sped headlong across the crowded avenue, barely escaping trolleys and motors, the tones of his fine, kind voice reached me:

"Be azy there, now. *All* the toime is yours, and I'll not be letting a thing in the whorld hurt one little hair of your head."

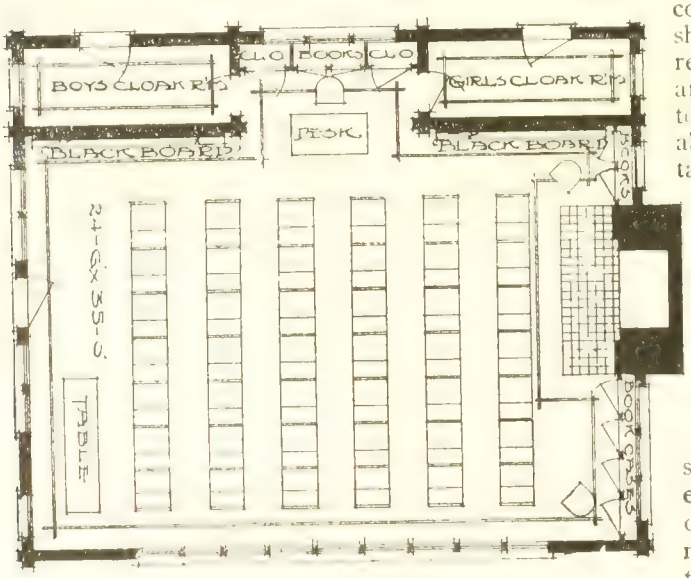
TWO CRAFTSMAN COUNTRY SCHOOLHOUSES: EACH DESIGNED WITH LIBRARY AND OPEN FIREPLACE

THE romance of the log schoolhouse has touched the lives of so many of America's greatest men, beginning with the great Lincoln—that one wonders how it has been possible for the country builders ever willingly to give up its charm and intimacy in favor of the supposedly pretentious, and no more convenient, square brick structure. What country-bred man does not recall with a thrill of tenderness those morning walks to school down fragrant spring lanes, with robin calls so much louder than the schoolbells; or the winter days with skates over shoulder ready for the first free minute of noontime! Surely the road to the old log school has created for many a man the most joyous memories of boyhood, and even within school walls there were some hours of unwasted study, of gaining the essentials of education, the practical sort of wisdom that no man, workman or financier, can afford to do without.

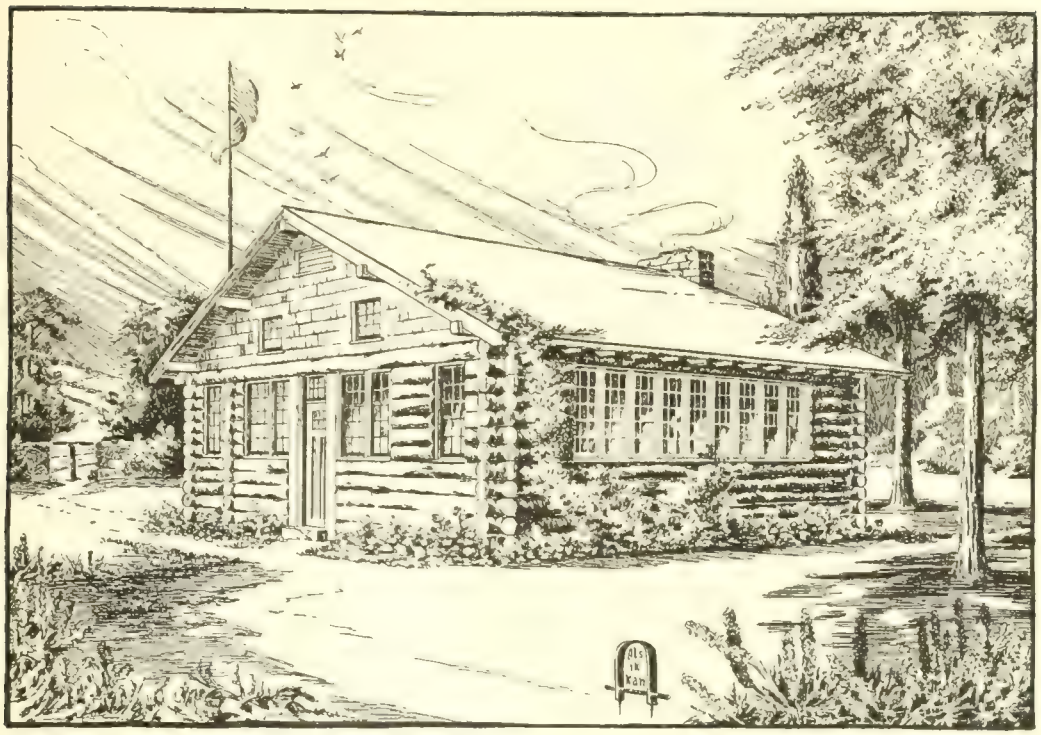
It was a fine democratic institution, this log schoolhouse, for the farmer's son and the minister's, the girls from the big and the little farmhouses, all studied and played together, forming friendships that outlasted years of separation and ties that were never broken.

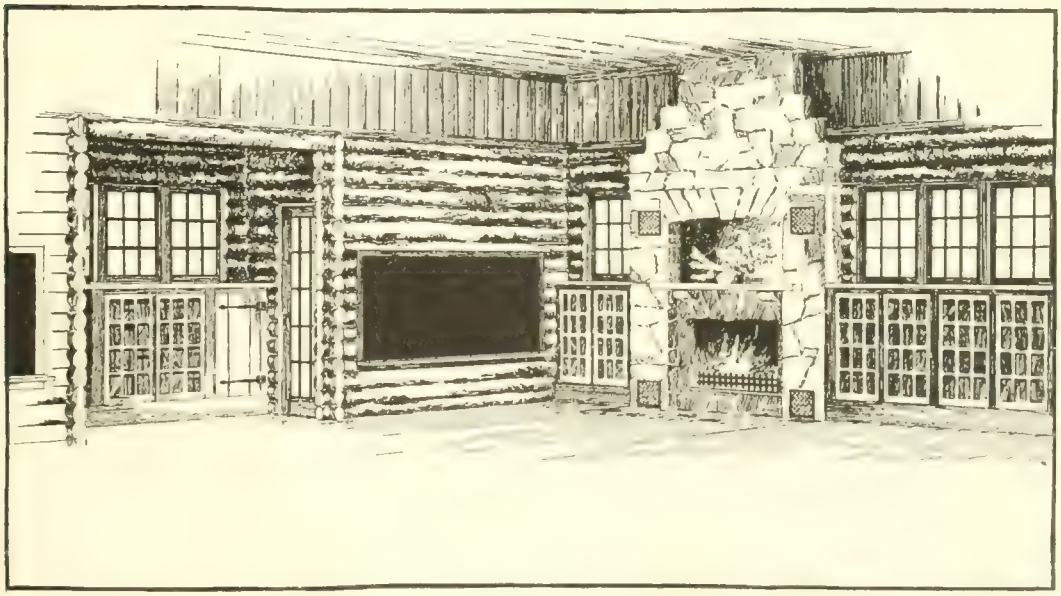
The rural schoolhouse today is a problem. It has in many instances grown into the poorest imitation of city educational institutions, in no way suited to the right education and proper development of farm boys and girls. In most cases as it exists today it not only does not fit them to understand, appreciate and make good in farm life, but actually creates a spirit of discontent with country existence and distaste for real work of any sort. This is a disaster not only to the community, but to the nation, to say nothing of the boys and girls.

America must for progress' sake have good country schools, schools suited to rural conditions. We must have townships that are successful without relation to cities, and people who are contented to dwell in the townships. How to bring this about is one of the most important economic questions of the times. It has seemed to THE CRAFTSMAN that something toward this end might be accomplished through the right kind of schools, schools that might become, as did the guildhalls of Mediæval times, the center of a widespread general activity and progress. Why make our schoolhouses such dull, uninviting, unenlightened spots that children must be driven into them and parents never enter therein? Why not take a lesson out of the Middle



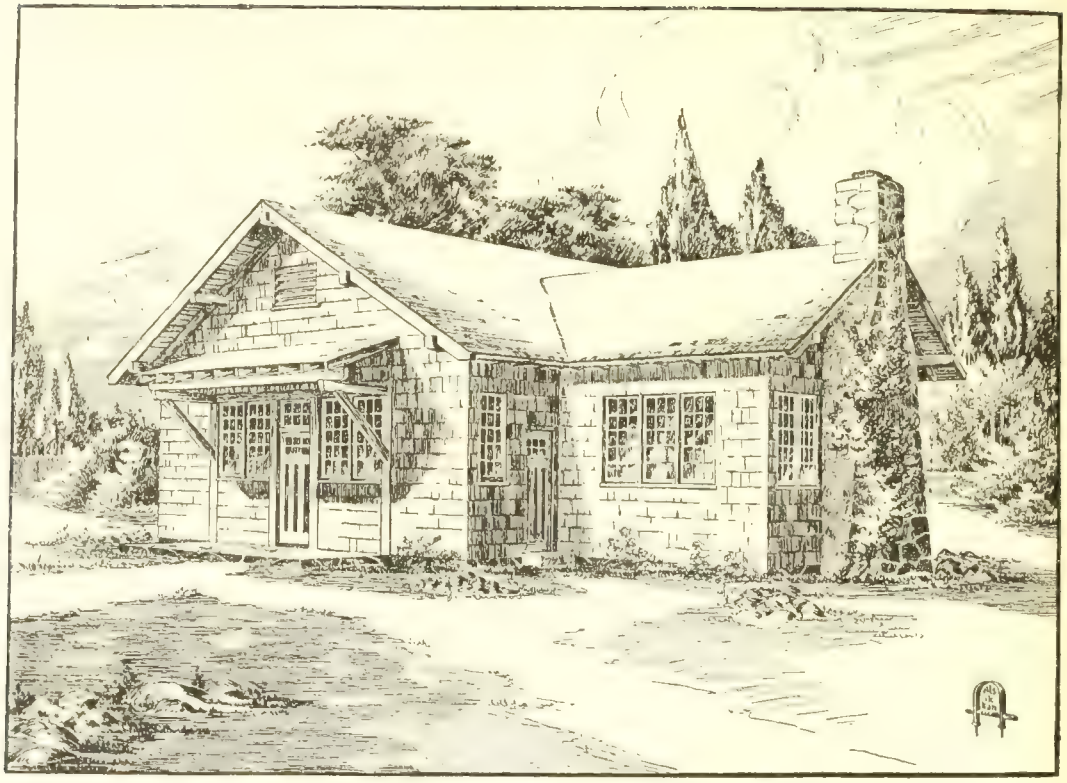
FLOOR PLAN FOR LOG SCHOOLHOUSE: NO. 119.

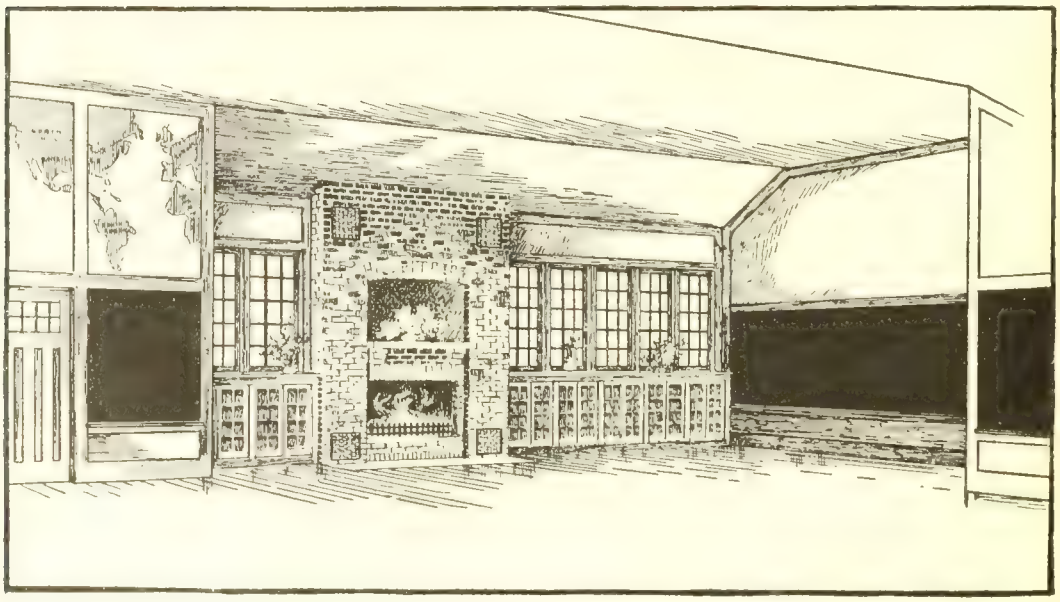




CRAFTSMAN LOG SCHOOLHOUSE: NO. 119 ESPECIALLY INTERESTING ARRANGEMENT OF WINDOWS.

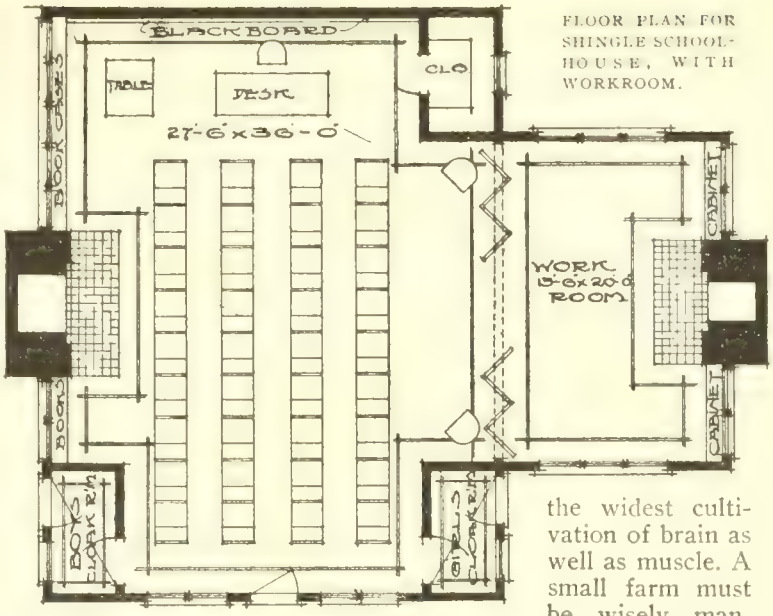
VIEW OF ONE CORNER OF SCHOOLROOM, SHOWING FIREPLACE FURNACE AND BOOKCASES.





CRAFTSMAN SHINGLE SCHOOLHOUSE: NO. 120: BUILT WITH A CONNECTING WORKROOM.

VIEW OF ONE END OF A ROOM IN SCHOOLHOUSE NO. 120, SHOWING FIREPLACE FURNACE AND BOOKSHELVES UNDER WINDOWS



FLOOR PLAN FOR SHINGLE SCHOOLHOUSE, WITH WORKROOM.

Ages, as well as out of our own pioneer days, and build schools which will develop the community spirit and definitely prepare the pupils for the kind of lives they are most likely to live? Why should not the schoolhouse be the center of all the most interesting events of the village life, social, educational, civic? If schoolhouses are built to make school life a cheerful, pleasant feast, if they are planned with open fireplaces, with well arranged libraries, with desks and chairs that can be removed for festivals and dances, if parents become interested in the surroundings of their children's daily life, and if children eventually meet parents around the fireplace of their schoolhouse, it would seem as if perforce a different civic spirit could be awakened in our rural life.

In the development of rural communities the schoolhouse should occupy a place equalled only by the church. Its educational value should not be restricted to the children, but should extend to and include every man and woman of the community. It should be a vital enough institution to meet the responsibilities that come its way. It should be a place where lectures could be given on subjects that would benefit everyone. It should have a course of study calculated to make men and women themselves more capable. It should educate the people to know that the work of the world, if well done, is not drudgery, but one of the greatest factors in the betterment and uplifting of humanity.

What is needed in our country life is better social and educational advantages, better facilities for keeping in touch with the progress of the world, so that the sense of being "out of it" all will never be in the minds of young people of rural districts.

It should be possible for the college graduate to go back to the old homestead feeling he has ample scope for whatever learning he may have acquired in the development and maintaining of his land, for farming has become a scientific pursuit, demanding the widest cultivation of brain as well as muscle. A small farm must be wisely managed if returns are to be had. A large farm must also be wisely cultivated, watched, improved, else the land will soon lose its usefulness. Much of the success of our country's future depends upon the use we make of our farms, and if left in the hands of an unthinking and careless people our land will lose its fertility. So it is the part of farseeing wisdom to educate fully and rightly the men and women who are to be put in trust, as it were, of our land. And the rural schoolhouse should be the place where full instruction is begun, at least, if not finished.

The country schoolhouse should be the central place of interest in the minds of the community, for it is from this center that the welfare of the whole community will radiate. The boy and his father should be equal in their interest in all that is taught there, should be side by side in the endeavor to make it useful and attractive.

Believing, therefore, that what our country life needs so vitally is better social, economic and educational advantages, we are showing in this issue two schoolhouses, each designed to be of service to every resident of the district where it is built.

In the larger of these schoolhouses is shown a workroom separated from the main room by folding doors, which can be thrown open to form a hall where lectures on scientific farming can be given, political meetings held, entertainments of a social nature enjoyed. This workroom is fitted with a fire-

place of its own so that it can be used separately if desired.

We have often been asked to design a schoolhouse with such a room as a special feature, and the plan now shown furnishes this important adjunct to the school, and also makes possible a necessary meeting place for neighborhood interests and pleasures of all kinds. It can be used by the boys as a metal or woodworking shop, with the older boys in charge of the younger ones at times. Or it can be shut off from the main room while special instruction is given by visiting teachers to the advanced pupils. It can be used by the girls as a sewing room, and there are separate shelves or lockers on either side of the fireplace to hold the various materials needed. Demonstrations of horticultural work, tree planting or surgery, talks on botany, etc., can be advantageously given in such a room.

This schoolhouse is built of shingles, with the roof also of shingles, plastered inside, and sealed with V-jointed cypress boards. Ample blackboard room is provided, as well as bookcases, which are behind glass and fitted with locks.

The building up of the library can be made the stimulus for much good work on the part of the students. They can sell the products of their handicraft in the workroom and purchase books with the proceeds. Or use their studies in literature as basis for entertainments of various kinds. The older people of the district can also help collect books bearing on whatever subject will benefit the community at large as well as the children.

The lighting of this building is from the back and the left, so that the eyes of the pupils will not be put to needless strain, and the windows are casement, ample enough and attractive enough to satisfy the double purpose of use and ornament. Separate cloak rooms are provided for the boys and girls.

The smaller schoolhouse is made of chestnut logs dressed on two sides so that they fit together—the inside and outside left round. The chinking of logs is with cement mortar, which is permanent and takes a stain with the logs, if staining is desired. Ruberoid roofing is used, which can be of any color needed to harmonize with the rest of the building.

The direction of the light is from casement windows at the back and left as in the larger schoolhouse, and the teacher's desk is placed where full view is had of the two cloak rooms. Lavatories are provided for these rooms. Bookcases, closets and blackboards are arranged for in the main room. In rural schools all grades must be accommodated in one room, so low tables have been set in a bright corner, in each plan, for the little ones.

Both schoolhouses are planned to be heated with the Craftsman fireplace furnace, because the ventilation of rooms heated with such furnaces is more satisfactory than when stoves are used, and the children's health is of the first importance in the gaining of the education a schoolhouse is built to give them. These fireplaces can be taken care of by the children themselves, for they are simple in their management and the services of a janitor are thus unnecessary. A great advantage of such heating is that fire can easily be kept over night so that the schoolroom will be warm in the morning. In times that we all can remember the first hour or so of the school day during the winter was spent with numb fingers and shivers of discomfort until the room could be heated. Such conditions, detrimental to health as well as comfort, would be impossible with the furnace fireplace. Wood, coal or coke can be used in these furnaces, so the matter of fuel in various districts is easily solved.

No furniture is shown in these plans, so a better view of the entire room can be had. Desk room for fifty-six pupils, besides the kindergarten chairs at the low tables, is given in the large schoolhouse, and the seating facilities can be greatly increased when political and neighborhood meetings are held, by extra chairs in the workroom. The smaller building gives desk room for forty-two students, and when lectures are given that interest the community at large, the kindergarten table can be removed and extra chairs placed around the whole room, increasing greatly the seating capacity of the building.

The study of botany should include practical demonstrations of flower planting in the yard. The children can be taught to plant rather than uproot, to protect instead of destroying, to augment the richness and beauty of our native flowers instead of depleting it by careless gathering. A plot of ground can be set aside, where wild flowers can be transplanted and cared for. Children can be taught to carefully remove a vigorous plant from among a colony of

them where its loss will not be felt, and place it where its beauty will be fully enjoyed. They soon learn to pick blossoms, which does not injure any plant, without ruthlessly pulling it up root and all. And they can study seed growth by planting the garden flowers around their schoolhouse and thus also learn to beautify a place, a knowledge they will put to use in building their own homes later on.

The craftsmanship learned in the workroom can be put to various practical uses in the yard, so that all the pupils can have the pleasure of knowing they have helped to make the plot of ground set aside for them beautiful and serviceable. Classes in carpentry can be held in the yard and fences built, gates made from designs of their own, perfected during the winter months in the school workroom. Demonstrations of practical forestry can be given when the flagpole is selected, felled, prepared and set up again in their own yard, and how the boys will love this work.

Children as well as "grown-ups" enjoy whatever they have helped to make. It has more value in their minds and, therefore, they take better care of it. The destructive element, so dominant in them, will be lessened considerably as they are allowed to make things themselves, rather than be given things to care for that someone else has made. Schoolhouses should be institutions where the children are taught the use of their hands as well as their minds. To learn to "see" rightly, to observe carefully, to make something properly, is as vital a part of education as to learn to read and write, or to translate a bit of ancient literature into modern prose.

"There certainly will come a day
When men are simple and wise.
When scholars will put their books away
Until they have learned to use their eyes."

Instruction given in such interesting, practical manner will tend to make the mind an instrument quick to see the kernel in any subject. It will be able to separate wheat from chaff, to move logically from one point to another; it will grow to select things needed rather than things useless. The mind will not be filled to fatigue with a conglomeration of unrelated facts that clog the free working of it instead of providing needful fuel.

MUSIC IN OUR COUNTRY SCHOOLS

If we are not to remain an unmusical nation it would seem that music should be brought to our children at an impressionable age, not brought as a gift, something rather beyond their comprehension for which they must be grateful in proportion to the restlessness they experience, but developed out of their own consciousness of beauty. Children will only learn and love what they *really understand* and they will only understand conditions as they are a part of them. It is the rare child indeed, one greatly gifted, who really loves music from hearing it played or sung, however beautifully.

But once children begin to study music in relation to what they themselves can accomplish, if they find themselves an important factor in a chorus or orchestra, if the beauty of a musical whole depends upon their individual contribution, at once their interest is awakened, they try to understand, and music takes on a personal significance. The average child is apt to be a most egotistical little being. In its development first of all there is only the great strange world, with mother as the friendly connecting link. Then comes, in a second stage, a sense of self, and at once all the world relates directly to its own little ego. At this stage the only successful method of instruction is through the personal channel, and the boy or girl will love music or science or nature as it relates to his or her personality, and as the consciousness of it is a personal one.

So if music is needed or desired in our kind of civilization, we must let our children help to express it. It is the only way in which they will ever come to create it. If our rural schools each boasted an orchestra and a chorus, our children would grow rapidly in musical interest and enjoyment. Music would come to be a part of their interest in life and the schoolhouse would come to stand for the development of all arts. Children would learn in time to turn to it for their enjoyment as well as their profit, for there can be no doubt that most children crave and enjoy a community of interest. They like to work and develop in a neighborly way, not merely because of the excitement of competition, but because the work and achievement of other children stir their imagination and interest.

A GROUP OF VAUGHN CHAIRS: MADE BY ISAAC MC CLELLAND.

A CABINETMAKER AND HIS WORK: BY STEPHEN R. WILLIAMS

IN our admiration for antiques we do not always remember that part of the reason for our admiration is based on the simple fact that the article has continued to exist until the present time. When in addition to that we find that the particular thing is still in daily use a respect is added to that admiration which can never be elicited by a mere antique in a glass case in a museum.

Old furniture *may* be beautiful—it often *is* homely—but age in furniture, whatever it may be, is a guarantee of a certain amount of honest handicraft as well as some care in preservation.

In the community of Shandon, Butler County, Ohio, now some years past its centennial, so many examples of unusually comfortable family rockers two or three generations old are to be found that it stimulated me to look up their history. They all turned out to be the work of one man, Isaac McClelland, and are still known as McClelland chairs.

Their maker was locally famous. He was said by other mechanics in the village to be so skilled a workman that he could do with a drawing knife finer work than the other carpenters of the vicinity could do with their planes.

His son gave me the following outline of his father's history. He was born in Pennsylvania in 1805, his parents soon thereafter moving to the vicinity of Crawfordsville, Indiana. Here he learned the trade of cabinetmaker, working with an older brother. He lived most of his active life near Richmond, Indiana, and Shandon, Ohio, and dying at the age of 82, was buried at Hamilton, Ohio.

His method of making chairs is worthy of description in this day of machine-made furniture. The rounds were turned out of well seasoned hickory and the posts made out of green maple. The dry round with a supply of the finest glue in a depression on its end was driven into the green maple post, and as the post seasoned it drew tightly about the round. As a consequence even in the modern furnace-heated houses his chairs are solid and the rounds are tight. The seats were put in with canes split from swamp ash, and as his store of supply was kept in the neighboring creek the material was always flexible for weaving.

Many of these original seats are in the chairs after seventy years of service. Others have been replaced by the cane, which is the only material available in the market now for this kind of seating. It does not compare, of course, in durability with the coarser ash or hickory splits which when put in by an expert usually outlast the average owner.

The style of Mr. McClelland's work on bureau, reel or sewing table, though he is said to have been a master in making them, cannot be illustrated because of lack of authentic material for photographs. The chairs,

however, can be shown. The photographs had necessarily to be taken under varying conditions at the several houses.

The chairs are in general of the ladder-backed Colonial type, but no two are precisely alike in the details. I shall illustrate a few of them, designating them for purposes of reference by the name of the original owner.

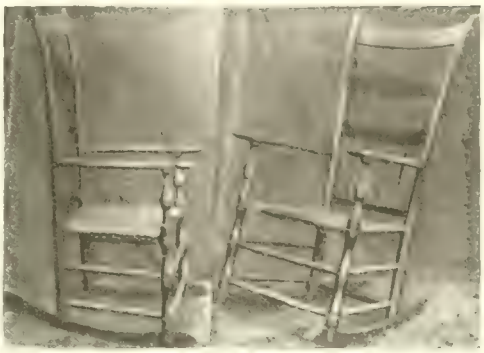
The John Evans chair, now in the possession of his granddaughter, has a combination ladder and spindle back. The worn-out seat is a recent one and the rockers appear not to be the original ones. The hand-grasp at the end of the arm and the flare of the top are more pronounced in this chair than in any of the others. It is also the largest of the rocking chairs.

The Francis chair, a slat-backed type, has had a series of rockers worn or broken and

THE FRANCIS CHAIR, NO. 1

replaced. The top of the back has more of a backward curve than the other large chairs have. The hand-grasps are worn off squarely in front, said to be due to the pushing of the chair about on rocker ends and arms while in the rôle of a locomotive driven by the children of the house.

The Sefton chairs are probably among the latest made. The whole set, rocker and six upright chairs, is intact with the original seats still in place. The small chairs are shaped like the Francis rocker, with bent back flaring somewhat at the ends. The rocker is like the Evans rocker, but even more comfortable. No one who ever sat in that chair could forget the ease and the restfulness of the position. This chair is the only one of the larger ones which has not had the original rockers worn away and replaced, and it may be that this accounts for the extra comfort the rocker possesses.



THE JOHN EVANS CHAIR.

The Vaughn chairs show the spindles introduced into the backs of the upright chairs and moreover a rocker of the same small size as the upright chairs. The central rocker is not certainly a McClelland chair. If not it slightly antedates them. One arm of this chair has been broken off and is bound to the upright by an encircling copper strip. The rockers in this case are worn to the point where the chair no longer rocks.

Last of all, because it is unique in the series, is the Gwilym chair. This is an upright arm-chair, made for a stout man who did not want to trust himself to a rocker. I am sure the chair never betrayed his trust. It is as firm and strong now when climbed over by his great-great-grandchild as it was the day it was delivered to him. The hand-grasps are of a different type from those previously shown and the uprights end in turned knobs. The seat, as is evident, has been replaced.

The parts of these chairs worn by use have gained a polish and luster which is very beautiful. The paint itself, where it is

THE FRANCIS CHAIR, NO. 2.

THE SEFTON CHAIR, NO. 1.

still seen, has faded unobtrusively into the background and the only one of these chairs which has been newly painted looks disturbed as though it felt uncomfortable and ill at ease.

If one thinks of the furniture one has known in one's own life it falls usually into two classes, the slender and easily racked type and the huge, scarcely movable pattern which occupies a permanent position in a room, only disturbed by the attacks of clean-

THE GAWLYM CHAIR

liness. These chairs are of the first type in weight and appearance, with the strength of the second, and they proclaim to the community Isaac McClelland as a workman that needed not to be ashamed.

THERE is, moreover, something peculiarly significant in the contrast between samples of such workmanship and those which most of our modern factories produce,—a contrast which is certainly not in our favor. Should we not feel humiliated by the knowledge that with all our "up-to-dateness," our elaborate machinery, our speed, our manifold inventions, we rarely achieve a result which can compare in thoroughness of construction or beauty of design with the unpretentious bits of furniture made by a simple cabinetmaker three-quarters of a century ago? For not only is the average article on sale today in our department stores something which we do not even expect to hold together for more than a few years at the most, but its design is such that we hardly care whether it lasts or

THE SEFTON CHAIR, NO. 2.

not, and frequently are glad when it wears out and can be thrown away and replaced by something else, equally bad, but for the moment—fashionable!

And there you have in one word, fashionable, the keynote to our failure, the root of our insincerity, the reason why we must, in honesty, turn in disgust from most of our modern furniture and hark back to the middle eighties for a chair that we can look upon with respect.

THE MOTOR CAR AND THE CITY MAN

WITH our recently awakened interest in country life, there is a widespread attempt among the "cliff dwellers" of our cities to get as much country as they can as quickly as possible. We are not good walkers here in America, and if we were there would be very little pleasure for the city person walking through the suburbs out to the real country, for the edges of most of our cities are ragged and unsightly, and usually unsanitary.

Unfortunately for the city people with moderate incomes, the bicycle is almost a

thing of the past. Our city streets are more and more crowded, and while horses never had very much respect for the rights of the bicycle, regarding it with some disdain and much aversion, the average automobile treats it with the frankest scorn, skimming by so close that the rider of the wheel is left breathless. So, although a decade ago it was the most practical and delightful manner of getting quickly through the suburbs, within the reach of almost everyone who cared for the country, many changes have come about in the past few years, and none more noticeable than the crowding of city streets, so that today there is really but one way open to the lover of the country to get his fill of "green places and pastures new" that is at once swift, safe, interesting and health-giving, and that is by way of the motor car.

For with a well-geared, well-managed car you can ride swiftly through the ugly metropolitan outskirts and then dawdle in luxurious idleness down fragrant country lanes. You can leave town without considering the nerve-racking timetable and learning through its sinister lines that all convenient trains are laid off for Sundays and holidays. And once having reached the country you can lunch where you will, at the summer hotel of a country resort, under the trees out of your own lunch basket, or, if you are seaward bound, a nice square of clean sand will furnish just the table you have been craving to sit by for weeks.

The motor is your willing friend and obedient servant. It never limits you to the beaten path, or insists that your few holidays shall be spent in crowded, well-known, over-frequented localities. It is rather a born adventurer, and delights to wander out into undiscovered countries, where the sandwich and the beer of the under-world have not yet penetrated. It has the spirit of a pioneer; the romance of the road is in its steering gear; high peaks are its heart's true home, and through deep, sighing valleys it glides with gentlest and sincerest enjoyment. The motor car brings you all the joy of the real, unveiled rural life, while at the same time it enables you to reserve for the material side of your nature the luxuries and comforts of conventional metropolitan existence.

Undoubtedly there has been no one factor which has so widely stimulated the return to country life in America as has the motor car, for it enables the city dweller whose occupation demands city existence to get all the happiness of country days without paying the usual heavy price of commuting. And for the real lover of the country who must only occasionally get to the city in order to keep in touch with conditions upon which his livelihood depends, again the motor is invaluable. To this man it not only lessens all the annoyances of city conditions, but it is a boon to his family, for there are always merry parties to and from the station, delightful twilight rides before dinner, and the long holidays and Sundays with the opportunity of the woods or the seashore at their disposal.

Of course, there are big railroad conveniences all about the suburbs of the big cities, and there are brave spirits who speak cheerfully of commuting, and who face hours of it for the little glimpse of rural life in the early mornings and late evenings. But the motor brings the real country much closer than this to the city. And then for mere health's sake the rural-cosmopolitan likes better long drives along cheerful roads with now and then trees bending over him or flowers at the wayside or children playing in the gardens, than the finest trains ever run on the best schedule through the newest tunnels. For in your own car and out of doors you can rest or think or read or talk with a friend, and the wind is sweet, and you are rid of all the bustle and the confusion and the annoyance of unpleasant personalities which must afflict you in your daily travel on the railroads. There is no hurry and there are no people except those you want about you. And even for the timid people there are chauffeurs who run motors for other purposes than to terrify the occupants.

It is wonderful in a way how the motor seems to bring a family circle together. In the summer-time it does for friendship and comradeship what the open fire does in the winter. It means such delightful hours of freshness and fragrance. It means seeing so much of the world that is beautiful and unapproachable in any other way. It brings together friends for happy jaunts out of doors, and it is an unlimited joy for the children. It has actually rejuvenated the holiday spirit in America and has brought into popularity once more the family picnic, which used to mean so much to the overhoused people and is still the supreme delight of every child's heart, whether city or country born.

GROWING THE GOURD VINE FOR ORNAMENTAL AND PRACTICAL PURPOSES: BY E. E. WILLCOX

THE gourd vine is one of the most remarkable of horticultural growths. It will produce genuine freaks of nature, which retain their forms for generations if properly cared for. The product of the gourd vine is not only astonishingly interesting and varied in itself, but is capable of being applied to all sorts of useful and decorative purposes, adding immensely to the interest of its culture. As the fruits vary greatly in size and shape, even on the same vine, their decorative uses can be equally individual and distinctive.

Gourds should be planted in the same manner as pumpkins, watermelons, squashes and cucumbers, but never near them, for, being of the same family, they readily hybridize when grown in the same vicinity, and the fruit, under such circumstances, will speedily decay. The proper way to start the growth is to dig a hole at the base of the support, one and one-half feet deep and three feet in diameter, fill with well-rotted manure up to within four inches of the ground level, cover with three inches of soil, plant seeds, and cover with one inch of soil packed down. In northern climates it is well to start the seed within doors about the latter part of March. The seed should be planted in three-inch squares of upturned sod, the root end of the seed being placed down and covered to its length with soil. It should be transplanted when the warm weather is certain, and given plenty of sun exposure, training and tying the vine to an ample and strong support. Gourd vines are lusty climbers, growing a foot or more in twenty-four hours.

GOURD SUITABLE FOR DIPPERS

CHILDREN IN A GOURD "VINEYARD"

The large varieties should be tied to their support near the stem, while the large bottles and sugar-troughs must be supported underneath, as otherwise they will tear away from the vine during storms. Hercules clubs, dippers and all the long-necked varieties must hang clear of everything lest they chafe, which causes decay or an imperfect gourd. The fruit should never be distorted during its period of growth with the idea of obtaining a strange shape. Such products are unnatural and of no real interest. It is much more fascinating to hybridize, a work done partly by the plant-grower and partly by the bees. To accomplish this, freely flowering plants should be grown near the vine to be hybridized. The gourds should be grown in groups to secure good results, as the long-handled dipper with the novelty gourd, the short-handled dipper with the long-necked bottle, the Hercules club with the long serpent. Never plant

a Hercules club with a sugar-trough, for they are too widely separated and will either be late in fruiting or blast when partly formed. When the plants show signs of flowering, a miniature gourd before the buds burst is an indication of a female blossom. This will continue to develop if the bees, in their search for honey, have attacked sufficient male blossoms to gather enough pollen on their legs to bring about the fertilization of the female flower. If the flower develops the result is sure to be as strange and odd as can be desired.

When the fruit turns a light or yellowish color it has developed sufficiently to be saved. When frosts kill the vine, or moldy spots appear, the fruit may be cut off. The cuticle-like covering may then be scraped away with the edge of a spoon, and the gourd thoroughly washed with a rough cloth. It should then be placed in the sun to dry or subjected to artificial heat, the drying process, by either method, being of the utmost importance.

The gourds are now ready for decorative treatment. Only the best and most perfect specimens should be used. Take a bottle gourd and cut off its stem, and you have a flower vase; make a cut farther down, and you have a jardinière; another cut, and you have a bowl. Sugar-troughs can be put to many useful as well as ornamental purposes, such as jardinières, seed dishes and punch bowls, by cutting away a portion of the top; or they can be turned into drums by cutting away a quarter of the top and stretching a parchment over the aperture. Among many African tribes these drums have a practical utility. The green skin of a young goat is stretched over the aperture, drawn very tightly and allowed to dry thoroughly. Such drums yield a very penetrating sound when beaten, and are used as a wireless system of communication between separated tribes, each village having its trained drummers who will send these signals from hill to hill for several hundreds of miles.

The dipper gourds are the easiest to use, and permit of the most useful applications. They make beautiful long-stemmed flower vases.

By cutting out a third of the side and neatly sandpapering the edges a good dipper is made. Or if you want a megaphone, cut the bulb part in the middle, round the edges with sandpaper, use the upper part as a horn, and you will be surprised how

A SINGLE GOURD PLANT

audible your words will be at a considerable distance. The lower part that was cut off makes an attractive nut-bowl. No change is needed to transform this into a child's eating dish, save a spoon, and this can be formed from a spoon gourd, suitably cut.

A vase can be made by taking a long bottle gourd and supporting its bulb part by spoon gourds as legs. Miniature bottles can be transformed to salts and peppers by puncturing the stem and making a small aperture on the bottom, which should be closed with a cork. A whole tea set, in fact, can be made from the various varieties that anyone can grow easily.

When the gourds have been properly dried and cut to the desired shapes, they may be made still more decorative by the help of oil colors or pyrography. By the use of simple and appropriate designs and the right colors, very pleasing effects may be produced. A single band around the top of a bowl is often sufficient to relieve the plain surface, or a carefully traced pattern may be employed, interesting but not elaborate or ornate; something, perhaps, based on a leaf or flower design, or the suggestive lines or colors of an insect or a bird; anything, in short, that lends itself to the shape and purpose of the object it is to decorate.

If the gourds have turned black or rusty,

paint them to cover up their imperfections, for the beauty of their forms will still be preserved. In short, with taste and ingenuity a host of beautiful and useful objects can be made from this fruit.

Of the peculiar shapes in my collection the most singular is the hybrid resembling a golf stick. It is as perfect as though made mechanically. The fruit grew with a handle as straight as an arrow, with the bulb part curved, the whole measuring four feet in length. It is a novelty quite unknown to the Department of Agriculture at Washington. The drum-major's stick comes next in novelty. Of smaller varieties, the most striking is the egg gourd. The small varieties, however, do not, as a rule, dry well. One of the interests of raising gourds is the discovery from time to time of new shapes for original uses.

GERMAN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS RECOMMENDED FOR WISCONSIN

THE National Society for the Promotion of Industrial Education, 20 West 44th Street, New York City, has just made a general distribution of the very interesting Advance Sheets of the Report of the Wisconsin Commission upon Plans for the Extension of Industrial and Agricultural Training, recently submitted to the Governor of that state. The most noteworthy feature of the report is the recommendation with reference to the adaptation to Wisconsin conditions of the German system of compulsory Day-Continuation Schools. Under the German Imperial Law every State is allowed to establish Day-Continuation Schools in which attendance is required of all apprentices under 18 years of age. By the same law, employers are compelled to allow the apprentices the time necessary for attendance. In these schools the apprentices are instructed in a wide range of subjects bearing directly on their progress and efficiency in their trades.

The Report recommends the adoption of a law for Wisconsin making industrial training compulsory for all apprentices until the sixteenth year of their age, and also of a law setting the length of working day for all children under sixteen at eight hours.

Our readers will recall with interest the article on these German schools published in THE CRAFTSMAN for March, 1911.

GAIN A YEAR BY SEEDING PERENNIALS IN JULY: BY ADELINE THAYER THOMSON

JULY is the most satisfactory month in the year for starting perennials from seed. While there is no mean advantage in the fact that the necessary work is *easier* and more *safely* accomplished in the quiet of midsummer than when attempted during the spring rush, the great argument in favor of July seeding is that it means *the saving of a year's time.* The hardy plants raised from seed require the first season for root growth, and seldom blossom until the following season. Perennials sown next spring, therefore, will make no flower showing until a year from that time. But if the seed is planted in July, the young plants will be assured not only of growth sufficient to winter safely, but flowers for the yard *this coming season.*

Perennials have become so popular for outdoor planting schemes, and their merits are so well known, that arguments in their favor are superfluous. To grow these valuable plants from seed simplifies the problem of their expense so greatly that the simplest yard may present an exquisite display of hardy flowers, acquiring a perennial collection in a year's time that many a buyer of individual varieties would be a lifetime in accumulating.

The three necessary factors to success in the midsummer raising of perennials from seed are as follows: Seeds must be procured from a reliable source, the seed-bed must occupy a shaded location, and the young plants must be kept moist. Regarding specific directions for planting, they are the same as for annuals—the ground well spaded and pulverized, the seeds sown thinly, to the depth of twice their size, in rows three inches apart, and each plant variety plainly marked. After planting, the ground should be carefully watered, and from the time the seedlings appear the soil should be kept moist. During intense heat, if the young plants seem wilted, it is wise to cover them with newspapers throughout the hottest part of the day.

Transplanting the seedlings when they have made their second pair of leaves will more than repay one for this extra trouble, in the increased growth and strength attained by the plants. At the approach of freezing weather the plants must be

warmly covered. Three or four inches of dry leaves held securely by old boards or branches give safe protection in temperate climates. Where the thermometer registers low for weeks at a time it is wise to winter the plants in a cold frame. Such a contrivance is easily made by fashioning a rough frame on the top of the ground around the plants (the height of a 6-inch board will do), and for a covering use a window sash. If the latter is lacking, old blinds or bags tacked across the frame will answer the purpose.

By investing one dollar in seed and planting early in July the following perennial varieties, you will have, next spring, a rich and varied stock of hardy plants ready for permanent planting in the garden or border:

LIST OF PERENNIALS GROWN FROM SEED PURCHASED FOR ONE DOLLAR

Arabis Albida	5 cents a pkt.
Aconitum (mixed)	5 " " "
Aquilegia (mixed)	10 " " "
Agrostemma (mixed)	5 " " "
Anthemis	5 " " "
Campanula (mixed)	5 " " "
Clove Pink (mixed)	5 " " "
Pom Pon Chrysanthemum	5 " " "
Oriental Poppy (mixed)	5 " " "
Hollyhock (mixed)	5 " " "
Delphinium (mixed)	10 " " "
Lobelia (cardinalis)	10 " " "
Platycodon (mixed)	5 cents a pkt.
Pyrethrum (mixed)	5 " " "
Sweet William (mixed)	5 " " "
Pentstemon (mixed)	5 " " "
Shasta Daisy	5 " " "

The perennial flowers of the garden have a place in our heart quite close to the center of it, a generous space set apart for intimate friends. The same plant gladdens our sight, perfumes the air, blesses us afresh, year after year, by the blossoms it lavishly puts forth for us, as our closest friends enrich our life beyond expression with the thoughts, confidences, hopes, desires of their inmost hearts.

The fragrance of the flowers, like the thoughts of our friends, blossom perennially, unfailingly, unceasingly, filling the barren places of our garden, our hearts, with a beauty impossible to overvalue.

The annuals are sweet as passing acquaintances, furnishing our lives with many an incident of rare pleasure, causing us to smile with delight at the memory of them; but the perennials are well-tried friends who disappoint us never, ceaselessly giving us fresh surprises, fresh joys, as we are privileged to watch the development of their lives.

So give great care to the cultivation of perennial friends and flowers, and cherish them as they so well deserve, and the reward will be great.

GARDEN OF HARDY PERENNIALS GROWN FROM SEED

HOUSES INSPIRED BY CRAFTSMAN IDEAS: NUMBER TWO

WE have received so many expressions of interest in the houses published last month, which were inspired by Craftsman ideas, and in some instances built from Craftsman plans, that we feel we are meeting the wishes of many of our readers by publishing in this number a group of equally interesting houses which seem to us to show how genuinely the purpose of Craftsman architecture has commenced to touch domestic building in America.

Perhaps one of the most significant features about Craftsman architecture is the influence it has exerted upon the desire for and the growth of country and suburban life. Its principles of design and construction, although applicable to any environment, seem especially adapted to rural surroundings, and our efforts to plan the arrangement and relation of the rooms and their fittings along practical lines, in order to minimize housework and increase the comfort of those who live in them, is of interest to those women especially who enjoy country life. People have too long considered that rural existence means lack of civilized conveniences, inadequate housekeeping equipment and social isolation. They have too long endured such discomforts as though they were necessary evils.

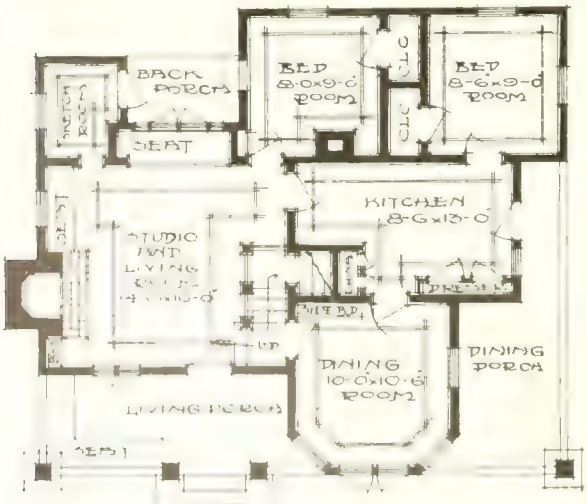
BUNGALOW IN PROCESS OF CONSTRUCTION.

It has been the Craftsman aim in building to correct this fallacy, and to prove by actual results that a country house can be made just as convenient as a city house, if

BUNGALOW BUILT BY MR. WILL RAU, JEFFERSONVILLE, N. Y.

it is planned and built in a sensible, thorough and beautiful way. There is no reason why the labor-saving devices and improvements of a scientific age should be limited to the congested population of the business and social centers of the world. These inventions are equally desirable and even more necessary in the sparsely peopled districts where people are dependent upon themselves and their own resources. In the meantime it is possible, by a careful and earnest study of our architectural needs and their fulfilment, to put home building on such a basis that it will aid in bringing about improved rural conditions. And this idea, among others, we are striving to emphasize in our work.

The building and furnishing of houses, like all other forms of industry, form an inseparable part of our national and individual growth. The influence of a definite style of architecture upon the lives and characters of those who



PLAN OF MR. RAU'S BUNGALOW.

BIRD BUILDING NEST ON THE RAILING OF MR. RAU'S PORCH.

make it, see it and live with it, has grown to be recognized as a factor of no small importance in national and even international development. It is impossible to get away from the fact of this relation of environment to our thoughts and actions. However careless of it we may be, however we may seem to ignore it, there is always a subtle undercurrent of feeling, a subconscious influence as it were, which according to the goodness or badness of that environment helps either to build up or undermine our character and determine our course in life. And by realizing this fact more deeply, by learning to surround ourselves with things that are genuine in construction and appropriate in design, whether it be on a big architectural scale or in the lesser details of a home interior, we may do much toward bringing our lives into saner and healthier channels. For after all the things that count most in our days are those with which we are brought constantly in contact, in work and play, in planning, contriving and adjusting. And then again, it is not really the things themselves, but our attitude toward them that is of prime importance.

It is encouraging, therefore, to know that the truth-seeking principles which underlie Craftsman architecture are winning recognition among the home-building people of our land. It is good to know that our population is awakening in the building of their homes to an appreciation of what these principles mean. And it is very satisfying

ONE END OF LIVING ROOM AND SETTLE

DINING ROOM IN THE RAU BUNGALOW

to discover that those among them who have found the opportunity to put that home-making instinct into action have drawn much inspiration and help from designs and plans over which our own thought and patience has been expended.

Mr. Will Rau's house in Jeffersonville, N. Y., which we publish in this number, is one which he has built himself, and for very little money. This house was not only inspired from Craftsman plans, but the fitting of it, Mr. Rau says, was largely carried out from *Craftsman Homes.* We quote directly from Mr. Rau's letter

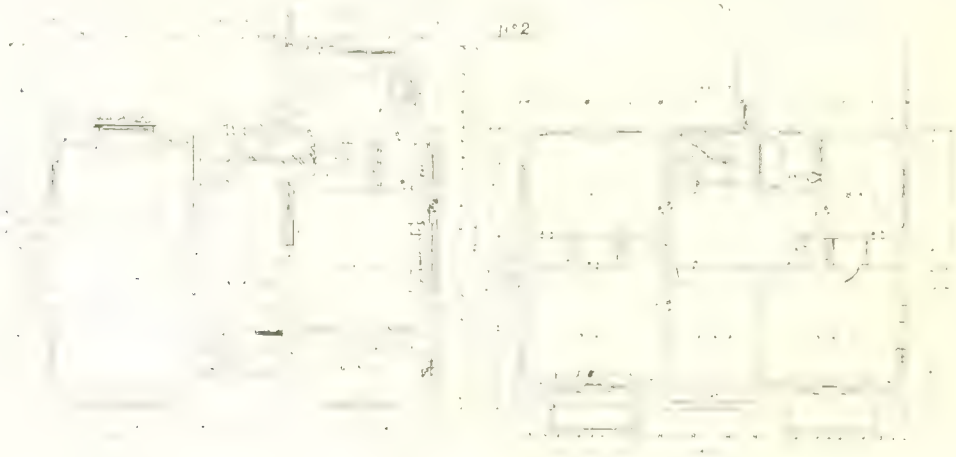
THE HOUSE OF MR. AND MRS. A. F. STRICKLER, BUILT AT SLEEPY EYE, MINN.

to us, which is well worth reading.

"By doing practically all the work myself," he says, "I managed to put together the building of which I have sent you photographs, for about $675.00. I started to break ground March 17, 1900, just after my old studio burned down. I hired some help to dig the foundation, helped along myself laying the wall stones, which we got out of our nearby stone wall; I laid the ground beams and got a handy young fellow to help frame up and shingle, after which I got busy on the cobble-stone work, doing the mason work myself and using my handy man to mix mortar and help get the cobbles, which we also found in our stone wall and which had been picked up from the fields some time or other. Our sand hill was close at hand, all helping to keep down the cost. The porch, wall posts, chimney and fireplace were all in cobbles. For andirons we got our blacksmith to weld some wagon tires into two large horseshoes, getting quite an artistic effect.

"I did all the interior woodwork myself, including furniture, lamps, some hardware and tiling fireplace. I also decorated the interior, using robins and apple-blossoms as a stencil motive. I

SIDE VIEW OF THE CONCRETE HOUSE AT SLEEPY EYE



FLOOR PLANS OF THE HOUSE AT SLEEPY EYE.

named my place 'Robins' Rest,' because long before I finished it, five robins started nest building on my porch beam, and in a few weeks some ten robins left for new fields. After they left, a little wren started to build on top of the old robins' nest, and soon some five little wrens kept me company. These little Carusoes furnished quite some song for a while. This spring again the robins came back and only yesterday three left that had not seen the light before. I guess the house must look part of the landscape to these little fellows. It is stained olive green and brown; what might be the trunks of trees is stained brown, and what might be the leaves—the shingles—are stained green, the windows being the blossoms, the cobble-stone work our stone wall. I tried to bring the house in harmony with the landscape. Since I paint the landscape around this section, why not? There was not a bit of factory stuff bought, all the finishings being made at home. I had the pleasure of building the bungalow with everything in it, and never had so much fun in my life. THE CRAFTSMAN has given me many a lift along this line."

SHOWING INTERESTING FURNITURE AND WOODWORK IN LIVING ROOM AT SLEEPY EYE.

A study of the photographs of Mr. Rau's house and of the floor plans will be of the greatest interest, if one remembers the extremely low total cost.

Another very interesting house shown in this article is from Sleepy Eye, Minnesota. This house is a far more elaborate and expensive one, costing, with heating and plumbing, over $5,000. It was actually built from Craftsman plans. It has been lived in for five years, and Mrs. Strickler, who owns the house, says they are more than satisfied with it. It is finished throughout with gum-wood, which THE CRAFTSMAN has long been much interested in. The floors are maplewood, stained dark to match the tone of the gum-wood, the only stain put on the latter being vinegar with iron filings. We publish in this issue interesting views of this charming home. Mrs. Strickler sends us the following details of the changes she made in our plans, which show her interest in carrying out the work.

"We have only one fireplace instead of three. We placed the high casement window at the rear to cut off the view, while at the side of the fireplace in the living room we used full-length windows as it is south exposure. We built in a small sideboard in the dining room, and a kitchen cabinet, both taking the place of the closets in the original plan. The small landing, just at the head of the cellar stairs opening from front hall and kitchen, is used as a lavatory. We altered closets on the second floor and built in chests of drawers, also put linen closet opening from hall. Both balconies are screened in and are used in summer as outside sleeping porches, each one being large enough for a lounge.

"We had the stairway finished open to the attic door, thus giving us the light from third floor windows on the second floor hall, and making a good entrance to a future billiard room, which we hope to finish off in the attic by

WELL-CONSTRUCTED FIREPLACE IN LIVING ROOM.

HOUSE OF SANDSTONE OWNED AND PLANNED BY MRS. R. R. MITCHELL, MONTREAL, CANADA.

using dormer windows for lighting purposes."

Another house which was inspired from Craftsman ideas is that of Mrs. R. R. Mitchell, of Montreal, Canada. This gives one the impression, from the view of the exterior, which we show, of a very well-built city or town house. We are also using an illustration of the stately stairway which seems especially in keeping with the type of architecture.

It is an interesting fact to us that the desire to build from Craftsman plans, or at least to benefit by Craftsman ideas, does not seem to be limited to any one part of the country. We find Craftsman houses all over the Pacific slope, in Minnesota, in Montana, along the eastern coast, and now we get this word that a Craftsman house is a success in Canada. It is possible that we may publish more of these houses from time to time, if the demand for them from our readers continues.

A house can be elaborately constructed without being a home in the real sense of the word, or it can be simply made and yet glow with that home quality which every true heart yearns to have pervading all parts of his house. It is not the arrangement or proportions of the wood, stone, brick, cement, nor the color scheme of the portieres, rugs, pillows, nor the cost of the building, nor its location that gives this valued home quality. A home should be built as birds build their nests. They select the site together, gather the sticks or strings or bits of moss that seem lovely or suitable to them and put them together in the way they think will be safe or comfortable. Of course, we cannot actually build our own houses, but we can be the guiding power that oversees all that is done. It must be made after our own idea of comfort or safety, made lovely by our own selection of the "bits of moss." Love of our home must be apparent in every detail, love for those who dwell with us in all our plans, love for guest in all arrangements for his comfort. The house must say:

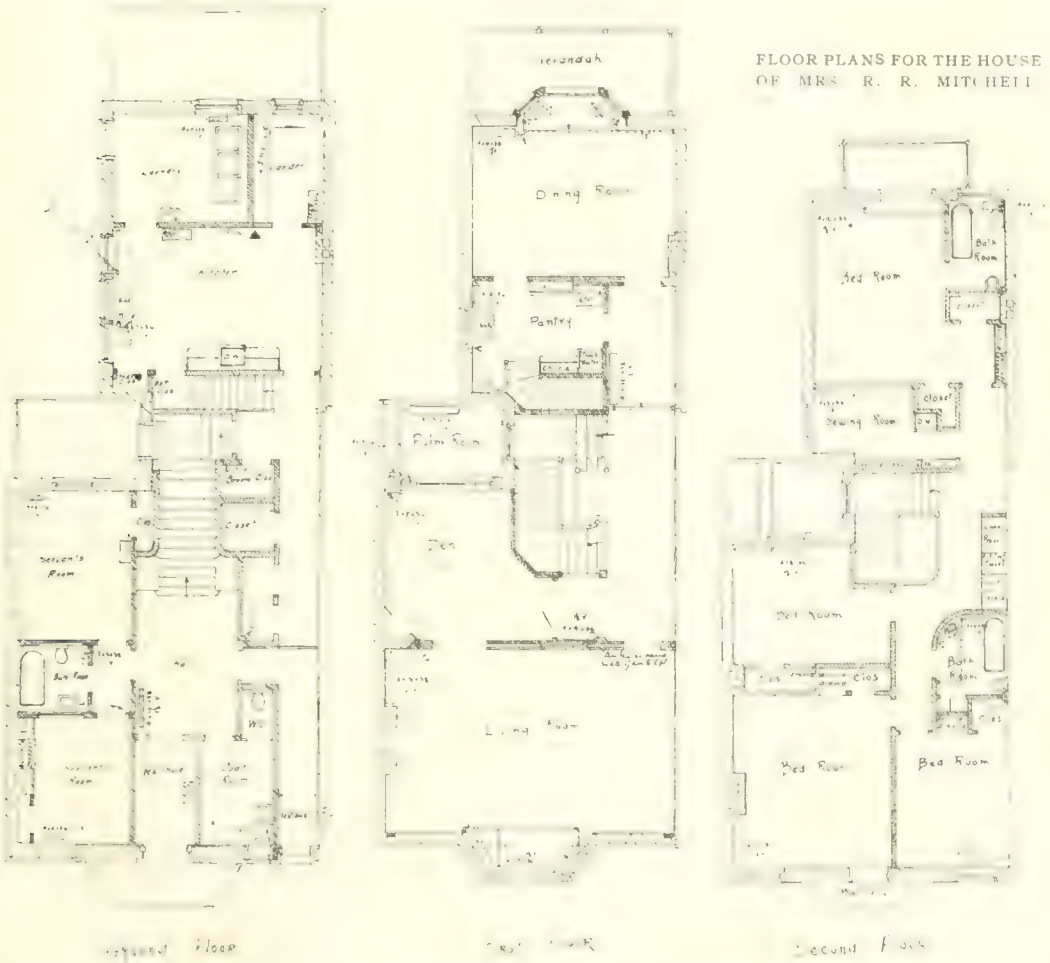
"Our parts are brick and mortar, wood and stone,
But home was never built of these alone.
Hast thou not felt, O guest, the inner soul
Of human love that makes our parts a whole?"

One can hardly expect any great degree of comfort in a house built simply to sell or to rent, without regard to the needs or individuality of those who may live in it. Of course, it might be planned along con-

HALL AND STAIRWAY IN MRS. MITCHELL'S HOUSE

venient lines, with an effort to fulfil in a general way the wants of the average tenant. But beyond certain modern architectural requirements and a catering to whatever was considered the popular taste of the hour, such a house must of necessity be unsatisfactory. It must lack that personal note, that sense of special comfort and convenience which characterize a real home, or if the builder has tried to give the place an air of individuality the result is probably just as displeasing, and the tenant has to try to adapt himself to the expressions of another person's taste, which is apt to be a tiresome process.

Contrast with this a house in which the general plan and details of construction have been suggested or carried out by those who were to live in it. In such a dwelling there must not only be the vitality and interest of self-expression, but if the work has been done thoughtfully and well there will probably be a degree of economy and convenience and a feeling of true comfort which no other method could attain. Moreover, there will surely be better workmanship, more durable materials than the average house of today can boast, and thus a result of which architect and owner can be proud. And with the increase in this sort of building, there must inevitably follow a higher national standard of architecture. Instead of cheap, uncomfortable, quickly and badly built houses we shall have homes on which the utmost care and thought have been expended, and the fact that we own them instead of rent them will be a source of personal pride, an incentive to their right construction in the first place, and then to the development of interesting and appropriate surroundings.



FLOOR PLANS FOR THE HOUSE OF MRS. R. R. MITCHELL

THE CAMERA IN THE COUNTRY

IT has been said that because of the prevalence of mechanical piano players and cameras, music and art were decadent. This is far from being the truth about the matter, for never have music and art reached, helped and uplifted the generality of people as they are now doing.

Through the pleasant medium of the camera, children have learned much about our animal friends, have come to love them better and are steadily growing in sympathetic understanding of their human little ways, so that they can now say with *Mowgli:* "We be brothers of one blood, you and I." They have seen *Brer' Rabbit* at home with his family instead of in the cramped quarters of a soap box in the backyard. They have seen the bright-eyed coon dip his food up and down in the brook before daintily eating it; they have seen the birds skilfully building their nests and patiently and tirelessly flying here and there in search of food for their children.

They have become acquainted, through the camera, with the children of all the world, seen the valleys, villages, cities where they live, their strange clothing and funny ways. So it has done much to enlarge their knowledge and broaden their sympathies.

It is also a great educator for children of a larger growth, calling their attention to new beauties, showing them interesting facts hitherto overlooked.

The camera has come to be regarded as a necessary part of every vacation outfit, and there is hardly a man, woman or child who does not have one either ostentatiously displayed as an important part of the outing equipment, or else carefully concealed as being of too great a value to risk injury.

It is now within the reach of everyone as to price and simplicity of management, and its spell is surely upon the hearts of all people. The intimate, almost daily records it gives of the baby, as he sleeps or plays, has endeared it to all parents. It has been of incalculable service to the professional naturalist and botanist, and has turned many a dull, unobservant boy into these lines of study, quickening his observation and giving him useful knowledge of woodcraft. All the agility, quickness of motion, patient watching that a boy used to manifest while hunting for a frog that he might valiantly stone it to death, he now, if he owns a camera, exerts in trying to get a snap-shot of the frog as it suns itself on a floating water-lily leaf.

This new form of hunting should be encouraged in every way, for all the excellent qualities that are brought out by hunting with a gun are equally developed if one ventures forth with a camera. In fact to bag your game with a camera requires even more skill and courage than to bring it low with a gun. The photographer must get much closer to his victim. This is one case where you "can eat your cake and have it too," for you can capture your bird, "shoot" it many times as it flies about, take home numerous trophies of the chase, yet the bird is left alive and free to live happily its useful, beautiful life.

The camera as an art instructor, when in the hands of the summer visitor to the country, is not to be underrated. After the first dozen films have been recklessly "snapped," the amateur photographer sees that his houses are either falling down hill in alarming manner, or else appear as doubles, having been taken twice on the same plate. He soon learns to step a little to one side of a road before trying to make a picture of it, instead of getting in the mathematical center as formerly. He learns to move more slowly and with more thought, getting joy from the better composing of his picture. He learns that a moment's more "time" with a smaller diaphragm will give greater detail, and so, giving a little more attention to his subject, he gets better results. And he soon ceases trying to get joke pictures of some friend, with feet monstrously out of focus, and endeavors to get, instead, a "beauty," and takes great pride in showing to city friends the artistic grouping of trees, the satisfactory composition, or the glorious sunset sky that he saw reflected in the lake.

And thus the first principles of Art begin to permeate, through the medium of the camera, with miracle-producing results. If the novice gets but one truly beautiful picture, he at once becomes dissatisfied with the others, and ruthlessly eliminates them. His standards are raised a little, his judgment more penetrating, his taste improved. And the fact that he has a new interest, one that makes for beauty, takes away much of the sodden result of too grinding daily toil.

READY-TO-USE, WASHABLE HOUSE FURNISHINGS

NO matter if the city home is the acme of comfort, convenience, luxury, it is the little home up in the wooded hills or down by the sea that holds first place in our affection. We have heard that women plan their new hats and gowns during the sermon on Sunday morning, but cannot vouch for the truth of this. But we can vouch for the fact that during their winter residence in city mansions their minds are busy planning their summer cottage.

Sometimes so much money goes into the furnishing of the city apartment that very little is left over for the more beloved country house, but it requires very little nowadays to have a comfortable, convenient and altogether charming country place.

One of the chief factors of economy in the furnishing of a summer bungalow is that all curtains, bedspreads, couch and pillow covers, rugs, etc., are of cotton instead of silk or expensive brocades, laces, velvets or tapestries.

Nothing could be more suitable for summer use than cotton or linen that can be so easily kept fresh and clean, and the growing popularity of country homes has inspired designers, manufacturers and importers, so that they have put the most fascinating array of material at remarkably low cost within the reach of everyone.

Among importations there is a curtain, Anatolia by name, that can be put to numerous uses. It comes from Turkey, is of a texture resembling crash somewhat, or Japanese crepe, or "crinkley" gingham, though it is not really like these at all. It is of ecru ground and striped decoratively with red, blue, yellow, green or white, and there is a fringe of white tied in the goods all round (not just sewed on) of fascinating Oriental pattern.

This fringe is one of the most attractive parts of these curtains for it is unlike the fringes usually seen which consist of a few knots with the ends hanging loose. It is knotted into points, alternating with small tassels and forms a practical, yet really artistic, finish.

To make these unusual curtains (that already have the virtue of being washable, inexpensive and pretty) even more desirable, there are spread and pillow covers to match. It would be hard to find more attractive furnishings for a bedroom than these Anatolia importations, and the fact that they are all ready for use is another great factor in their favor. It is a great pleasure in these busy days to find something that is altogether satisfactory as to beauty and all ready to use. These curtains are $4.00 a pair. The spread is also $4.00, and the 24 by 24 pillow $1.75.

There is a Madagascan grass curtain with pillow to match that is unusual in quality and should prove of service in a living room. It comes in natural color and in interesting dull dyes and is unharmed if by chance a window is left open and an unexpected shower drenches it. The price is $1.25 a pair and the silk floss pillows covered with the same material are $1.00 each.

If one wishes "ready-to-use" washable cotton curtains of richer colors, there is an India print that comes in many colors and designs. This is suitable for bedspreads, couch covers, etc., and has quite a stained-glass effect when hung at a window. These colors run mostly in the darker reds, blues, yellows, etc., but there is one of charming gray-blue pattern on a white ground that comes from Java, that will be welcomed by whoever has a "blue room."

Among "ready-to-use" furnishings for summer bungalows are Japanese cotton-crepe pillow covers of conventionalized floral design and colors, and of sizes to suit all needs and tastes.

The desire for washable cotton furnishings can also be gratified as to rugs, for besides our own rag rugs that are so popular and satisfactory there are the Japanese cotton rugs in blue and white, and green and white. These are also suitable for veranda use, as well as for bedroom or sitting-room.

The Japanese jute rugs come in the Oriental effects that will harmonize well with the curtains, spreads, etc., of India print.

One value of these Japanese rugs and fittings is that they harmonize so interestingly with the simpler of our modern American furniture. We need scarcely call attention to the fact that they are especially suited to Craftsman interiors, both in designs and colors. The jute rugs are equally effective with wood or willow furniture, and for summer cottages and for porch use.

THE SECOND INDEPENDENT EXHIBITION OF NEW YORK ARTISTS

"THE Independent Artists" held their second exhibition in New York early this spring. Twelve men showed distinctively interesting canvases and sketches, and New York, from its newspaper comment and attendance, seemed to appreciate the opportunity of seeing what these very sincere men were doing in the field of art.

Down at the end of the long room Rockwell Kent's big canvases struck a dominating note of powerful dignity. It is a forceful universe which this young artist has elected to paint. A well regulated, well balanced, well poised sphere which he presents in all of his canvases, whether rural or metropolitan. A world governed with laws well understood and which the artist takes delight in revealing. There is breadth even in his smaller paintings, a sense of a big outlook and wide understanding of life, and always an unquenchable sincerity in presentation.

Arthur B. Davies had what is considered the most complete exhibition of his mystical point of view toward life, and the unreality of it, ever shown in New York. There were sixteen paintings and seven drawings, some poetically drawn, out on the edge of the sphere, others boldly, insolently mysterious, clear to the initiated and the unthinking, a confusion to the merely hopeful. You feel that the artist is looking at you through these canvases with a cynical, amused smile. Sometimes as you feel this smile you ask the "initiated" about the more whimsical mysteries of Davies' paintings, and you listen attentively and go away more hopeless than ever.

The George Luks collection was a rare pleasure. Such richness of tone, such sumptuous sordidness as this artist is capable of transmuting from life to canvas, and such wide humanity as he forces you to feel toward all kinds of life and people is a rare experience. If you study his picture of cats you become an animal lover. As you watch his slum children dance you are a philanthropist. He never seeks to dramatize; he knows that actual people and life are full enough of drama to the understanding.

[illegible] drawings [illegible] the shadowy tawdriness of life were as usual strangely alive. His people fit deeply into his scenes. They belong on those very dingy streets. You know that they have lived long in the rooms from which they are peering out with unkindly faces. You feel that they labor sadly in the shops around the corner. They are all in key with his vision. They could not live in any other pictures or in any other streets.

THE VALUE OF THE SUBURBAN EXHIBITION

AN invitation to an exhibition just out of New York which reached this office a short time ago, suggests the idea that the smaller out of town picture exhibition might prove very worth while to the little villages and suburbs if they could be fed by groups of American artists whose pictures are in many cases intermittently freed from the Metropolitan galleries. Through the latter part of May Robert Henri, Margaret Ekerson and Carl Springhorn held an exhibition of landscapes and portraits at Mt. Vernon in the lecture room of the public library. And it would seem to us that not only is this idea an admirable one, but that all public libraries should be constructed with a view to exhibition purposes. And where there is no public library or the hope of one, the schoolhouse should be so arranged that it will not only contain the small circulating library for the town, but an opportunity for exhibiting the works of small groups of artists.

In our modern life in America we have gone far from the old town hall idea, which is rather a pity, for it was an excellent idea that of centering in the most interesting and the most beautiful building in the town the most vital interests of the citizens. And here in America, more and more, village and town life is separating itself from the great metropolises and centering about its own development, thus growing in individuality and ceasing to be regarded as a remote suburb without special personality. We find civic improvement societies in most of the significant little towns in America, library societies all over the country, and everywhere the desire for traveling or loan exhibitions where original works of art may be shown for the people who are no longer content with other people's ideas of art.

WILLIAM KEITH: PAINTER
OF CALIFORNIA LANDSCAPES.

THE CRAFTSMAN

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THE HONORABLE INSTITUTION OF VACATION: BY WALTER A. DYER

WHETHER we believe it or not, we are all polytheists, every one of us, Jew, Gentile and agnostic. We believe in many gods of good and evil. A god is a potent force outside of ourselves that is powerful to influence our actions, that may cause us to be happy or unhappy in spite of ourselves, that makes us what we are. These gods have absolute control over us, and we can only pray to them blindly and hope for the best. The name of one of the greatest of these gods is Institution. Likewise, his name is legion. It is extraordinary how abjectly men worship organized institutions. It is idolatry, too, for we make our own institutions and then worship them. We are no better than the heathen in his blindness, bowing down to wood and stone. He is merely worshiping a priest-made institution.

Monarchy, of course, is the most eminent of worshipful institutions. Monarchy admits that it is of divine origin. But democracy is a divine institution, too, and the way some of us are worshiping at its shrine is almost making a mess of things.

Business is an institution. For it we forsake wife and kindred, eat and drink when we are not hungry or thirsty, truckle to boors, go to town and return on schedule, observe rules and ritual that make Moses look like a mere novice, and eventually work ourselves to death. We don't know why we do this; we don't even question the reasonableness of it. We have put our faith in the institution and our fate is in its keeping.

Fashion is an institution. If fashion decrees a hobble skirt, the wearer of a gown full at the hips and much bedraped is a sinner at whom all women point the blighting finger of condemnation; while the man who is so depraved as to wear side whiskers in these days justifies our deepest suspicions. He is an anarchist at the very least.

And so I might go on *ad infinitum* to enumerate the various gods of Institution. But to show how they spring up full-armed in a single night and find us on our knees, let me illustrate. You and I find the winter evenings a little dull in our town, so we decide to organize a bridge club. Our sole object, mind you, is enjoyment.

In about two weeks this card club has become an institution. We spend unwarranted sums of money for prizes, because that is one of the forms of tribute demanded by this god. It rains the third Thursday, and we have neuralgia, but out we must go because the institution demands it. Some of our neighbors take the game with monstrous seriousness, and criticize friendly conversation and careless play; so we bend our minds to the task and struggle to learn the fine points of the game. What was pleasure has become labor, but it is too late to turn back now. The institution has become established; the god has been enthroned. The winter wears on, and we groan under the burden of the weekly sacrifice, but we dare not offend the god. Don't ask me why; it is human nature. Independence is the Satan which Institution has cast out of his high heaven. He may revolt, but only as a fallen angel.

NOW you will know what I mean when I say that vacation is an institution. Once a year you gird up your loins and sally forth to the place of worship. The temples are set in the high mountains and beside the sea. The priesthood is in full regalia and waiting to receive you. You arrive, and after enrolling among the initiated you are shown to your room by a youthful extortioner in a blue coat and brass buttons. Then you unquestioningly proceed to dress for dinner. That is part of the ritual. I have sometimes wondered what would happen to a man who ventured to invade the dining room of a summer hotel in a perfectly chaste and respectable suit of modest blue pajamas, but I shall never know.

When the ceremony of dinner is over, you saunter out upon the piazza, and you say to your wife: "Now, Mildred, let's try to get acquainted. You remember what a dopey time we had last year because we didn't get in with people. We mooned around by ourselves altogether too much. We've got to butt right in at the start. It's the only way."

Mildred acquiesces. The necessity of getting acquainted with a lot of "bromides" is perfectly obvious to you both. Otherwise you are not doing full penance, and you may offend the deity. So you assume a "Gee, isn't this great!" air and flop down in a couple of chairs next to a short, bald-headed man in a stiff white linen vest, and a woman with a black lace shawl and an investigating face. He glances up as you seat yourself, and you nod pleasantly. The woman looks at Mildred's clothes.

You get a grip on yourself and remark to the man in a vivacious manner:

"This is certainly some evening."

"All of that," says he.

You give him a cigar.

"Some different from the city," you remark.

"Hot there today?" he inquires.

"I should say yes," you reply. "The whole town was one great steam-heated flat."

The woman leans forward and cackles appreciatively.

Mildred takes a brace. "How long have you been here?" she asks.

"Two weeks tomorrow," says the woman. "And such a time as we had getting here! You've no idea! Johnny hadn't been very well. You must see Johnny. Nurse is putting him to bed now. We intended to motor up all the way, but—"

"You're a New Yorker, I take it," says the man, while Mildred goes over to the other side of the woman and listens with sparkling eyes to her spirited narrative.

Then the promenaders who circle the porches by the hour hear something like this:

You: "Yes, I'm in leather goods."

The Man: "That so? Know Ed. Street of Street & Hyphen?"

You: "Sure thing. Know him well. Friend of yours?"

Mildred: "East Orange? I know a few people out there. Perhaps you know the Blakeslees."

The Woman: "Slightly. I'm not very well acquainted on that side of town."

The Man: "Yes, business has been rather dull in our line. Not much doing."

The Woman: "Yes, one has to be very careful whom one takes up."

The Man: "Well, it's a long lane that has no turning."

The Woman: "Yes, I suppose it's so everywhere. They prefer to stay in the city. We pay ours twenty-two dollars."

The Man: "Yes, the fishing's pretty good, I'm told, but I don't care much for it. Wait all day and then get a mosquito bite."

You: "Ha, ha!"

The Woman: "You don't mean to tell me that Nancy Briggs is your cousin! Why, she's our secretary."

The Man: "No, I'm not much of a smoker. I can't enjoy a pipe on account of a weak stomach. I like a good cigar after dinner occasionally, but that's about all."

The Woman: "Well, well, this is a small world, after all, isn't it, Mrs.—er—."

Repeat the dose two or three times daily until cured.

A LITTLE tennis in the cool of the day, a walk with a jolly party up to the look-out, a straw ride with a jolly party when the moon is full, and a little bowling in the casino may be indulged in by the more venturesome. For the others, it's the motor-boat, and the piazza, and the walk to the village, but mostly the piazza. Oh, and the progressive euchre on Saturday evening managed by the energetic school teacher from New Haven who is always getting up something.

About the only vacation a man ever takes when he doesn't have to observe these conventions and meet people is his honeymoon, and even that is usually an institution that demands Niagara Falls, Washington, and Old Point Comfort.

Now I don't mean to poke fun at anyone who really enjoys these things. Some one must, or the institution wouldn't have got such a start. There are people still who enjoy bridge. But if you don't enjoy it, why do you do it? Answer me that!

I know there are plenty of people who don't believe in vacations at all, but they are another sort. They are so busy worshiping Business that they have never had time to bow the knee to Vacation. They never take a vacation themselves and never want anyone else to. They look upon the institution as an economic loss. They are perpetual-motion machines. They are case-hardened. They are worse than the conventional vacationists, for I am bound to say half a loaf is better than no vacation.

Let's get down to first principles. Before the vacation became an institution, what was it? It was merely the fourteen days in the wilderness (it ought to be forty) which every tired brain needs every year. It was the change and rest that the doctors prescribe. It was simply a physiological necessity, like water and air.

The average child goes to school five hours a day for less than two hundred days in the year, and even that sometimes proves to be too much. The rest of the time he is playing, or ought to be, for the most part out of doors. A good deal of the time he isn't playing anything in particular; he is just playing. The water has been turned away from the mill-wheel of his brain and is just running merrily along down stream. His imagination is active. His muscles are in motion without being urged. He has no duties or responsibilities. He is not sitting in a chair, that destroyer of good digestion. In short, the playing child is leading the life of the natural animal, and the more he plays, the better off he is.

Now you needn't tell me that because a man is forty his physical and mental requirements are much different. If they are, it's all wrong. It's merely because we've made an institution of middle

age. We have discovered that the adult must work to live, and so we have organized and institutionalized work and worship it. Work, we say, is a virtue. *Laborare est orare.* Just because some work must be done, we have reasoned that the more work we do the more virtuous we are. And from what a little beginning the institution has grown! Why, work was a punishment meted out to Adam, and the more we can shake it off, the more like angels we are.

I don't mean to praise laziness. My, no! The child isn't lazy. I'm talking about playing. I simply want to get back a little childhood, and I want other children of my own age to play with. When I was a child I had a heap more fun than I have now. I wasn't in school half so long at a time. I could make believe then. I could lie in a hammock and look up at the sky in a perfect orgy of imaginative revels. I could run and not be weary, I could work and not faint. I could laugh on slight provocation, or rather I found it difficult to restrain laughter. I could dance, I could sing, I could turn a handspring. I could eat cherries and milk and then go in swimming, and never feel it a mite. Play! That was the ruling motive of existence, and we middle-aged kill-joys have crowded it out of life.

Now, then, we get our two or three weeks. Someone started that who wanted to play; we ought to be thankful for that. But what do we do? Play? Some of us do, more of us think we do, but the majority don't even make a pretense of it. We merely go and live at a resort, and worship an institution.

I HAVE established the Free and Independent Order of Dissenters against Vacation. It has only two members at present, but the initiation fee is small. We are heretics. We scoff at the rites of the Established Vacation. When we go to a hotel we are at once punished by unpopularity, but we bear it with fortitude for the sake of our cause. True, we dress decently for meals, but between meals we wear our play clothes. We put on rubber coats and sou'-westers and go out in the rain. We put on canvas shoes, walk twenty miles, and come in late to supper. We throw stones to make them skip along the surface of the lake, and we laugh right out loud in the midst of the primeval forest. Oh, how we offend the devotees!

Then when we go back and put our necks in the yoke again, we wink to each other and say, "We have played!"

There are many ways in which it would be better for men and women if they could shake off sophistication and conventionality and institutions and be more like children. Children love more freely, they are less critical, they are more interesting than their elders, and find more things in the world to make life worth living.

They are more simple and more innocent. Their pleasures come easily and satisfy. They are more buoyant in spirit; they take the fresh, rosy view of life.

I suppose we can't hope to get it all back again—the child spirit. But I am totally convinced that we can hold fast to much of it.

"But, we have been disillusioned now," you say. "We know there are no fairies."

No, you have not been disillusioned, my friend. You have merely substituted one illusion for another. Life is full of illusions. It may be a great illusion itself, for all you know. Your idea of your own importance is an illusion. Your idea of the importance of your work is another. Your Monday morning blues are as much the result of illusions as was your Saturday morning ecstacy some thirty years ago. And if that is so, why do you persist in clinging to or manufacturing painful and wearisome illusions? Your childhood illusions were better.

Moreover, I am convinced that we can get them back and keep them, these childish interests, if we try persistently enough—as persistently, for example, as we struggle for wealth. I am convinced that whatever faith may be able to accomplish with regard to moving mountains, the human will can work wonders inside its own cranium. Get off the piazza and try it, just this once.

The play-spirit is what we highly civilized Americans seem to have lost in large measure, and it is the play-spirit that we've got to get back if we are to remain a virile people. If we had more play, we foolish middle-aged children, we would have less dyspepsia, and less neurasthenia, and less melancholia, and less of other ills too numerous to mention. Go ask your doctor, if you don't believe me; and then go to your dictionary and see what play means.

I hope I haven't said too much. I should hate to establish a cult of play, and see men make an institution of that! There would then be nothing really human left in the world except war.

PROGRESS

O HERO souls, who lead the way,
We stand where you stood yesterday;

If you should halt—if you abide
A little, where the ways go wide,

To-morrow we can come abreast—
But speed you onward, without rest!

MARQUERITE OGDEN BIGELOW.

A FRESH NOTE IN GERMAN ART: AWAY FROM THE SECESSION ECCENTRICITIES

THE most flamboyant manifestation of weakness in art is eccentricity, for growth can no more express itself through decadent symbols than life through deformity. That progress can only "line up" with growth sounds obvious, and yet we have the spectacle before us today of a "civilized" nation boasting an "art" which rests solely on the wavering foundation of degeneracy. Germany's Secession Art has possessed the force of a swift fungus growth, and this has overspread the various art conditions of the nation, flinging out a pallid, grotesque flowering that has caught the worn-out fancy of a nation weary with endless fruitless arguments on ethics, religion and beauty.

Perhaps this horrifying spectacle of a nauseous "art" is merely the reaction of senses taut from the straining out to clutch the towering beauty of Wagner's reach to heaven. Who knows but what the falling back from the infinite may have brought about this very craving for rest in unreality. Or it may be a purely physical matter that the overwrought nerves which have followed Beauty vanishing in the mountain tops have found no immediate adjustment to the more simple realities of life, and eccentricity has been the result. Perhaps so great an intimacy with the last reaches of Truth is not meant for finite reasoning. It is indeed hard to say what could have successfully led a nation out to the supreme heights of Wagner's resplendent beauty, and then lowered it to the infinite depths of which the Secession painter and architect are capable in their most revolting expression.

We have learned through science how so much of what seems conscious motion is simply retro-active, the result of too swift accomplishment, so it is no more than fair to allow Germany the benefit of the doubt, and to credit her with no actual purpose in her monstrous buildings, her demoralizing gardens, her paintings and poems that writhe into existence. It is kinder to imagine all these things merely a throwback from the great sweeping force of Wagner, Heine, Nietzsche, Strauss. And accepting this theory we are rested in the belief that in time this ghostly force will droop, leaving only a scar where for the moment it touched and vitiated living things.

Already there is a budding of new life, —not, alas, as yet in architecture, which would count most in the resurrection of art in Germany, but here and there among the painters we find an awakening to the right inspiration from nature. In THE CRAFTSMAN for June we presented the work of a modern Hessian painter of peasant life, Richard Hoelscher of Darmstadt, whose simple people are not only

really alive but instinct with racial characteristics and a revelation of all their immediate environment.

One marvels not a little at the courage and purpose of these men who are beginning to push aside the rank fungus that has so widely hidden the growth of beauty, making space for their own ideals regardless of criticism or jeers. Just how does it come about that Hoelscher of Darmstadt and Heinrich von Zügel should see life clearly and freshly, undaunted by the temporary success of such men as Fritz von Stuck, such a waste of unreality and degradation as the art exhibitions for years past have shown, praised and rewarded. What force has touched the souls of these men, leaving them unmarred, young, fragrant? Is it that we have again come to the time of scaling the heights of beauty, and that these men are born with a living quality of that knowledge in their hearts?

IT IS extremely important for all real lovers of art to realize that the Winter's Secession Exhibition was actually dominated this past season by the rare work of Heinrich von Zügel, a painter of country life, mainly of animals. His scenes are simple in the extreme. There is no over-picturesqueness of rural conditions. His interest is in the beauty that really exists in the animal life, without the touch of modern philosophy, to which animals have been exposed so much recently. It was not the intention of the exhibition that von Zügel should dominate. There is not any purpose in Germany among exhibitors or dealers or managers of exhibitions of liberating the real spirit of art. Secession art is melodramatic and piques curiosity. It brings people to exhibitions. It brings reviews. It is essentially popular. All of these qualities are lacking in the work of von Zügel. And so it was extraordinary that it should be accepted not only by the exhibitors but by the critics as worth while, as more significant than the strange distortions which surrounded it.

Von Zügel is not a new-comer to the art world. Different paintings of his have been seen from time to time in Germany and Paris and even in New York. But the bringing together of a collection of his work, new and old, produced an impression of a new step taken in art. His paintings as a whole gave a sense of freedom, of reality, of truth, of vitality that had not before been seen in the Winter Secession. It was inescapable. You felt in this man's work a love of life, of the big realities of life, a fine friendliness toward all living things, yet absolutely no sentimentality. It does not matter whether von Zügel paints animals as a part of a rural landscape or for the sheer love of presenting the mystery, interest and beauty of animal life, you feel his artistic understanding of all the elements of

SHEEP COMING IN FOR THE SHEARING.
FROM A PAINTING BY HEINRICH VON ZUGEL.

SHEEP AT REST. FROM A PAINTING BY HEINRICH VON ZUGEL.

SHEEP ON THE HILLSIDE. FROM A PAINTING BY HEINRICH VON ZÜGEL.

Courtesy of Deutsche Kunst und Dekoration

TWO BARNYARD SCENES FROM PAINTINGS BY HEINRICH VON ZÜGEL

CROSSING A STREAM: FROM A PAINTING BY HEINRICH VON ZUGEL.

IN THE STABLE YARD: FROM A PAINTING BY HEINRICH VON ZUGEL.

his picture, his appreciation of color, of natural motion. He paints his sheep and his cows at just the right moment of their most interesting relationship to their environment. You see them as inevitable, both as a figure in a landscape and as color on the artist's palette. All through his work von Zügel gives the poetry of natural things. The enfolding tenderness of nature at peace seems to dominate his art. He is not presenting to you serial farmyard scenes but rather the psychology of the domestic animal in right surroundings, and you feel that from his point of view these creatures are contributing so much more than mere utility to rural life. Can one picture the downs of Devon without the cattle at rest on the green slopes, the Scotch Highlands without the knowing, canny dog-friends, the low hills of France without the sheep grazing conscientiously for man's future nourishment? It is so that von Zügel sees and paints his friends of the hillsides and meadowlands. To him they have become a part of our kind of civilization. We have made gentle the roving beast, for their good as well as our own.

In the early days his studies of animals were more isolated and detached. Each animal stood apart having a sufficient interest for the moment. But as he progressed in his art and developed himself it was inevitable that he should be more interested in conditions which molded life than in some individual phase of a condition. It was the animal living with man, related to human life, that more and more stirred his imagination. And later, we find his paintings are of rural scenes with animals, men and boys working together, showing cheerful, contented relationship. A sense of mutual understanding and good-will radiates from these canvases. In none that I can recall is there pictured misunderstanding or confusion. There are no animals being disciplined by man, the "cruel master," and none showing to man the evil traits with which we often endow the helpless animals. Von Zügel does not see, or does not choose to present the conflict between man and beast. Instead, his paintings are full of mutual service, of gentle dominance and friendly response. There are no whips and goads in the hands of the men whom he puts in his pictures, and the eyes of the animals look out with trust and contentment. Not knowing, one wonders, does he do these wise, significant things with a purpose, or with the unconscious directness of the artist seeing only verities? Has he the vision that enables him to understand an ideal relationship between the different kingdoms of the world? Or is it simply that the man paints what is most beautiful to him, culling for his art the gentler, finer manifestations of the life he is familiar with?

WHITE LILACS: A STORY: BY LUCRETIA D. CLAPP

THERE was a lilac bush down beside the front gate. All through the days of early spring it was like a white, perfumed cloud. There were other flowers in the yard; little round beds of pansies, tall bushes of flowering currant, rose bushes whose tiny green leaves hinted of blooms to come, and spreading masses of lilies-of-the-valley.

Old Mrs. Lane loved best to watch the white lilac, sitting with her sewing or knitting beside the parlor window. She lived alone in the little house to which her husband had brought her as a bride. All her married life had been spent in it. The walls had echoed to the laughter of children, then given back the silence of three little graves in the burial-ground behind the hill. Her daughter Lucy had been the last one to go, but she had left the old place for a home of her own, and the white lilac had been in full bloom when she walked down the path to the front gate, and drove away.

The house was a little, low story and a half structure, painted white and set far back in its yard. There were no other houses within half a mile, and the narrow country road running past it on the north, wound like a tawny ribbon, now in the shade of overarching trees, then again emerging into the open sunlight. The fields waved away on either side, girded by low lines of distant green-crowned hills. At the rear of the house was a patch of garden; to the left a well with its old-fashioned sweep, and over the back porch ran the blue, white and crimson screen of the ivy-leaved morning-glory.

Every afternoon after her simple housekeeping duties were over, old Mrs. Lane would sit down in her rocking-chair beside the parlor window. The rocking-chair had a high back and a cushion of gay colored chintz, and as she knitted or sewed, she rocked gently back and forth. In her neat, freshly starched dress pinned at the throat with an old-fashioned hair brooch, and with a bit of fine lace on her white hair, she seemed surrounded by an atmosphere of content, of orderliness and calm. Her sweet old face still retained something of the beauty of youth, a beauty that had mellowed into the delicate tints of old ivory. Her eyes had the softened dimness of one who has left the past far behind, yet can still summon it back at will across the threshold of the present.

The early spring afternoon went by on soft footsteps. The air was vibrant with the promise of coming summer, the scent of moist brown earth, the freshness of green, growing things. Birds darted

by, busy at their nesting; the far line of hills shone clear and distinct in the mirrored light.

Mrs. Lane knitted on, her long, steel needles clicking in the stillness. At half-past five she rolled up the stocking, stuck her needles through it and put it away. Then she went out into the kitchen, made the fire and filled the teakettle. In its shining copper surface she could see the reflection of her own face. From an oak dresser that stood in one corner she took down a cup and saucer and plate of a quaint blue pattern. She held the cup to the light and it was as transparent as an egg-shell. Then she cut some thin slices of bread, brought out quince preserve and spice cake, and a little pat of butter, then when the teakettle sent forth a cloudy steam, she made the tea and sat down to the table. She ate slowly, sipping her tea and breaking off small pieces of the rich cake. When she had finished she washed the blue dishes carefully and set them away. A few flaky ashes had dropped onto the hearth and these she brushed underneath the grate. She moved the teakettle back, straightened the table-cloth, and then went back to her rocking-chair beside the parlor window.

Presently she rose and went out of doors, down the path to the front gate. She rested her arms upon it and stood there in the soft spring dusk. The hills rose faintly in the afterglow like hills of dream. Fireflies lit the fields like wavering candle-flames. Along the road the shadows lengthened and grew darker. In the dusk of night the lilac bush was like a white blur, breathing forth a fragrance of old days, old loves, old joys. For a long time Mrs. Lane stood there in the twilight, then she turned and went slowly back into the house.

THE next morning at work in the garden, she heard the sound of wheels coming along the road. They stopped at the gate, and hastily wiping her earth-stained hands on her apron she came around the corner of the house just as her daughter Lucy climbed down from the step. Lucy lived not far away and she drove over every now and then to see her mother. She reached back into the buggy, pulled out the hitching-strap and tied the horse to the post with quick jerks of the strap. Then she opened the gate and came up the path. The old woman hurried to meet her.

"I'm real glad to see you, Lucy, even though I wa'nt expectin' you. Come right in an' lay off your things."

She pushed back her sunbonnet as she spoke and the younger woman stooped and kissed her.

"Well I didn't hav' anythin' very pressin' just now, an' the

weather so nice an' all, I thought I better come whilst I had the chance."

She followed her mother around the house to the back door. She was a large woman and she walked heavily. A little out-reaching spray of morning-glory touched her shoulder as she passed beneath the porch, and she brushed it aside impatiently. In the kitchen she sat down in the rocking-chair and began to untie the strings of her bonnet. Mrs. Lane stood watching her, rolling her hands in her apron.

"Sakes alive, ma, what's all thet on your apron?"

"'Tain't nothin', Lucy, only a little fresh dirt. I've been workin' a little out in the garden."

"I don't see no need o' your workin' out in the yard same's a man." Lucy rocked back and forth, fanning her red face with her handkerchief. "An old woman like you, diggin' an' grubbin'. I've no patience with it."

"I wan't doin' very much, Lucy, just kind o' loosenin' the earth a little. Beans an' peas an' radishes an' all them little green, growin' things, need tendin' same's children. I'm goin' to hev a real nice garden."

Lucy did not reply directly.

"I met old man Haynes," she said, "as I was comin' along an' he stopped an' asked how you was. Said he hadn't seen you in a long time. I don't see how you ever stand it here, not seein' folks from one week's end to the other."

"Old folks ain't like young folks, Lucy. Their thoughts is comp'ny enough."

Lucy brushed a speck of dust from the skirt of her dress, then she got up and took her bonnet and gloves into the little bedroom off the kitchen. She paused a moment before the dresser and smoothed back her hair. She had large, heavy features, with decision molded in every line. Her light blue eyes were purposeful, unwavering. The very swing of her shoulders as she walked bespoke conviction—leadership.

"You'd best let me get the dinner, ma, while you rest," she was saying as she came out of the bedroom. "I know where to find everything. You set still now an' let me do it."

Mrs. Lane protested a little but the other moved about with uncompromising assurance from table to cupboard, from cupboard to stove, with a great deal of rattling of dishes and pans. They ate for a few minutes in silence, then Lucy spoke.

"Seem's like it's awful quiet 'round here, ma. Don't you never notice it, stayin' here alone all day? It's a sight lonesomer than

over to our place. I was tellin' Sam last night, an' he said 'twan't no way for wimmen folks to live alone."

"'Tain't lonesome to me, Lucy. It's diff'runt with you. You've got Sam an' the children, an' Sam's home 's your home now."

She paused a moment.

"I've allays plenty to do, an' then—an' then besides there's most allays somebody here."

"Somebody here!" Lucy looked up in surprise. "What do you mean, ma?"

The older woman's cheeks flushed faintly.

"It's just this way. I never go 'bout my work here in the kitchen, Lucy, that I don't see your father settin' in his old chair there by the window. Whenever I go in the bedroom I hear the little helpless cry I heard early the mornin' you was born. I never sit in the parlor of an afternoon an' see the sunshine playin' over the walls, that I don't seem to see some little outstretched hands tryin' to catch the brightness. An' after supper, down by the gate, with the hills an' the fields an' the long road, an' the smell o' the lilacs, we stand there, your father an' me, just like the first evenin' I come here a bride."

She looked at her daughter with a something in her eyes that was almost an appeal. Lucy set down her coffee cup.

"Well, ef you don't beat all!"

She pushed back her chair with a grating sound.

"I don't wonder you've got such notions, livin' here alone day in an' day out. I never heard o' such a thing."

She did not look at her mother as she poured some hot water into the pan and began to wash the dishes vigorously. Mrs. Lane wiped each one carefully and put it away. A little later in the soft spring afternoon, they sat down with their work in the parlor. The room was sweet with the fragrance of the lilacs. Lucy began stitching the wristband of a little shirt. Once she paused and looked out of the window.

"That white lilac 's kind o' sickinin' sweet, ain't it? But it's pretty with all them white blooms."

Her mother looked at her.

"It looked just thet way the day you was married, Lucy, do you remember?"

"Why, yes, so it did. It was just this kind o' a day, too, mos' twelve years ago."

She took up her work, and they sewed on in silence while the sunlight grew softer and the shadows longer and more pointed. At half-past five Mrs. Lane went out into the kitchen.

"I'll set out the supper," she said with a timid eagerness as the other followed her. She laid the white cloth carefully.

"Don't you find white ones make a sight o' washin'?"

Lucy was watching her from her place beside the window.

"I ain't so very hard on 'em," the old woman answered as she crossed the room to the oak dresser. She took down two plates and two cups and saucers and put them on the table.

Lucy drew her chair to the table. The late afternoon light coming in at the window lay in broken bars across the floor. The morning-glories over the back porch hung closed and drooping. The air held a strange restlessness; the buzz and hum of hurrying wings that precedes the hush of night. Mrs. Lane reached over and helped herself to a piece of the spice cake.

"Sakes alive, ma, I shouldn't think you'd hev any stomach left, eatin' such rich stuff 's thet!"

"I never touch but one piece, Lucy. I don't think it hurts me a mite."

Early the next morning Lucy started on her homeward drive. Her mother standing at the gate watched her as she turned out the buggy. She came back a moment and stooping kissed the gentle old face.

"Good-bye, ma," she said. "Now don't you go to workin' too hard. Sam an' I want you should come over an' make us a visit 'fore long."

The old woman watched until the turn in the dusty road hid horse and buggy, then she went back into the house. As she went about her work she was conscious of a feeling of elation, a sort of freedom of joy. Though she would scarcely admit it to herself she was glad to be alone once more; glad of the smell of the fresh earth and the stains on her hands as she loosened the ground in the little patch of garden; glad of the long, still afternoon and of her supper of tea and spice-cake; of the lilac-scented dusk, and the happy quiet of her own thoughts.

"It's just Lucy's way," she said to herself, as if in justification.

Toward the end of the week, as she worked in the morning sunshine, she heard again the sound of wheels along the road. She straightened up, pushing back her sunbonnet and shading her eyes with her hand. A bird darted past, a swift shadow in the blue. The wheels came steadily on and stopped before the gate as they had stopped that other morning more than a week ago. In a few minutes Lucy's ponderous figure came around the corner of the house.

"Why, Lucy!" Old Mrs. Lane stepped stiffly forward.

"Yes, it's me, ma. I got to thinkin' things over after I got home

the other day an' I said to Sam I'm a goin' right back 's soon 's the road's dry so's I can get there."

She paused for breath. Standing there in the brilliant sunshine she looked the very embodiment of determination.

"Yes, we talked it over, Sam an' me, an' we decided you'd best come an' live with us. We're goin' to build on another room an' fix it up fer you. 'Tain't right, ma, you're livin' here alone, an old woman like you."

The trowel in Mrs. Lane's hands dropped to the ground.

"I guess we'd better go in the house, Lucy. The sun's pretty warm."

She led the way and Lucy followed her into the cool kitchen. The old woman sat heavily down in the chair beside the window. Her hands trembled as she took off her sunbonnet.

"There now, ma, you're all tired out diggin' an' workin' out in thet garden. 'Tain't any kind o' work fer an old woman like you."

Lucy stood looking down at her.

"I've been thinkin' fer a long time back that you'd ought to make your home with Sam an' me. It's all nonsense your livin' alone way off here. I got to thinkin' it all over an' I just couldn't stand it another minute 'til I got here. You can live with us an' it'll be just the same as 'tis here, only you won't need to do a bit o' work. An' with the children round 'twon't be near so lonesome."

The clock ticked loudly. Beyond the open door the morning-glories swayed back and forth in the breeze.

"It's good of you an' Sam to want me, Lucy," Mrs. Lane looked up hesitatingly, "but I think I'm better off here. What would we do with all my things, an' besides—no, I don't see how I could go, Lucy."

"There's no use o' your worryin' 'bout that, mother. You just leave it all to Sam an' me. You won't need to tend to a thing. We can store all the things in our barn, there's plenty o' room."

"But the house, Lucy? What'll become o' the house, an' that white lilac bush down by the front gate?"

Lucy looked out of the window at the blue hills. "Sam says he don't think we'll have any trouble sellin' the house. This is a good piece o' land."

The other leaned forward.

"Sell this place! Sell the house where you was born! An' let strangers come in. Whatever are you thinkin' of, Lucy?"

Her voice faltered and broke.

"Why, mother, I never dreamed you'd take it like that. We thought this was a good chance to get rid of the place. I don't

blame you for feelin' bad, of course, when it's been your home all these years, but we can't always take account o' our feelin's. It's a bad thing for a house to stand empty, Sam says. An' as for your tryin' to live on here all alone at your age, it ain't right an' I ain't a goin' to let you do it!"

It was a few hours later when Lucy kissed her mother good-bye. "I'll drive over after you a week from today. Sam can move the things afterward. There's no real hurry about 'em."

She placed one foot on the step of the buggy, then turned once more. In the strong afternoon sunlight her mother's face looked very old and strangely tired.

"You're all wore out now," she said as she drove off.

THE days went by—days of brilliant sunshine when the air quivered as though seen through a glass. Each morning old Mrs. Lane standing in the doorway beneath the morning-glories, looked out at the dew-drenched earth, the tender green of grass and leaf. Every afternoon sitting in the chintz-cushioned chair beside the parlor window she saw the playing sunbeams on the walls; the white mist of the lilac-bush. She clung to each hour with a passionate clinging, an exquisite joy that yet had in it the shadow of futurity.

On the last night she stood long at the gate, while the dusk unfolded slowly like the petals of a great flower. Beneath the trees the road wound dark and still and fireflies gleamed across the fields. She leaned heavily, her hands clasped upon the top rail. Out from the surrounding shadows the white lilac stood forth in an almost ethereal beauty and with the fragrance of some far-off, long-remembered June. There had been a spray of it on her wedding bonnet and the two little graves on the hill behind the house were always covered with it in season. Her mind went back to all her yesterdays; that first night of all when she had stood there, young and a bride; on down through all the happy years to these last ones in their peaceful twilight of content. As the slender spiral shoots of a plant cling around the body that gives them life, so she clung to the remembrance of each lilac-scented dusk. Suddenly above the rim of the treetops on the opposite side of the road, a single star shone forth. Alone, yet serene and luminous it hung in the immeasurable distance of the summer sky. The old woman watched it, then she straightened up. She reached over and touched a spray of the white lilac. Trembling a little, yet with a certain inward buoyancy, she went back up the path to the house.

It was noon the next day when Lucy came for her. She entered

the little kitchen in a sort of arrogant strength, her presence seeming to tower above everything else in the room.

"Well, here I am, mother, same's I said I'd be. We've got a nice day, too. Sam'll be over first thing in the morning after the things. Don't you be frettin' about 'em—they'll be safe enough."

Lucy, pausing to get her breath, looked sharply at her mother. The latter had on her calico dress. It had some fresh mud-stains on the skirt. She was moving about setting the table for dinner.

"Why, mother, ain't you dressed yet? You've got on that old calico—an'—whatever are you doin' settin' out the table like that?"

The old woman glanced up at the clock.

"It's mos' dinner time," she said quietly. A strange new note had crept into her voice. "You'd better put your hat and gloves in the bedroom. It'll be ready in a minute."

"It'll be the middle o' the afternoon 'fore we're ready to start, at this rate, mother." Lucy spoke impatiently. "I s'posed you'd be all ready. I dropped everything to come an' I thought we'd just eat a bite on the way an' have an early supper after we get home."

She looked around her.

"I didn't know but what you'd have some o' the things you set so much store by, them blue dishes an' all, packed up to take along with us. Well, Sam can fetch 'em with the rest o' the things. You go on in an' change your dress an' I'll set this dinner into a basket."

"No, Lucy, I'm goin' to dish it up an' we'll have dinner at my house," she spoke with gentle emphasis. "You can go right afterward if you feel you must get back. I've got some dumplin's on the stove—your father was dretful fond of 'em."

"Why, mother,—whatever—?"

"Just listen to me, Lucy. I've decided I ain't a goin' home to live with you an' Sam. I'm a goin' to stay on right here in this house where your father brought me a bride. It's allays been home an' it allays will be 'til the Lord calls me to a better one. When you married Sam you went away to start a new home of your own. You've fixed it all up with your own things that nothin' else can ever take the place of. Mebbe you're too young to understan', Lucy, but some day you'll know that it's allays home where the heart is. An' it's the buildin' up o' each generation that's made the world the goin' out o' the young folks to start all over again. You ain't so far away but what you could come if you was needed. The little work I hev to do ain't a goin' to hurt me a mite. I'm happy every hour o' the day an' as I told you I ain't ever lonesome. I ain't like some. I've comp'ny enough. Mebbe when you get as old as I be you'll understan'."

She smiled a little, then went on.

"An' why shouldn't I hev things nice if I do be all alone. I never question what's set afore me at your house. I never tell you what you'd ought o' do. Folks 's got their own ways, what's best for 'em. No, Lucy, you've got your own home an' I've got mine. You'll allays be welcome whenever you're a mind to come, an' Sam an' the children, but it's *my* house an' it allays will be, to do as I please."

She paused. Two bright spots of color were burning in either cheek. For the first time in her life Lucy was shaken out of her complacent, self-satisfied dominance. She recognized that she had to do at last with a will, which though so newly assertive, was as strong as her own.

"Well I must say I think you're dretful foolish, mother. An' I don't know what Sam'll think!"

She drew up her chair to the table.

"I s'pose I might 's well have some warm victuals 'fore I start back again."

As soon as dinner was over she rose and pinned on her hat. The older woman watched her, the color still burning in her cheeks. Lucy pulled on both gloves with a jerk, then she stooped and kissed her mother good-bye.

"The children 'll be dretful disappointed," she said.

When the turn in the road had hid her ponderous figure from sight, old Mrs. Lane went back into the kitchen. All through the rest of the afternoon she went about her work in a sort of exaltation—a strange intoxicating sweetness of newly acquired power. She sat with her sewing beside the parlor window while the sunbeams played over the walls. When it came to be supper-time she got out the white cloth and the thin blue china cup, then drank her tea and ate her one piece of spice cake and a little dish of preserves.

The light slowly left the hills and the day deepened to dusk. Fireflies lit their lamps in the gloom of the fields. The stillness enfolded like a caress. Down beside the front gate the white lilac leaned familiarly, breathing forth a peace ineffable, the calm of old undisturbed memories, and its fragrance was as a fragrance everlasting.

MODERN COUNTRY HOMES IN ENGLAND: BY BARRY PARKER: NUMBER SIXTEEN

IT IS no use attempting to consider the subject of ornament or decoration without first asking ourselves why we ornament. And our attempts to distinguish good ornament from bad will always be unsuccessful if not founded on consideration of the motives underlying it. These will be found to be many and various. Most of the finest ornament has been produced because of the desire to honor achievement or to express some great idea, sentiment or principle. It has been an act of worship, an expression of devotion toward some god, or a tribute to the memory of the departed, the sacredness of home, to a civic ideal, bravery, hospitality, purity, justice or piety. Also much true ornament has been the spontaneous expression of delight in beauty, in the loveliness of flowers, fruit, foliage, of human and animal shapes, of line, form and color. Or again the wish to teach, to recount and record history, to commemorate the acts of individuals or of gods, has called beautiful ornament into existence.

Our debt to symbolism can scarcely be overestimated. Its use in ornament has been a medium for the voicing of many truths difficult of direct expression. And when heraldry was a living art much beautiful ornament grew out of its vitality because it had then always something definite to say.

All *true* ornament *must* be the expression of an idea, and what that idea is should be our first concern. If it be a noble one, worthy of our respect, and the ornament in itself beautiful, we should welcome it as a good thing, adding to the joy of life. If we find, however, that its underlying motive is only self-aggrandizement, ostentation, display, commercial advancement, personal luxury or the creation of envy in others, then it should receive only our contempt. If we find the purely mechanical and meaningless trying to pass for ornament we should have none of it.

And further, ornament worthy of the name must have given joy to its producer or it cannot in its turn give joy to the beholder; so we may safely reject all which does not bear evidences of the artist's pleasure in making it. For it is not enough to know that the underlying motive was good. The real justification for its existence lies in the fact that it was done with joy.

Browning says "You may do anything you like in Art, but mustn't do anything you do not like." This does not mean, of course, that much troublesome, monotonous, painstaking and persevering work will not be involved, but that all such work will be undertaken and carried through gladly, in anticipation of joy in the result.

Judged by these standards what will become of the patterns machined on most of our wall, floor and furniture coverings, our dress materials, curtains, picture frames, wardrobes and cabinets?

Thus we are brought to the conclusion that we are better without all that spurious ornament which we find is not in the true sense of the word "a work of art." William Morris once said "Have nothing in your rooms which you do not either know to be useful or believe to be beautiful." Three tests, therefore, we may always safely apply to anything we purpose to use in decorating our rooms. First we must probe down to the motive for its existence and our use of it; next we must inquire whether it bears the evidences of our own or another's pleasure in its production; and to the third test I shall come later.

Now it is quite possible that ornament may be reproduced by more or less mechanical processes and still give pleasure to the user, but the pleasure taken in producing that which passes through many such processes generally becomes so remote before the ornament comes into use that the pleasure the user may derive from it is often very short lived, depending necessarily upon how mechanical the processes are.

Some processes of reproduction involve so much careful thought and so much pleasure in execution, that art is, as it were, kept alive through them. Many branches of the printer's art, such, for example, as wood-block printing of wall-papers and fabrics, various lithographing and engraving processes, while they enable an article to be multiplied indefinitely, require such exercise of artistic feeling that art is kept alive to the end.

The third test to be applied to anything claiming to be decoration is Owen Jones' time-honored maxim: "Ornament construction, do not construct ornament."

The longer one continues to apply this test, the more one comes to see its essential truth and to realize what very careful study is needed to find the line of demarcation between ornamented construction and constructed ornament.

Of course, in some cases the insincerity is self-evident. When we see a huge pediment erected over the middle house in a crescent or terrace it is not difficult to recognize constructed ornament, for it obviously adds nothing but expense to that house, and is false in its suggestion that the house is somehow different from or more important than the others.

Again, when we see an enormous portico erected in the middle of a group of buildings, evidently fulfilling no useful purpose, not even marking the main entrance, but only a door, which (as in a

Decoration and Furniture Designed by Barry Parker & Raymond Unwin

TWO VIEWS OF A DINING ROOM IN BELFAST, IRELAND, SHOWING MURAL DECORATION

TWO PICTURESQUE VIEWS OF AN UNUSUAL DRAWING ROOM IN HOUSE AT BELLEVUE SHOWING INTERESTING MURAL DECORATIONS

TWO VIEWS OF THE MORNING ROOM IN HOUSE AT BELLA VISTA WITH MURAL DECORATION SET IN BOOKCASE.

A ROOM IN A HOUSE IN DERBYSHIRE WITH INTERESTING FITTINGS.

FIREPLACE IN HOUSE IN ESSEX INTERESTINGLY PLACED IN CORNER OF ROOM.

Decoration and Furniture Designed by Barry Parker & Raymond Unwin

DRESSING TABLE IN A HOUSE IN BELFAST, IRELAND.

FIRESIDE AND SEAT IN CORNER, FLAT IN A DERBYSHIRE HOUSE, ENGLAND.

INTERIOR ENGLY FURNISHED STUDY IN HOUSE IN BELFAST

INGLE IN HOUSE IN HARROGATE, YORKSHIRE, WITH METAL DECORATION OVER FIREPLACE.

known instance) the local guide book naïvely says was "never intended to be used," we instinctively feel something artificial and insincere; even if we do not go so far as to class it as mere bombastic display, we have here again no difficulty in labeling it constructed ornament.

If we carry up a piece of wall above the roof of a building expressly to form a niche in it instead of forming such niche in one of the walls of the building, we are constructing ornament. If we pile up cabinetwork beyond what is needed for couches or seats, for the holding of our books, papers and clothes, or the performance of other useful functions, or if we design the lines of a chair so that it cannot be constructed in the simplest and most direct way, we are again constructing ornament.

But our real difficulties come when we try to apply Owen Jones' aphorism, though still true, to such things as triumphal arches and detached groups of sculpture, which, rightly regarded, are ornaments on a grand scale, ornaments of a street, a square, a park, a city, and which yet have parts that must be considered constructional.

Our three rules must be taken together. If we find the desire is to honor something honorable, to say something worth saying, to express delight in beauty, we shall find this leads us to ornament construction, not to construct ornament, and the pleasure we shall take in our work will make it such as will give pleasure.

To return to interior decoration. Not only does its success depend upon its being used to help express such sentiments as hospitality and the welcoming of guests, —by dignifying the main entrance, for instance,—but there seems an appropriateness in applying it to the fireside, to do honor to the hearth as a symbol of the home. Artistically very much depends upon the decoration being clustered around such given points, instead of being spread evenly, whether sparsely or profusely, or dotted indiscriminately over all surfaces.

In a room where many things are equally ornamented, no one piece of decoration "stands a chance," for its beauties cannot be seen or appreciated. Suppose, for example, a rich and beautiful piece of Oriental embroidery is taken from the drawing room of a country house to decorate some barn which is to serve as a temporary concert room. Will not many a person be ashamed to think how many times he has seen this drapery without having in the faintest degree appreciated its beauty, simply because its worth was lost amid the elaborateness of its former surroundings?

The house at Belfast, in Ireland, here illustrated, was an existing one which I was asked to decorate and furnish. I could make

no alterations in the fireplaces, though I felt the mantelpieces were constructed ornament and would fain have tried for a little more of that home feeling attempted in the firesides in Essex and in Derbyshire and the ingle in Harrogate, Yorkshire.

We need not fear, as we often do, getting a monotonous effect in our rooms, for this rarely happens. When everything possible is done to secure a restful, quiet and harmonious treatment, the people who will come and the things which will be brought into a house will inevitably introduce a greater number of different colors, forms and textures than are artistically desirable, and the last thing which need be feared is an effect of monotony.

We can therefore safely have our walls and woodwork one color throughout the house, and if possible the floors alike throughout. One color for upholstery and curtains is desirable, at least throughout each story, for this will generally give an effect of spaciousness, completeness and quiet. We must remember that all these surfaces and hangings are only rightly considered as backgrounds for people and their belongings, such as flowers, books, etc., and their success lies in being effective as such.

¶ Another point to be borne in mind is the fact that to insure that feeling of comfort which is an artistic as well as a practical essential, there must also be a look of cleanliness. Not only must a house be comfortable, but it must look so, and this is impossible unless it looks clean. So the words "cleanliness" and "comfort" seem inseparable. Now it is impossible to get this feeling of cleanliness in a room if the things in it are chosen, like those in the back sitting-room of the ordinary boarding house, because they "will not show the dirt." To look clean, things must be capable of showing they are clean. If they are of the kind which does not show the dirt, it matters not how spotless they may be, they will never give the feeling of cleanliness. We sometimes hear it said in praise of a cottager that "she is such a clean-looking woman and her home looks so neat and fresh." It is the white apron and light print dress which give this impression. The same woman would not have the same appearance of cleanliness in a dull black frock and brown gray apron, no matter how spotless.

In the house at Belfast, shown here, we have no easel-pictures on the walls. Instead there are many slightly conventionalized landscapes and seascapes, bird, foliage and figure subjects used as decoration. On this point, when speaking of the decorative paintings used in the house at Caterham, I tried to make my position clear in regard to the degree of realism I thought might be permitted in paintings used as decoration. I took a stand for the admission of a

greater degree of realism than many would have. I contended that when an artist leaves his easel-picture, which he has come to consider as a thing apart and detached from all surroundings, and applies himself to decorating a prescribed space, he instinctively and perhaps unconsciously works more decoratively, and there will probably come into his work just that element of realism which makes it sufficiently decorative.

But the number of rooms in which we are called upon to omit the easel-picture is very small indeed. Easel-pictures are almost always the most important element in the decoration of domestic interiors; their painters may insist as much as they like that they should not be regarded as such, but it cannot be avoided. The moment they are introduced into a room they must, whether the artist wishes it or not, take their place, effectively or not, in the general scheme, and must be considered in relation to their surroundings. They create one of the architect's difficulties. Their temporary look when merely hung upon the walls creates a certain restlessness in the general effect. They are still almost invariably hung too high,—not only far too high to be seen to best advantage by those sitting, but too high even for those standing. This applies not merely to pictures but to almost everything else in a room. When considering the disposition of interior furnishings we do it standing, and we arrange everything to look at its best when viewed from a standing position; whereas, in nearly every room we seem to drop below the proper level in relation to everything when we sink into a chair. Surely this is wrong! Since, when indoors, we sit many hours more than we stand, should not our rooms look best when viewed from a sitting position? Are we not then more at ease to enjoy and more likely to perceive any beauties there may be in our surroundings?

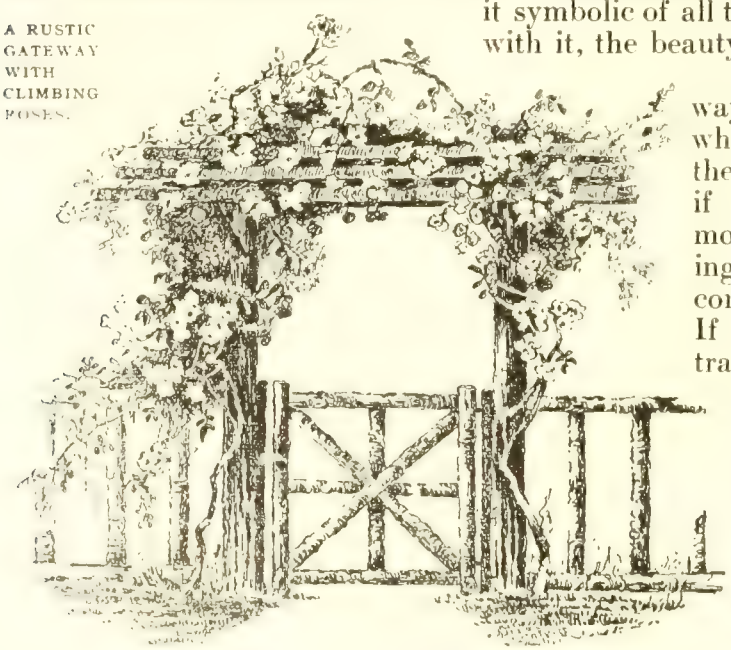
I must not close without admitting that when all has been said for other forms of decoration for our rooms, we have in living flowers and plants something hardly to be equalled and never to be surpassed.

WHAT THE GATEWAY HAS TO SAY

IN MUSIC some haunting theme is chosen that prevails under many guises throughout the whole composition, appearing now and then in its own compelling beauty, undisguised, unadorned. The entire composition is but a background—though charming in itself—for the development of the full sweetness or power of the chosen theme. In art all details exist for the perfecting of the one ideal or theme which the artist is striving to manifest to the world. In gardening—if it is to form a trio with music and art—there must also be one dominant idea. The theme should be announced by the gateway, and the garden based upon it. Whether the garden is formal or natural, a fugue or a rhapsody, classical or genre, the gateway should so proclaim. It should stir the imagination, be the note or key to all that is to follow in the development of the garden. It should be a composite embodiment of the prevailing characteristics of the place. It should seem to say:

"Now lift my latch and readily I swing
To bid thee come where courtesy is king."—GUITERMAN.

So much depends upon first impressions, upon the approach to a home. If it is carelessly designed we are apt to expect inefficiency or bad taste to predominate in the rest of the domain. If it is clean-cut, or substantial, graceful, simple or imposing, we cannot but think it symbolic of all that is associated with it, the beauty it leads to.



A RUSTIC GATEWAY WITH CLIMBING ROSES.

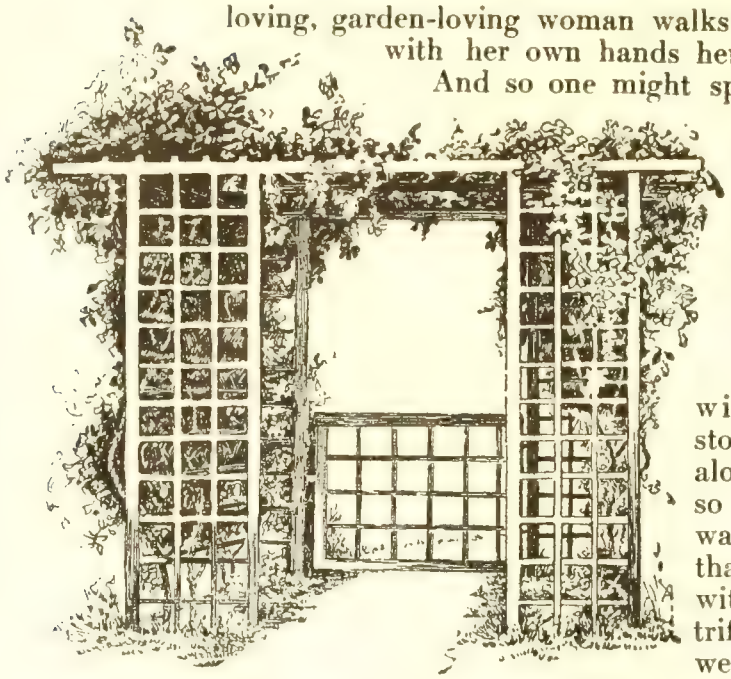
Things are, in a way, harmonious whether we intend them to be or not, if we accept harmonious as meaning all that is in accord or in relation. If at the very entrance of a garden we see a gate that departs from the lines of beauty, we are bound to imagine such departure will prevail throughout the garden and

house, that all possessions will be in accord. Inherent taste, good or bad, shows in and through all we do, be it building a gate or a garden, cooking a meal, selecting our clothes or our friends. Originality will characterize everything that some person says or does. A fine delicacy or sweetness will be manifest in another's life, or simplicity will prevail throughout work or speech. We betray ourselves at every step, by every move, so it behooves us to cultivate our taste, to raise our standard, to keep close watch over each detail of whatever we are constructing. For the gate of our garden or the door of our house speaks loudly of ourselves, our discrimination, before we can speak for ourselves.

AN OLD NEW ENGLAND STILE.

The gateway should announce the status and individuality of the owner of the garden as unmistakably as the uniformed heralds of old proclaimed the name and attainments of the masters they represented. If we see a garden with a neat, trim brick wall around it whose severity is relieved by vines decorously (not riotously) clinging to it, with a white picket gate permitting a friendly glimpse within, with gay but stately flowers looking out at the passing world, we are sure that it belongs to some one who has built her garden in a New England village and has not depearted from the traditions of her people. We know that the flowers are set in beds, that the walks are of brick with no trace of grass in their crevices, and that there is a tea-table under some fine old tree!

Or perhaps the garden is a diminutive one, hanging on some gently sloping hillside, set in the midst of trees self-planted, filled to overflowing with what are called common flowers (and no sweeter flowers exist), and the unpretentious entrance is rustic, like the white birches nearby. The roses that cover this are "common" also, profusely blooming, showering the stranger without the gates as well as the dweller within with their sweetness, as a child hangs at a gate, smiling at all who pass, beggar or king, friend or foe. We know that the flowers riot at will in such a place, that the paths are grass grown, that it is altogether lovely, and we feel sure some home-



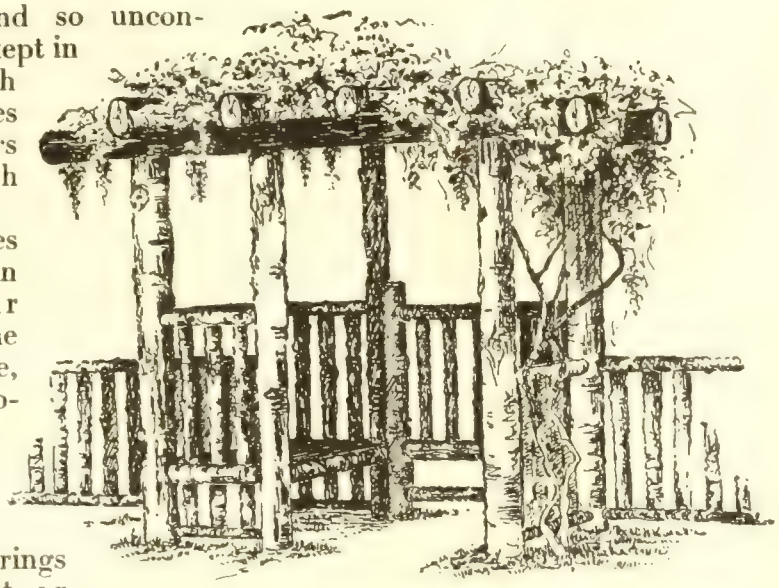
A LATTICE GATEWAY WITH VINES.

loving, garden-loving woman walks therein, tending with her own hands her flower friends. And so one might speak indefinitely of the type of garden and its maker behind the irregularly piled stone wall, and the type behind the pompously constructed stone wall with sharpened stones set on end along the top like so many bayonets, warning everyone that the dweller within is not to be trifled with, that no weary traveler need loiter for rest in its neighborhood, that watch dogs guard and police are summoned by wire! And the beautiful wrought-iron gates, imported, obtained through some impoverished nobleman's necessity and planted triumphantly at the portals of a garden filled with statuary as woefully out of place, exotic flowers, ornamental trees, clipped hedges, uniformed gardeners,—need we describe the owner?

Much care, therefore, should be given to the designing of the gateway, since it is so important an introduction to the garden, the home and the people within. It can be made so beautiful that one would be tempted to loiter there, and seats nearby or under its arch would be quite appropriate. There the traveler, be he guest or owner, could pause a moment, cast away his burdening cares and enter the enclosure with "smiling face" that he might not feel sad and out of place wandering among the flowers.

A trellis gate with trellis arch above and flowering vines, wistaria, clematis, or honeysuckle, winding in and out through the bars, pushing their blossoms through the sides, dropping them from above, is vibrant with beauty and interest. Such a gateway is etched forever on the memory of the child who goes in and out of his home through it. Loving the one that he associates with home, he is quick to see beauty in other gates, comparing them with his child-

hood ideal, and so unconsciously he is kept in close touch with home influences as he wanders far through strange lands.



A RUSTIC GATEWAY WITH SEAT ENCLOSED.

Garden gates are linked in many of our lives with some sort of romance, if not the romance of love that plays so vital a part in everyone's existence and brings out the best or worst of us, at least with the romance of home-leaving and home-coming, and in literature and history they have also played a picturesque part.

Mediæval gates were an integral part of ancient city walls. Proclamations were made by couriers, kings listened to petitions and administered justice under the shadow of their fortified arches. They were wonderfully imposing with their machicolated battlements and turreted towers, as those remaining in Nürnberg and Lübeck still testify. Such gates were of great importance from a military point of view and were sometimes made very beautiful, as shown by the Propylæa at Athens, the famous triumphal arch left us from old Roman days. Assyro-Babylonian city gates were huge structures where lawyers held court and scribes proved their learning. There were rooms above, and dark underground passages beneath leading to dungeons. The city gates of Segui and Alatri, the Lion gateway of Mycenæ are notable examples of the skill of builders of the sixth and seventh centuries B. C. Other famous gates preserved to us from ancient days are to be seen at Viterbo, Falerii, Benvenuto. The golden Gateway of Jerusalem, the gateways of bridges at Cambridge and Oxford, monastic gates opening to sacred enclosures, hold great historical and architectural interest.

In Biblical days we read of city gates, for "Samson took the door of the gate of the city and the two posts and went away with them, bar and all."

Nowadays, however, the gates of importance to us are not the fortified ones of a city, but those which open into gardens of peace. Roses are the missiles now hurled at us as a fragrant welcome, petals are showered upon us instead of arrows, crystal clear little brooks take the place of bloody moats. And we are "glad to the brink of fear" as we enter the citadel of our own home that it need be battlemented only with roses whose armament of sweetest flowers is drawn upon to meet besieging friends.

Gates are deeply symbolic when the spiritual life is referred to, for when words cannot be found adequate to their task of directly conveying ideas, then symbolism is called upon for aid. How can the infinite be encompassed, described by finite words, direct speech? It is through such symbolic words as "I am the door" that our imagination is touched, our understanding somewhat awakened, and we perceive faintly the message given through them. Symbolism leads us to a point we are familiar with, understand, love and trust, and from this vantage ground we venture a little further. We are familiar with doors or gateways that shut us out of gardens or countries we wish to enter, so we can easily imagine a wonderful door that would open at our slightest knock, allowing us audience, face to face, with our heart's desire!

NEW YORK was much moved last winter by Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird," a play depicting the soul's search for happiness. We were thrilled with the scene where little children waited at the Gate of Life, whose winged portals remained closed to them until they could pass through with some message or gift in their hands to bear to the world of experience they longed so earnestly to enter.

The Gate of Death that opens to let tired workers enter a new life with all the possibilities of a new birth, new opportunity, fresh courage, renewed strength, is a well-known, beautiful and comforting symbol. And we speak of the five senses as the "five gateways of knowledge" that make possible our continual approach to the great knowledge enthroned within the garden of life that is walled about with ignorance.

It is through the gate of memory that the old folk return to the days of their youth, frolic again in the old orchard, build dams in the brook, jog merrily to school, loiter slowly home with the lass of laughing eyes, swing with her at the garden gate that later on opens to let them pass through, as hand in hand they depart from the old to build the new home.

We cannot see a stone stile fringed about with wild flowers that

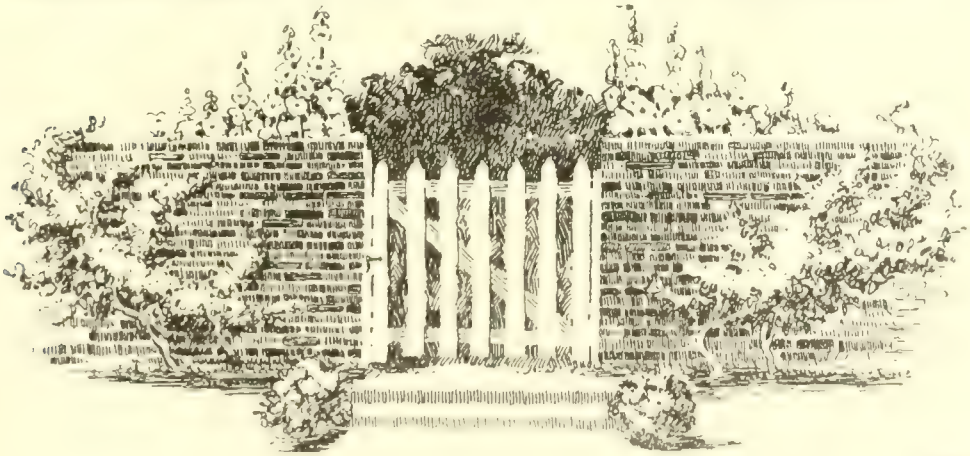
delicately brush the passing step, without a vision of the man who made it. We see him selecting and cutting the tall posts, carving his name and the date upon it if it is to be set at the entrance of his own new home. We see little children passing in and out on their way to school, and a young man pausing beside it waving farewell to the father who placed it there, as he passes out to the Open Road of the large unknown world before him. Real life is associated with such a humble gateway and it is plainly manifest in every detail.

Mystery surrounds the small wooden gate set snugly in the high cement walls that bar the jarring world from the quiet monastery within. How many unhappy souls have passed through such a narrow gate seeking the peace lost in the outer world.

Romance encircles the rose-bowered trellis gate, simplicity the square-hewn one, conventionality the well-cut stone gate, hospitality and good cheer the white wicket.

"The painter, the sculptor, the musician," says Carpenter, "are forever bringing their dreams of Beauty and Perfection forward from the recesses and treasure-houses of their hearts and giving them a place in the world. And not only the artist and musician but every workman who makes things does the same."

Since we are all moved by beautiful memories, dear associations, since we owe so much to those who have built the houses, temples, walks and bridges that we have loved, can we not add an individual note of beauty, grace, charm all our own, and thus cancel our indebtedness to those who have gone before? Can we not, in making our gardens and designing our gateways, bring from the treasure-house of our own hearts something that is worth a place in the world, something that will add to its beauty and its usefulness?



SPECIAL FURNITURE DESIGNED FOR INDIVIDUAL HOMES: ILLUSTRATED BY THE WORK OF C. F. A. VOYSEY

HOW often does the modern civilized person say to himself: "After all, what is a house for? Just why do we build it? What is the use of all this furniture? Why do we wear these particular clothes?" It would be a safe estimate to say that not one in a million ever does this. About all these things they usually ask: "What is in vogue?" or "What is in style?" or "How much can we afford?" This has been going on so long in fact that people have almost forgotten the original purposes of things that serve them in their daily life. They cease to expect beauty and utility and comfort and joy out of the immediate surroundings in which they live. And they have gone so far past the relating of their environment to their life that they no longer quite understand the environment. They look at it through the eyes of tradition.

Certainly in the earlier days men made chairs to sit on and tables to put things on and chests to put things in, and rugs were put on the floor for warmth and curtains were hung to adjust the light, and no more of these things were put in a house than a man and his family needed. A useless article of furniture would have branded the maker as a madman, for everything that a man put his time and material into had to count as a permanent asset. Just so in those days women wove what was essential for strong, durable clothes. Nothing superfluous went through the looms, nothing that was merely pretty and flimsy. There was always purpose in the labor of men and women working for themselves, and no man thought of making what he did not need, for in so doing he would have lost time and labor and the respect of his neighbors. In this remote "uncivilized" time women did not make their gowns to suit the taste and environment of other women of other nations. They knew little of the ways of far-off lands, and scorned heartily what they knew. And the clothes which they wove were fashioned for their own convenience in stout ways, simply and ofttimes beautifully.

BUT so far away are these people from our thought today that we have forgotten their good sense and their practical wisdom, and we build our houses and furnish them and dress ourselves from a purely decorative point of view, without purpose and usually without actual beauty. Most of us work very hard for the useless

things we put in our houses. We know that we have no use for them, that they will not last us long and that we shall soon want others in their place; but for the time being we break our hearts for their possession. We know how temporary fashion is and yet we struggle for its possession as though it had beauty that would satisfy us for a lifetime. We set no limit on our purchase of these useless things except the space in our house and the size of our purse. We want more furniture than our neighbors have, and we want it newer; then we are at peace until the style changes, and our next flimsy purchase is from no more virile motive than the last, and has no more serious qualities to tide it over the ignominy of its old age. It is like a pretty, characterless woman who during her life has failed to gather friends or memories for her quiet, plain years.

Of course, the time has gone by when most of us can fashion furniture for ourselves or weave cloths for our own comfort and satisfaction. Only occasionally can the really fortunate person accomplish this. But practically all of us, all at least who can afford to buy any amount of furniture, can really decide that our homes shall only be furnished with such articles as possess permanent qualities of beauty and comfort. And many of us can go further and have furniture actually made to suit our houses, of materials that will last a lifetime, of design and in proportion suited to the space it is to occupy.

Many of us can build our own home to live in a lifetime and furnish it for the same length of time. To do this it is necessary to consider our furniture as a work of art, each piece—and not too many of them—perfect for the use for which it is designed. Every man and woman can make a study of good furniture, not to imitate it, but to understand why and how it is made. We can all have our furniture made to meet our own ideal of comfort and suited to our house and our lives. It is in this way that all good furniture in the past has been made, not for style or barter, but to prove how fine a thing can be produced for the use to which it is to be put.

The most beautiful furniture of old times, of Spain, of France, of Italy, of Greece and Bavaria, was all made for special people or occasions; a great man demanded a fitting chair; beautiful women, couches exquisite enough for beauty's resting place, a town hall had to be fitted for a great ceremony, or a palace for a new king. There was always a purpose to be upheld, a harmony to be observed, a use to be considered. And so these old pieces of furniture were fashioned with interest, understanding, definiteness, and thus have grown to set standards in furniture-making, to establish styles of beauty.

And if we were to follow the *reason* for the construction of these beautiful styles of furniture, we should still be making excellent pieces for our own comfort. But instead we slavishly follow the *effect* gained by these great cabinetmakers. We imitate the fabrics they used, the color, the ornament, forgetting their philosophy, and in the end gaining nothing but pieces of furniture unsuited in all ways to our lives and our times.

IT IS only within the past few years that the idea of having furniture made to suit the individual house has again gained ground, somewhat in England and over a very small area in America, practically not at all in France; while in Germany the mausoleum type of furniture born of Secession inspiration seems adapted to and intended only for exhibition purposes.

In the July CRAFTSMAN we showed a very lovely modern English house designed by Barry Parker and Raymond Unwin, which was furnished entirely with pieces made from original designs especially planned for that particular house. Most of the furniture and many of the fittings were planned by the owner, others by Mr. Parker. But nothing whatever was bought ready-made. And a house more beautifully, completely and interestingly furnished it would be hard to find. Often Mr. Parker's houses are fitted up in this way. We understand that he planned all the furniture for his own house. It is his belief, after many years of house-building, that no home can be really completely and beautifully furnished without the fittings and furniture designed especially for the actual interiors which they are to fill. And so wherever it is practicable he not only plans the chairs and tables, beds and buffets, but all the built-in fittings such as bookcases, window-seats, screens, shelves, etc.

Another English architect who has given much attention to the making of furniture and fittings for the houses which he designs is Mr. C. F. A. Voysey. He differs from Mr. Parker in that the latter seeks in all the furniture and interiors which he plans to express the ideas and tastes of the owners, while Mr. Voysey is more apt to express his own highly cultured and original ideas, both as artist and artisan. He has in fact established a style of his own in England which has developed through his rare taste, skill, originality and wisdom. Although Mr. Voysey's style is essentially personal, recognizably so, it is also preëminently modern in spirit, so that his furnishings achieve complete harmony in the new English country houses for which they are designed. Being first of all an architect, Mr. Voysey is naturally a designer of *practical* furniture, suited to the very excellent and charming houses which he constructs. He

C. F. A. Voysey, Architect

THE FACTURE HOUSE IN NORTH FULLENHAM
A TYPE OF MODERN ENGLISH COUNTRY HOME

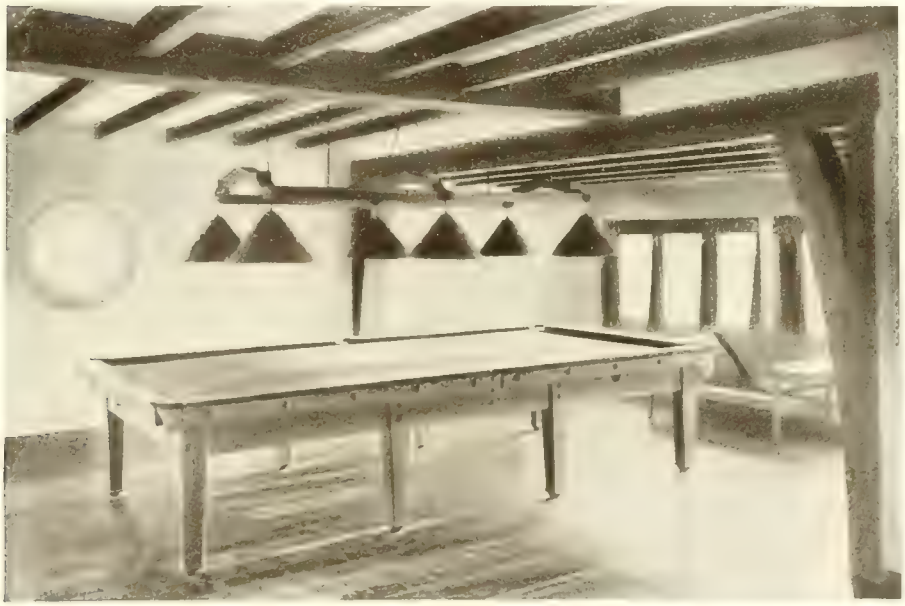
ANOTHER VIEW OF THE PASTURE HOUSE IN NORTH LITTLEHAMPTON

"WHITE HORSE" TAVERN, STITCHWORTH, ENGLAND

TWO ROOMS IN A [illegible] COUNTRY [illegible]
HOLLY MOUNT [illegible]
FITTED AND FURNISHED BY THE ARCHITECT

DINING ROOM IN "LITTLEHOLME" KENDAL, ENGLAND
HOUSE AND FURNITURE DESIGNED BY C. F. A. VOYSEY

FIREPLACE RECESS IN LIVING ROOM AT "LITTLE-
HOLME" INTERESTING WOODWORK



[illegible] AND [illegible] IN A [illegible] HOUSE. HOME [illegible] AT PRINTON, CA. ENGLAND. INTERIOR THE [illegible] AND FURNITURE THE WORK OF THE ARCHITECT

A FIREPLACE CORNER IN ONE OF THE ROOMS IN "HOMESTEAD"

AN OFFICE FURNISHED BY VOYSEY AT ONCE ARTISTIC AND PRACTICAL

realizes that the supply of real antique furniture is bound eventually to run low, and that the day will come when people of taste will refuse to use furniture made in imitation of periods which are in no way related to modern conditions, and that for modern people and modern houses, modern furniture of character, integrity and beauty is inevitable, as inevitable as the fact that our clothes are modern, our speech equally so, and our whole life in fact on a new and different plane. The present generation both here and in England is on a more substantial basis, and simpler, too, than France and Mediæval Italy. We are less ornate than Spain in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. We are neither especially spiritual nor ascetic. On the other hand, we are home-loving, comfort-loving people. We average rather a high level of intelligence and taste, and the mass of us in both of these nations at least pretend to live in houses that have both charm and beauty. We demand a better kind of surroundings than the people did even a generation ago. And this point of view will improve from generation to generation so that more and more we shall demand houses of permanent beauty, of real durability, requiring little care, leaving us much leisure for our wide range of interests.

IT IS in line with real progress that such men as Voysey and Parker should arrange the gracious, cheerful interiors in their present-day houses, with every sanitary ideal realized, and with simplicity equal to the luxury. In Mr. Parker's furniture one is occasionally reminded in line and finish of the Art Nouveau development in France. But it is a subdued Art Nouveau, shorn of pretense and whimsicality; an Art Nouveau humbled and purified. On the other hand, Mr. Voysey's furniture suggests more his inherited appreciation of the good qualities of the old Jacobean furniture. Yet his ways are not entirely those of the early days. He presents furniture that is much more practical, less ornate, less extravagant, more adjusted to the simpler ways of his present-day home-building. His ideals are for rich and substantial interiors, but closely related to the modern idea of the people for whom he builds and designs. He plans his furniture for sitting rooms instead of great halls, for libraries where the young folks gather instead of a vast dais for haughty royalty, and the result is intimate rather than pompous.

Somehow you feel sure that Voysey plans his houses that all the people living in them may be comfortable, for we are more and more outgrowing all over the world the sacred tradition that some people must cheerfully suffer for the elaborate comfort of others. We are striving to overcome the idea that *any* should suffer, and in

its place to suggest that *all* should help in order that all should enjoy life. In other words, our modern domestic architecture, even in England, is becoming more democratic, and our furniture is being made to uphold the same ideal. We are considering the greatest comfort of the greatest number, and the mass of people who are neither rich nor poor but intelligent are asking for homes and furnishings suited to their kind of lives. Mr. Voysey's contribution to this phase of international development has been great, although so far as we know it may have been quite unconscious, merely the outgrowth of his own intimate relation to progress, his understanding of beauty and his wise expression of it.

THE SEARCH

I SOUGHT for Truth upon the storm tossed sea,
But waves like tritons hid the depths from me.

I sought for it in violets well of blue,
But breezes shook the naiad pool of dew.

I sought for it beneath the flaming briar,
But roses on my head heaped coals of fire.

Then ceasing aye to search with anxious eyes,
I saw the Light that rules the earth and skies;

And heard all nature say with voice of youth:
"Behold the Beautiful itself is Truth!"

EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

"NEXT YEAR": A STORY: BY HARRIET JOOR

"SIX months!"

As the words fell with gentle precision from the physician's lips, Katherine Merrick repeated them dully, wondering why the green and brown office carpet should suddenly roll upward to meet her like an incoming wave, and why the cry of the ragman in the street below should beat on her brain with such sharp insistence. Must not his throat ache with weariness, she wondered dreamily? But it was of herself,—Katherine Merrick—they had been speaking! Steadying herself against the swivel chair, she gently put aside the glass of water the doctor held to her lips and raised her eyes to the keen, pitiful glance bent upon her.

"I had not thought it was so near," she said simply, "but I thank you for your frankness, Doctor."

She smiled faintly from old unconscious habit, as she held out her hand with the informal gesture of her far-away girlhood, the cold formality of the later years falling from her like the outworn sheath of a flower.

Yet as they walked down the long, dimly-lighted corridor to the elevator shaft, the physician at her side seemed to Katherine but some vague dream shape, and she herself but a figure in a dream.

As she left the building and threaded her way with painful slowness along the crowded street, the sunlit thoroughfare printed its scenes vividly upon her brain as upon a sensitive plate, yet her spirit still held aloof in a strange torpor that she could not break.

The child of the Italian fruiterer who had grown to look for her coming smiled up at her with golden lights in his sultry eyes, and she touched his brown cheek caressingly, pausing to slip into the outstretched hand the knot of violets that her daughter Dorothy had pinned in her belt.

For a moment the impulsive act recalled the happy freedom of her girlhood, ere her husband's horror of unconvention had frozen all the springs of bounteous spontaneity; but even the fleeting vision of that eager-eyed girl who had been herself could not break the apathy that held her.

In the future, she told herself curiously, as though it were a stranger of whom she thought, this beautiful child would smile on other "pretty ladies," giving no thought to the one who had slipped from out his train of worshipers; the old-clothes man would chant his rhythmic cry to other ears; the tall stone jars of roses and carnations in the florist's window would gladden other tired eyes; and the crowd would still hasten in a ceaseless stream down the years,

after this one small woman, who had so loved it all and had so thrilled at the human warmth and nearness, should have slipped from their midst forever.

And all the while, over and over, absurdly iterated like the ragman's distant cry, throbbed the thought that in the spring the children's clothes must be lengthened;—in the spring,—and she would not be there to do it!

As she neared home, two of her little lads who had watched at a window for her coming were down the stairs and upon her, in joyous assault, ere her foot could touch the step; and as she bent to kiss the small flushed faces, Katherine softened the attack with the pitiful, instinctive, out-reaching gesture that weakness so quickly teaches.

"I drawed a chicken in kindergarten, today," Wilfred chanted exultantly.

"And we saw a steamer-boat on the river," shouted Josie, beating his mother's hand to and fro, "and it made a big noise, Muvver, and most got drowned! Can't we go back and see it again?"

Katherine nodded, smiling assent, but as the boys ran shouting from her, the smile vanished from her quivering lips. The touch of her children's hands had broken the torpor that held her, and it was a weak, trembling woman who climbed the stairs to the sanctuary of her chamber. As she softly closed the door and crept across to the bed, she remembered that it was just three months since she had first known her doom;—only then,—she had not thought—death was so near!

Vividly, today, she recalled the lonely agony of those first weeks when her hair had turned gray in the bitterness of rebellion. And there had been no soul to whom she could confide the horror of great darkness in which she groped. All too soon would the shadow fall upon her children's lives, and to her husband Katherine never spoke of aught that lay near her heart. Even after the years had blunted her sensitiveness, his non-comprehension hurt too cruelly.

Today, with the touch of her children's hands warm upon her, she marveled at the selfishness of her early grief. Vividly she recalled an evening in the early summer when, lying alone in the library, she had listened to the happy voices in the supper room beyond, thinking in bitterness, that the lives she loved would flow on thus cheerfully when her own had ended; and in the darkness, tears of poignant self-pity had rolled down her cold cheeks. A moment later, Mammy Thalia had brought her hot tea and toast and turned on the light, and Dorothy had come with girlish gossip to nestle beside her mother's couch. Even her husband, as he passed through

the dimly-lighted room, had paused a moment awkwardly beside her, but she had not caught his words; some punctilious regret, doubtless, at her absence from the tea table;—and she was sick to the heart of platitudes.

In those first bitter days, the very happiness on her children's unconscious faces had hurt her, and she had even spoken sharply to her husband, though their lives lay too far apart for easy provocation. And once, she who felt it a stain upon her gentle womanhood to deal aught but kindly with dependants, had spoken harshly to old Mammy. In a moment she had turned in swift repentance and flung her arms about the faithful servant's neck, sobbing brokenly: "Mammy, Mammy, you must forgive! I am not myself these days!" And the old woman, with tears wetting her brown face, had folded her arms tightly about her mistress and soothed her weeping with soft word and touch.

"Mammy knows, Miss Katherine, honey;" she had crooned to the shivering figure on her breast; "Mammy knows you have been ailin' this long time!"

It was on this day, Katherine remembered, that she had called herself sharply to account. If she had but a few months to live, must she make those months unbeautiful? And must she leave in her children's minds the memory of a fretful, exacting mother? For a few painful weeks could blot from their young memories all the long years of patient tenderness. If only for her own peace, indeed, she must bring order into the chaos of her thoughts, and be sovereign of herself for what time remained to her.

As she lay now, wearily reviewing those long months of rebellion, Katherine's reverie was broken by a girl's light step at the door, and the mother drew a quick tremulous breath, striving with shaking fingers to smoothe her tumbled hair. It was Dorothy, upon whose slender shoulders the heaviest burden would fall;—her fair woman-child, whose girlhood she had so hoped to shield from care!

"Why, mother,—mother darling!" The girl was across the room and had flung her arms impetuously about the slender figure.

"When did you reach home, mother? Mammy was sure you were still out. And did the doctor give you something for this horrid tiredness?"

"Yes, he gave me a tonic," Katherine answered quietly, turning her face farther from the light;—she feared her daughter's love-keen eyes.

"You are all worn out by the journey," the girl cried pitifully, laying her round cheek caressingly against the tumbled hair. "You should have let me go with you."

Katherine smiled into the reproachful face. "That was not needful, dearie; but now, until she gets stronger, mother is going to call oftener on your young aid." For only so, a voice whispered in her heart, could she prepare these young shoulders for the coming burden.

In the days that followed, Dorothy wondered to see the faded photographs of her grandmother and of a young uncle replace upon her mother's desk the faces of later friends, and certain quaint keepsakes, that had been folded away through the years, reappear upon shelves and wall; yet knew not that her mother's hungry heart was turning wistfully back to warm itself at the fires of old affection.

But Dorothy was too busy and too happy in the new dignity of sharing all her mother's tasks and plans to wonder long over anything.

One afternoon as they mended and put away an armful of crisp linens, Katherine called the child's attention to the immaculate neatness of her father's room.

"He is so orderly by nature that it troubles him if his things are not always just so," she added with seeming carelessness; "the collars in their box, the handkerchiefs in this little chiffonier drawer, the shirts in a shining pile, and every button sewed tightly in its place. Remember this, sweetheart, if father's comfort should ever fall to your care!"

As they closed the door and turned to descend the stairs, the girl paused in sudden remembrance. "By the way, mother, father asked me this morning if you were not ill; he thought you looked white and worn."

Katherine glanced quickly away over the balustrade into the entry below; –the child must not see the look in her eyes! No, Horace would never fail in perfunctory solicitude. "What did you say?" she asked curiously.

"Oh, I told him you were just tired; but that you had seen the doctor, and he had given you a tonic."

As the blithe, unconscious tones fell on her ear, the hardness melted from the woman's lips, and a sudden mist of tears blinded her; but Dorothy, hastening on, only wondered why her mother crept so slowly down the stair.

One sullen November morning, as she bent wearily over the mending, the words of an old forgotten text, as from some dim gray distance, drifted across Katherine's mind: "The place that has known them shall know them no more."

Curiously, with a strange sense of detachment, trying to see it as a stranger might, she looked about the chamber that had been

through long years the shrine of her most sacred and intimate hours, and for the first time her tender eyes grew aware of the touch of shabbiness over all; —the furniture scratched and bruised by restless, clambering feet; the brass knobs twisted and tarnished by small, nervous fingers; the threadbare floor covering, whose browns and blues had faded to a ghostly harmony. Upon the walls hung crude bits of kindergarten handiwork, and beside the hearth stood a green jar yet laden with the spoils of the last autumnal ramble.

The velvety brown heads of yarrow and scarlet wildrose hips and silvery sheaths of milkweed pods brought vividly back to her the crisp rustling of brown, wind-blown leaves and the fragrance of dying fern. It was really very untidy,—that jar,—and a whimsical smile crept for a moment about Katherine's lips as she pictured a tidy housewife's horror of those dust-gathering weeds; but the smile quickly faded before the realization that, for her, life held no more wood rambles, with the music of her children's voices in her ear, and the eager clutching of their fingers at her hands and gown.

"I must tell Dorothy to be very patient with the little ones," she whispered to herself with quivering lips; "little nervous Docia, who needs such tactful care, and Wilfred, so loving for all his stubbornness, and impulsive Josie;—Robert, too, needs tactful love, —sixteen is a hard age for a lad."

Yet day followed day, and Katherine could not find the courage to bring the shadow of the coming sorrow into Dorothy's happy face. "Yet a little longer," she pleaded with herself; "it does not matter; I can write about the children's needs." For with loving prescience, she had fallen into the habit of jotting down and folding away in her desk hurried notes for Dorothy's guidance in the months to come.

One after another she was forced to relinquish the duties that had grown sweet with the habit of the years. To Dorothy, by degrees, fell the family marketing, while to Robert, who had eagerly shared all her work with the growing things, his mother entrusted the box of seeds and penciled plans for the garden in the spring, and to Dorothy, at last, fell the care of the children at bed-time. The bitterest draught in all Katherine's cup of suffering was the giving up of this bed-time hour with her little ones; but the fret and strain of the restless brood was more than she could bear, until one evening she fainted in their midst.

On the next night, Dorothy took her mother's place in the nursery, and when, from across the hall, there came to Katherine's ears Wilfred's indignant protest and Docia's passionate echo, sobs rose choking in the mother's throat.

"I won't say my pwayers to Dodo; no, I won't! I want muvver!"

"Yes, I wants muvver, muvver, muvver!"

The shrill childish uproar drowned the girl's pleading tones, and in pitiful gusts the voices rose and fell, till the woman, lying weakly across her bed, drew the blankets close about her ears, to shut out the loving, loyal voices. She knew now what it meant to die by inches.

Long after the children's grief had been hushed in sleep,—long after Dorothy had come with her good-night kiss,—Katherine lay with her face hidden in the pillow; and the blackness of the winter night was as nothing to the horror of great darkness that pressed upon her soul. That door upon whose threshold she stood,—whither would it lead her? Who knew? Who knew? Away from her babies' clinging hands, away from their loving voices,—whither?

At last, after her lifelong habit in hours of pain, she made a light and knelt before her bookshelves. Her spirit had ever been too virile to seek an anodyne in literature; and on this night also she sought, not that which could deaden thought, but that which could respond to her groping mood. Down upon the lowest shelf, with a few worn school books treasured for old-times' sake, her mother's à Kempis and her father's Bible stood side by side; but it was years since Katherine had opened either.

The emotional religion of her youth had not had time to ripen into the steady faith of maturity, ere, in the first months of marriage, it had been frozen in her young breast, together with all the budding faiths and enthusiasms of her rich undisciplined nature.

And when her bruised spirit, with the unquenchable instinct of all living things however maimed, slowly rallied its forces and reared again its fair world, there at her husband's side, but safe hid from his sight, Katherine had shunned religion as that which would stir her too deeply,—come too close, and shiver her hard-won calm. Through books, the world of the Beautiful slowly opened to her questing spirit, and the stern, strong thinkers of all time gave nourishment to her hungering soul; but religion, that had sweetly thrilled her of old, the tired, grave-eyed woman feared.

Tonight, hungering for the old home loves, she turned the Bible's shabby leaves to look once again on her father's penciled notes. The volume fell open of itself at the book of Job, which her father had loved, and she read on instinctively and unconsciously from page to page,—the poem taking her utterly out of herself and swaying her like organ music. For this man, too, she thought in sobbing wonder, had sounded the depths where she was groping, in darkness

and alone, and across the centuries her shivering soul drew near to his.

When she had finished the poem, as the book yet lay open on her knee, Katherine remembered that her father had also dearly loved the fourteenth chapter of John; and with the tears yet wet upon her cheek, she sought for it with trembling fingers. Not far could she read, for the raining of tears upon her father's dimly penciled lines; but upon the storm-tossed spirit there fell a sudden calm,—the music of the opening words, like the still grave sweetness of a sonata prelude, setting her soul to its own deep rhythm and hushing its passion of pain.

All during the sleepless hours of that night its melody pulsed through her fevered brain, and shed a strange calm upon the dawn.

On this day, it seemed to Katherine, that Mammy Thalia hovered about her with more watchful love, and that the children's hands were more tenderly caressing. She had even a strange consciousness, as she moved slowly about her tasks that her husband's eyes were following her;—not with the old unseeing, preoccupied glance, as though she were but a part of the furniture, but with a strange, groping intentness.

Would he really miss her? She had known that he would miss the habit of her presence, as eyes grown used to a picture on the wall feel a vague want in its absence;—but had he, under the silence of the years, some more vital need of her?

On the evening of this day, in softened, wistful mood, yearning to straighten life's tangled threads ere the weaving should have slipped from her hands, Katherine wrote a letter to a sister from whom she had been estranged, breathing no word of that new life on whose threshold she stood, but recalling tender, mutual memories of their childhood. Still in softened mood, she drew from her desk certain old papers whose destruction she had delayed from year to year, and as she tenderly read again the messages from home folk and from friends of her youth, she dropped the sheets one after the other into the glowing grate.

Last of all, she came upon the little packet of love-letters that had once made her girl's heart beat fast, and with a curious sense of detachment she read again the brief notes over which she had once trembled. No, Horace had not been demonstrative, even then; her eager spirit alone had read the warmth into the quiet sentences. Well, his impulsive young wife had quickly grown into the still, reticent type of his ideal, and he had seemed well content when she ceased to run to meet him, or lift her face for his perfunctory kiss. But he had meant to be kind;—so the woman realized now, looking

with wide, honest eyes into the coals where his notes lay crisping; and if under his cold formal kindness some live thing had died in her young breast, he had never known it. Beneath her baby's fumbling touch, her numbed heart had waked again; but even yet, with quivering lips, she could recall how fearfully she had hidden from him her joy in this new love.

Now, looking backward with clear, dispassionate eyes, Katherine wondered if she could not have made a lovelier thing of her marriage; if, perhaps, her sensitiveness had closed some possible door of communication between their two souls. She yearned to make all right with her sister;—was it possible to straighten the tangled skein of this more vital relation? But her heart sank as she looked into the fading fire;—he would never understand.

As the year drew toward its close, her heart grew heavy with homesickness for one more glimpse of blue sky and green growing things. The cold gray heavens of the northern world seemed to crush her with a leaden weight, while the long line of roofs and lintels arched with sooty snow, and the straight gray street, with its fringe of muddy rime, trodden out of all purity by a myriad hurrying feet, palled upon her sick soul, as she thought of the palmettos spreading their great green fans, and the live oaks stretching their long arms, above the crisp green lawns of her old home. About the gallery the Marie Henriette roses, in fragrant aftermath of bloom, were often a riot of crimson at Christmas-tide; the violets must now be blue in the garden borders, the narcissus lifting waxen umbels, and the sweet olive casting its fragrance upon the winter world. Oh, the haunting perfume of the olive! If only one breath of it might blow to her across the cold gray distance, Katherine felt the aching homesickness in her heart might be stilled! To appease this gnawing nostalgia and to make her last Christmas among them a beautiful memory to her children, she wrote a letter to the sister who yet lived in the old home.

Only Dorothy knew of the letter winging its way southward; and only Dorothy helped unpack the mysterious box that came in return; but when, on Christmas eve, the parlors were thrown open to all, the rooms were like a southern bower;—the walls festooned with gray Spanish moss, and garlands of holly and mistletoe; the chandeliers veiled in smilax and aglow with tiny yellow mandarin oranges, while in the archway hung Katherine's treasured portières of blue and cream-white Arcadian cloth woven beside the bayous of Louisiana. To her the room was like a breath from her vanished girlhood.

Her husband, as he entered, touched the beautiful curtain won-

deringly. "Why, Katherine, I thought you were saving this until we could buy a home of our own!"

"I thought we might enjoy it now, without waiting," the wife answered quietly; but in a moment the pulse in her throat beat fast and she steadied herself against a chair back. Her husband had glanced up at the swaying moss and mistletoe, and a strange light,—the old light,—had come into his eyes.

"Katherine!" He laid his hand hurriedly, awkwardly, above the cold, still fingers on the chair; "your rooms were hung like this the Christmas before we were married!"

Did he care? Did he, in spite of the silent years? Or had he but stumbled by chance over the grave of their old romance?

Whether he cared or no, the fierce beating of that pulse in her throat showed the woman that she still cared,—that the dead thing in her breast had stirred treacherously. Not trusting herself to speak, she half turned away with a still, cold gesture; for the tears were choking her, and he disliked a weeping woman.

But even as she turned from the groping question in his eyes, suddenly, as in a blinding flash of light, the deep mother-heart of the woman realized that her husband, too, was but as one of her little ones;—wounding with awkward, blundering touch, and cruel, as children are, through lack of insight, not wanton heartlessness!

And when her children had hurt her she had always quietly hidden the hurt and crushed back the tears because—they could not understand!

Resolutely steadying voice and lips she turned to meet the question in her husband's eyes.

"I was a little homesick," she explained, wondering dimly why the tension at her heart that had ached through the years was suddenly loosed; "and I thought, as I could not go South, I would try to bring a breath of the South to us here in the North."

"Homesick!" her husband repeated in surprise. "Why, Katherine, I did not know you were ever homesick! But next year, if you still long for the South, you must revisit the old home. Yes, next year, we can afford the trip!"

He spoke with the firm, quiet surety of fulfilment that was so characteristic of all his plans, and the woman only faintly smiled as she dreamily echoed his words: "Next year."

But as her glance slipped from her husband's face to the happy, unconscious faces of her children, Katherine's steady lips quivered, and the grave gentleness in the dark eyes deepened to passionate yearning.

"Next year!"

JOAQUIN MILLER: HIS LIFE AND HIS ART: BY HENRY MEADE BLAND

IT IS high noon. A tall, straight, blue-eyed, long-white-haired man in cattle-man's hat, with high leather boots, stands on the porch of a little chapel-shaped lodge. There are wild oats, poppies, roses, acacia, cypress around him in a garden which has been his special care for more than twenty years. A linnet is building in the leaves above his head. An apple spray swings down almost touching his face. A red nasturtium climbs the wall behind him. A grosbeak is whistling in the forest on the hill back of the lodge. There is a soft Pacific breeze blowing. With the silence of an Indian he stands fascinated by the panorama upon which he looks from his kingly height—a panorama of the City of San Francisco, its Bay and the Golden Gate. He drops to a seat on the rock steps and still gazes, dream-submerged. A schoolmaster is coming up by the stone wall along the trail to the Chapel. The musing of the tall, white-haired man is broken and he greets his guest: "Well, well! How goes the battle, my Son?"

The man of dreams is Joaquin Miller. Since daybreak he has been lying in bed braced with pillows, covered with his Arctic robes, with primitive goose-quill pen putting in the best part of the day writing. And now his work on the hills—nurturing trees—is about to begin.

This quiet, contemplative life has not always been the daily routine of Joaquin Miller. The curios, the pictures, the animal skins, the knives and pistols in the little room behind him tell of another day when the sun of adventure was full upon him. It is the autumn of the second cycle of his life now. The first began in an emigrant wagon "on the Wabash, Indiana, seventy years ago," so he says. From the first, he seemed predestined for every sort of experience so that he might record every phase of emotion. In the emigrant wagon began the training of this poet, writer and philosopher. After clearing a farm in the wilderness of the Wabash, for four years the Miller family held their way behind an ox team, stopping, now here now there, to give Father Hulings Miller time to ply his work as teacher and missionary among the Indians, till at last in Oregon they came to the verge of the sun-down seas and could go no further. What an experience for the boy with the brain so sensitive that it imaged every detail of the long journey!

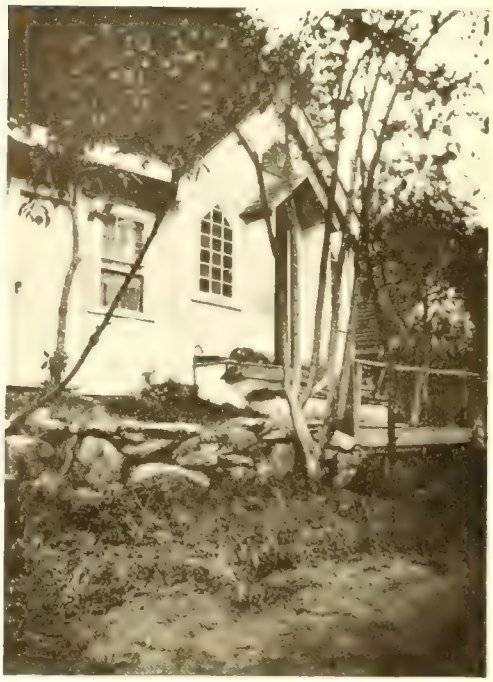
When thirteen years old there was no dream too wild for the boy to attempt to realize. There was gold for the picking up, so he

JOAQUIN MILLER, THE POET OF THE SIERRAS, FROM HIS LATEST PHOTOGRAPH

A MONUMENT TO ROBERT BROWNING, ERECTED BY JOAQUIN MILLER ON THE HIGHEST POINT OF THE HEIGHTS.

[illegible] FREMONT, WHO NAMED [illegible] EXTENDING FROM SAN [illegible] THE PACIFIC "GOLDEN [illegible] ONE OF JOAQUIN MILLER [illegible]

THE HOME OF JOAQUIN MILLER ON THE HILLS [illegible] OF SAN FRANCISCO BAY, FORMERLY A [illegible] THE MECCA OF PACIFIC SLOPE TRAVEL[illegible]



THE PYRAMID BELOW WAS ERECTED IN HONOR OF MOSES, WHOM JOAQUIN MILLER VENERATES ABOVE ALL MEN.

heard, at the foot of Mount Shasta. He must get some for father and mother; it was his time to help now.

So he is off to the mines. To him the new country is the realization of a dream-world. He is entranced by the snowy eternal whiteness of Shasta. The wild life of the bronco buster on the caravansary trail from Mexico and Arizona to the Shastan Gold Gulches captivates him. Now a real battle with the Indians finds him pierced with an arrow, falling even as one of his own heroes falls, at the side of old Gibs as the Modocs are driven from Castle Crags. At the age of fourteen it is with the Indian himself he lives, and in the deep silences of the Sierra he attunes himself to Indian lore and instinct, becoming as one of the red denizens of the forest. There he loves and marries an Indian princess, living in keenest sympathy with the romantic life of the nomad. In a skirmish with the whites —for the Modocs fought relentlessly for their hunting grounds— Death takes from him the Indian maiden, thus bringing about his return to his own people.

HE BECOMES a teacher in the mining camps, a student of law at home in Oregon; a wandering traveler in Central and South America, a mounted express messenger carrying mails and packages to the snow-beleaguered miners of Shasta. Later one finds him an editor, judge of the Superior Court in Oregon, and then at last, having all this time singing in his heart the unbodied song, —for he had already thought and studied carefully enough to know that he could speak in numbers,—with his first volume under his arm, he lands in San Francisco, his career as a poet begun. With the rainbow of glory ever before his eye he is off for London, where he finds many friends and admirers.

This age of adventure is not yet over. He treks on, with the wide world as his highway,—Paris, Rome, Florence, Athens, Egypt and the pyramids, Jerusalem, and the journey seems about to end, for there is a strange sigh for rest entering his soul. He has drunk to the lees the draught of experience, and yearns for a quiet nook in which to stay in peace.

The city of Florence is chosen and the building of the material kingdom is begun. Heretofore his life has been the hurry of the camp and the trail; now it is to be rest and contemplation under the vine and olive. But not yet! The little tract of land near the Dantean City is malarial. Juno, as she was wont with Latona, is still angry with his muse and will allow no rest. Malarial airs have him in their grasp, and again he moves on. This time it is for the home land, and for a while he abides by the marvel of sun-down

seas. Then we find him tree-planting on the isle of Yerba Buena (Goat Island) in San Francisco Bay; for he believes his countrymen should learn to plant forests, and he, a humble teacher, would give them a first lesson, would lead them in celebrating a first great arbor day. His trees are planted, and flourish for a brief spring month; but there is no water to tide them over the long dry summer, and autumn finds the saplings crisp and dry.

Finally the delectable mountains are found in the low, round, rich, flowery hills east of the Bay. The very spot is romantic; for John C. Fremont, even before the days of gold, has stood on its eminence and named the shining strait from the Bay to the Pacific Golden Gate. Here in the multitudinous varying glory he begins to build. He is at home at last.

Since eighteen hundred and eighty-seven, Joaquin Miller has lived on "The Heights." The place has been peculiarly adapted to his nature. He desired most of all its loneliness for contemplation. He needed to go apart to "pray;" he desired to dream a social dream such as might transcend the Utopia of More or the Republic of Plato, and so he began the building of the City Beautiful, the City which is at once the City of his mind and the City of his leafy, flowery hills.

JOAQUIN MILLER'S first aim was to make his home one of memories. As he worked he seemed ever to revolve in his mind, "Come, let us joy together, let us create a realm of beautiful associations." The hills about his home were round and grassy, with here and there a projecting ledge. Selecting the roundest, grassiest, he planted cypress in form of a gigantic cross facing the broad stretches of the bay and hills of San Francisco. The cypress grew and those who look for the cross can see, from the cities below, this evergreen emblem of steadfastness. He built with his own hands, for he believes in work. "The best way," he says, "to learn about the beauty and glory and magnificence of nature is to work with hands as well as with head. Help a rose, even a blade of grass, to grow more beautiful and you will be a partner with God."

The rocks of his hills he hewed and shaped into memorials of his heroes and friends. Being a steadfast admirer of the old Jewish Law he remembered the Hebrew law-maker Moses with a solid pyramid of granite; Fremont, who had once, too, gazed entranced from the heights, he honored with a solid block of masonry; while his poet-friend, Robert Browning, is recalled by the citadel erected on the highest point of the homestead. Year after year the tree planting has progressed till the smooth green hills have been hidden

deep beneath a forest of cypress, pine, eucalyptus and acacia. Carefully are the younglings watered in summer, and carefully are they guarded from the hill-fires in autumn.

Twice, during the years he has lived on "The Heights," the poet's old love for adventure has mastered him. The Chinese War with Japan drew him across the Pacific; the rush for gold to the Klondike woke the fever of old Shasta mining days, and he was off to Alaska; but the stay in either case was short and he was soon again in the peace of the hills.

When we turn to the art Joaquin Miller practices we find two qualities contrasting as singularly as his wild adventurous life of the early period contrasts with the serene, contemplative, mystic element of his second life period. In his style these elements continually recur; the robust spirit of Western adventure with the mysticism that would see beyond the stars.

In his early poems "The Arizonian," "The Tale of the Tall Alcalde," and "With Walker in Nicaragua," there is a reflection of his own wild romantic life in the Sierras. Even the rhythm of the stanzas is peculiar to him, having the swing suited to the ruggedness of the theme. Thus, in "The Arizonian:"

"One time in the night as the black wind shifted,
And a flash of lightning stretched over the stream,
I seemed to see her with brown hands lifted—
Only seemed to see as one sees in a dream."

Or in "The Tale:"

"The feast was full, and the guests afire,
The shaven priest, and the portly squire,
The solemn judge, and the smiling dandy,
The duke, and the don, and the commandante."

Every story is passionate, full of color, joy in nature; daring, tragic, with an atmosphere of the land he wrote in. It was the passion that made him seem to the English like Byron; but it was not this Byronic characteristic which made the English love Miller. In his verse they heard the sighing of western breezes, and saw the colors of flower and hill and smelled the balsam of pine and redwood, and so they lifted up their faces and looked and loved.

TO UNDERSTAND the fiber of Joaquin Miller's art we must look to the adventure and romance of his life. One by one he has portrayed his experiences, varying the thought with every shade of poetic music. The ability to feel is a preëminent characteristic, for he has run the whole gamut of the passions. His life has been dominated by a desire for adequate expression. Even

in dress he has stood apart. The tall boots, the sombrero, the furred and colored coats all tell the same story. His poems reflect the rhythm of his being. They all mirror himself. His prose, too, mirrors his life or is symbolic of what he would have himself be. "I have a Byronic love of being the hero of all I write," he says. His mountain home, "The Heights," symbolizes what he would have the world be in philosophy, in reverence, in simplicity, in healthful life. Here is his art, his poetry, his love combined.

In education Joaquin Miller is a combination of the self-made, with the best that the pioneer College of Oregon, Columbia, could give. He was thoroughly taught by his father and mother, who never, even in the long pilgrimage from East to West, neglected the education of their little girl and the three boys. His mind was busy in the intense life of the gold camps, and on the mule drives from the south to Shasta, Mountain Ike, a queer combination of college graduate and cowboy, taught him the rudiments of Latin. He put the rude songs of the miners into music long before a line was published, and he caught the miners' grim humor:

"Now Sampson he was a mighty man,
A mighty strong man was he;
But he lost his hair and he lost his eyes
And also his liber-tee!
For a woman she can do more with a man
Than a king and his whole arm-ee!"

So runs one of these rhymes written in the early years. Likewise he caught the miners' strange solemnity. Thus, in "Forty-Nine,"

"We are wreck and stray,
We are cast away,
Poor battered hulks and spars,
But we hope and pray,
On the judgment day,
We shall strike it up in the Stars."

BYRON and Burns were his poetic idols and it was the magnetism of their song that bred in him the desire to worship at their shrine. This was his motive in the early pilgrimage to England. As he passed on his way to London through San Francisco, he showed his work to the fastidious critic, Bret Harte, who saw no good in it; but the scathing review Bret Harte wrote of "Joaquin et al." was at his own request destroyed by Ina Coolbrith when she remonstrated at the harshness of the criticism, and Miss Coolbrith wrote a favorable critique which was published in the

Overland. It was doubtless an imperfect technique that Bret Harte objected to. In England, Joaquin Miller was lucky enough to win the kindly support of Sir Charles Dilke, Editor of the *Athenæum*, who aided the poet in weeding error in form from his lines. No doubt this aid was of inestimable value, for today Joaquin Miller is a careful worker, and shapes and prunes his verse with great thought.

There are, as may be expected, strong differences between Joaquin Miller's later and earlier verse. The early poems were tragic stories; in the later verse, while the lyric strongly persists, a deep moral tone is found, witness, "For Those Who Fail," "The Bravest Battle," "Columbus," "Lines to Byron," "Lines to Tennyson," "The Fortunate Isles." It will be noted that his later verse is short. This is because the dramatic has ceased its appeal and in its place has come a reverence for the mystical, the philosophical, the beautiful. His instinct as a teacher has at last become dominant and he dedicates his muse to the expression of the moral lesson which he feels will uplift humanity.

It is also in this spirit that his greatest prose work, "The Building of the City Beautiful," has been written.

The story is semi-autobiographical and begins by telling how the hero met in Jerusalem, a wonderfully beautiful woman who, also a dreamer, but at the same time practical, was collaborating with Sir Moses Montefiore in his attempts to rehabilitate the Jewish race in a new Jerusalem.

Common interests and thoughts draw the two, and they plan together. The poet loves the woman but his affection is slightly returned at first. When the two separate, each to chisel an ideal vision, the poet is given to understand that his love is returned.

The hero now drifts to the Golden Gate and there on the Mist Hills begins the building. The work is slow. He plants and waters; but results are meager. His neighbors impose on him, considering him but an idler, and expecting, when his fancies shall have exhausted, to divide the spoils of his work among them. But the dreamer goes on, and like Tolstoi, uses the Sermon on the Mount as the foundation of his structure. This wonderful chain of wisdom and righteousness he interprets literally. When smitten on one cheek, he turns the other. He gives without resistance both coat and cloak to one who would forcibly take them.

IN THE midst of the building, his "New Arcadia" comes to him. Suffice to say it is a dream. In this city of vision all sects and parties have been fused; nature has been conquered; the desert made to blossom as the rose; there is music such as was never heard

on sea or land; there is love far surpassing the loves of this earth; there is "peace that passeth all understanding."

In "The Building of the City Beautiful" we are reminded of the philosophic aspect of the poet's mind, and see clearly the serious purpose that marks his latter-day work. He has never lost the instinct to teach, which showed itself in early mining days. In fact, the miscellaneous foot-notes to the poems in the complete volume of eighteen hundred and ninety-seven are a treasury of wisdom for the aspiring writer.

His lyre has echoed with every form of thought: wit, humor, scorn, satire, symbol. Where shall we go for more biting sarcasm than in the following from "Adios"?

"Grew once a rose within my room
  Of perfect hue, of perfect health;
Of such perfection and perfume
  It filled my poor house with its wealth.
Then came the pessimist who knew
Not good or grace, but overthrew
My rose, and in the broken pot
Nosed fast for slugs within the rot.
  He found, found with exulting pride
Deep in the loam, a worm, a slug;
  The while my rose-tree died."

The world has not yet taken the full measure of Joaquin Miller, for human weakness has stood too much in the way to give Time clear vision. Yet it is not too much to prophesy that, as the years pass, he will be given a secure place among the poets of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries who may be called great.

THE RETURN

THIS is my home, mine own abiding place!
Mine be its loneliness! Mine is its grace!
These pines my father set, he curved the road,
The cherokees he twined, and when the load
Of years o'ercame him, here at night would wait
His collies, whining by the broad-browed gate.

The mocking birds are singing on the vines!
A hush of mystery is in the pines!

The great white house is like a shrine to me;
Across the lovely valley to the sea
My mother looked, as though her patient eyes
Might somehow sight his sail against the skies. . . .

Long have I loved the lure of unknown lands;
Long loved the wind that blows o'er alien sands!

Yet now I find no night too far away
To hear his faithful dogs; no distant day
So rare and beautiful I do not see
Her eyes that seem to search for him and me.

My home! Shall I alone forget thy gate
When birds return, and where his collies wait?

WINIFRED WEBB.

CRAFTSMAN SUMMER LOG HOUSES: THE ENTIRE UPPER STORY ARRANGED FOR "OUTDOOR" SLEEPING

PEOPLE of the country seeking larger life have poured into the cities until conditions there have become almost intolerable. The cramped quarters made necessary by many persons trying to live on the same square foot of ground, the nervous exertion imperative to whoever wishes to swim with the current (or perhaps a little in advance of it), the enervating result of the ceaseless noise of ever-restless traffic, have now combined to drive many people away from the city and into the country again.

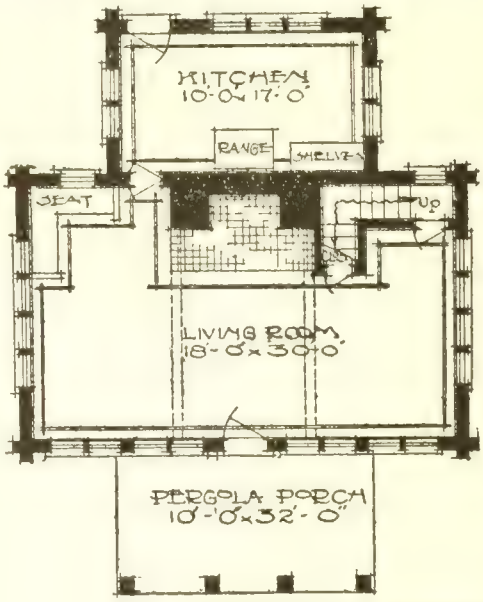
A whiff of sweet air, the sight of a bunch of wild flowers in some street vendor's hand awakens us to a new desire, makes us realize that we have shackles on our feet and have virtually forgotten nature's kindly ways, that we are working and existing but not living. We desire to get out of this benumbed condition, we feel the need of the wilderness and crave the tonic of a rough life. Not that we may become drones or cease the struggle, but that we may be better able to work, that our struggles may be to some purpose, our lives happier.

The growing desire for country homes, the tendency toward an outdoor summer life is everywhere apparent. Prophets have declared that cities will soon be centers for business only and that everyone will have his home in the country.

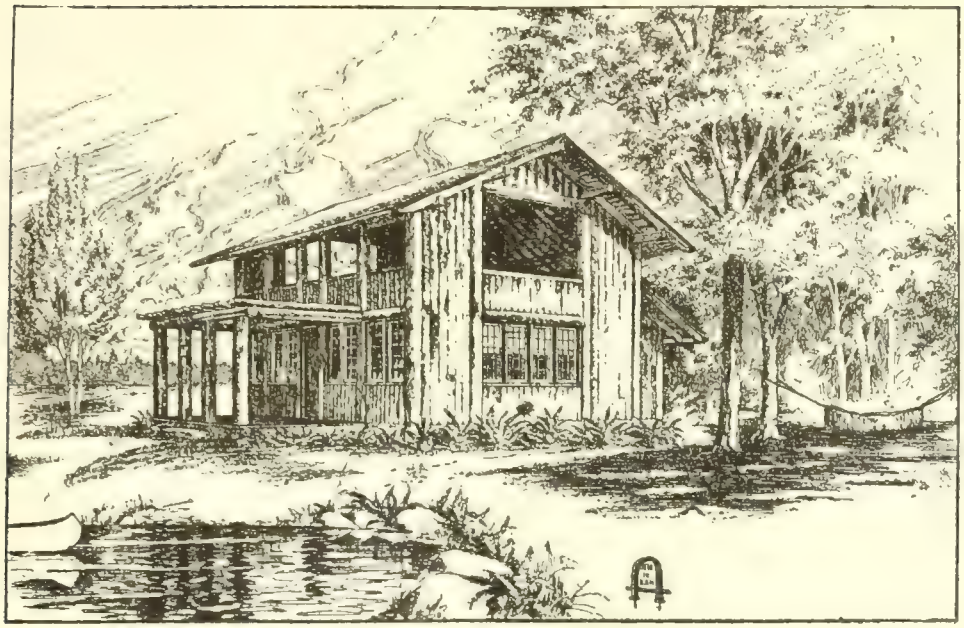
It is not possible for all people to have as commodious a summer home as is desired, but it is quite possible for many people to get a bit of land and put up an inexpensive house that will be comfortable, tasteful and satisfactory.

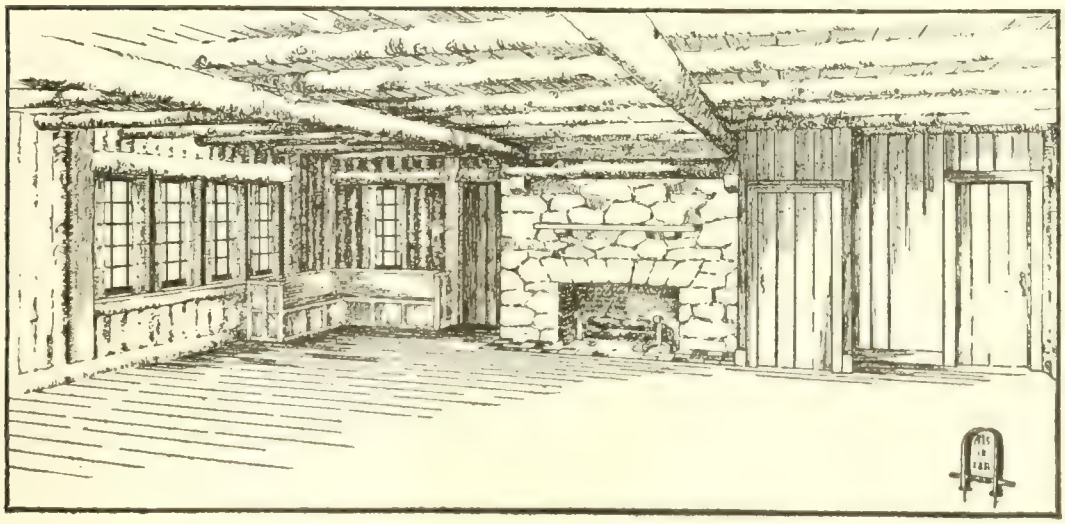
We have planned, therefore, for this month two houses that are to be used as summer camps; houses that can be built in the mountains, hills or by the ocean, so inexpensively and simply that they can be closed during the winter with no fear that devastating idleness will ruin the home. All the hangings of such a camp are, of choice, washable, so that with a little care in packing things up for their winter's rest the task of getting the place in livable order each spring is a small matter. With elaborate houses the opening and closing of them is a labor that mars the pleasure of the summer's enjoyment, that makes a trouble of what should be a great pleasure.

The first of the summer camp houses is constructed of logs placed in an upright position. These logs can be of chestnut, cedar, oak or whatever wood is most convenient to the land it is to be built upon. If chestnut the bark should be removed, if cedar it may be left on. Logs from which the bark is removed weather to a beautiful rich tone, one impossible to duplicate by a stain. The chinking is of Portland cement and sand (one part cement and three parts



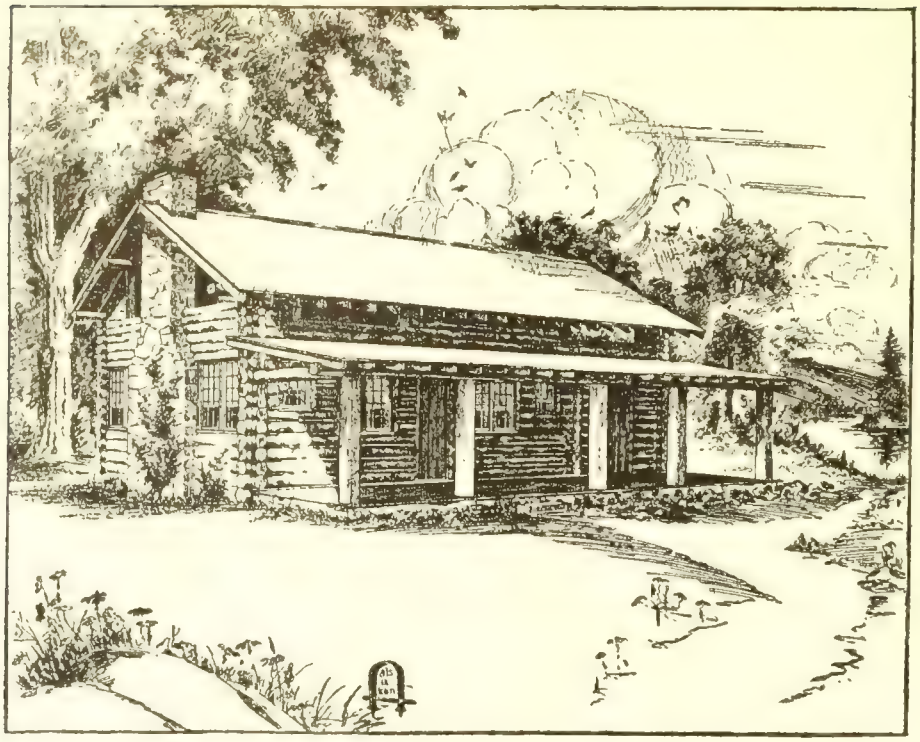
FLOOR PLAN FOR CRAFTSMAN SUMMER LOG HOUSE: NO. 121.

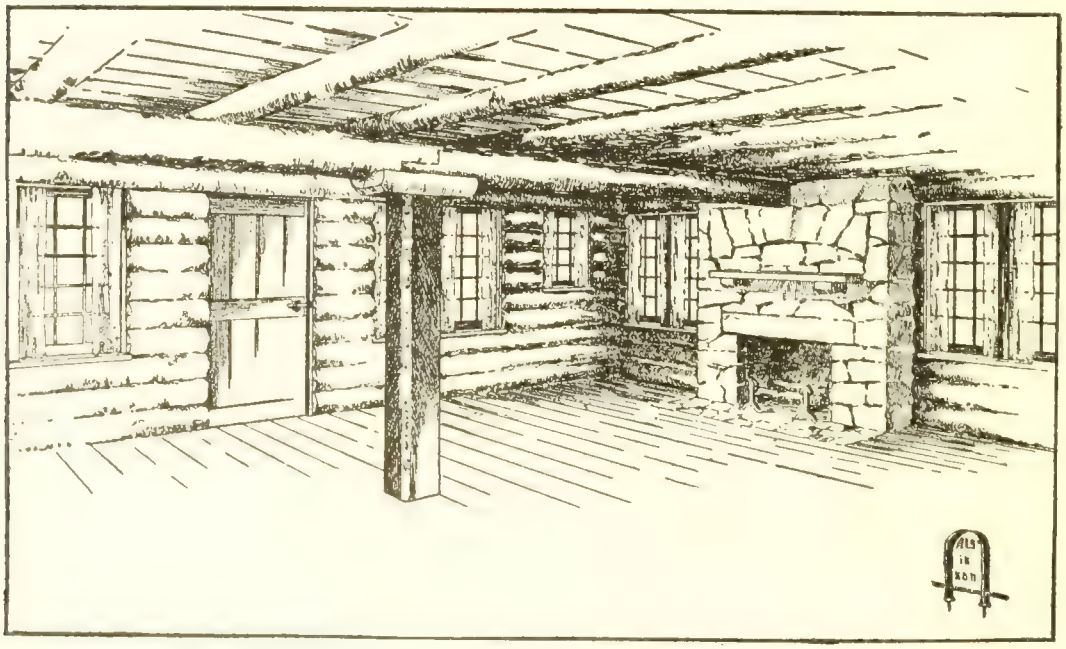




A CRAFTSMAN SUMMER LOG HOUSE, WITH THE ENTIRE UPPER FLOOR ARRANGED FOR OUTDOOR SLEEPING: NO. 121.

LIVING ROOM IN THIS LOG HOUSE, SHOWING FIREPLACE AND BUILT-IN SEAT.

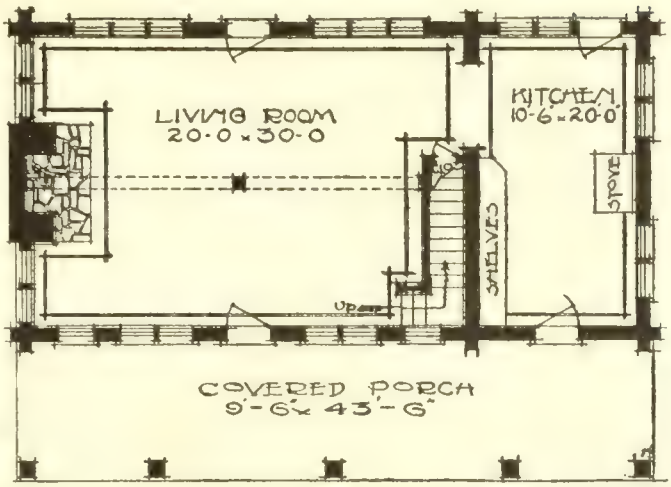




CRAFTSMAN SUMMER LOG HOUSE, WITH UPPER FLOOR PARTIALLY OPEN FOR COOL SLEEPING SPACE: NO. 122.

LIVING ROOM IN LOG HOUSE NO. 122; THE INTERIOR WALLS SHOWING THE LOGS IS MOST PICTURESQUE.

sand), and, therefore, permanent. It will take a stain like the logs if desired or will weather with them to a soft natural luster that nature alone knows how to impart. The shingles on the roof should be split instead of sawed, for when sawed a nap is left which discolors, turning them a sad-looking dark brown instead of the soft colors that time gives the split shingles. The logs can be hewn if desired, though where they fit together they will give better bond, will hold the cement chinking better, if left unhewn, which means greater permanence.



FLOOR PLAN FOR LOG HOUSE NO. 122.

That this house may be constructed as cheaply as possible there is only one chimney in the plan, which is a considerable saving of time and expense. The main room is to be used as the dining room, or the table could be set under the trees in pleasant weather.

The windows are casement which are much cheaper than double-hung windows and can be easily removed and screens inserted for the summer months. The board floor can be made of North Carolina pine or of yellow pine.

The second house is built of logs also, but placed horizontally instead of perpendicularly. The treatment of logs, windows and floor is the same as for the first house, but the roof is Ruberoid instead of shingles.

The main feature of both houses is the open sleeping room. Now that people are finding that there is a charm, a healthfulness in sleeping out of doors not to be experienced in any indoor bedroom, the sleeping porch has come to be a part of almost every country home.

Curtains of duck can be placed in the windows to shut out rain or heavy winds. Batten blinds for the winter can be made of North Carolina sheeting and if fastened on the inside with hooks will be weatherproof as well as a protection from people who see no difference between "mine and thine."

Curtains can be run on wires or wooden poles in those open sleeping rooms, separating the one large room into as many small dressing rooms as desired. A short trial of sleeping where the air has free circulation will convince even the skeptic of the wholesomeness and delight attendant upon such slumber. Simply a half-open window will not be enough after once "sleeping out of doors." Arranging so that the curtains can be drawn back when not needed as dressing screens will be appreciated by all who know that the more oxygen we breathe the less we are affected by heat or cold. It is the oxygen permeating our lungs that keeps us warm, and even in the winter a fully open window will assure us more body warmth than one open only an inch or so.

In lieu of bathrooms, which are not only difficult to have installed so far from the haunts of plumbers, but which also add materially to the cost of a small house, the pools of nearby brooks can be enclosed or screened in, affording a delightful bath in running water. Or if the camp is near the ocean or a river, a swim is better than any possible porcelain tub! Portable bathtubs can be installed if desired, for wherever there is a house in the wilds there is sure to be some system of spring or running water by which the house can be supplied.

The living rooms shut out as little of the outside world as possible, for they are well supplied with windows. Seats can be built in all around these rooms if desired, of rustic to harmonize with the rest of the room. These seats can be lockers in which to store things which are not needed as "ornaments" in the room, or to hold the bedding in winter.

All the furniture can be of rustic also, which is not only eminently suitable for such a house, but is within the cabinet-making possibilities of the members of the family. To make rustic furniture needs

very little skill, a practical knowledge of bracing being the chief requirement, and it is excellent practice for the amateur carpenter.

Chairs, tables, beds, even the candlesticks can be made of rustic, and part of the pleasure of a camp in the wilds is to fit it as completely as possible without having to transport furnishings from the city.

With such a camp, hospitality can be extended indefinitely by means of tents, for with a central, large living room and a kitchen, tent bedrooms can be annexed under nearby trees. Hammocks can be swung to afford sleeping accommodations for "week-end" parties, which always exceed one's expectations in vacation time. Sleeping bags under the trees give endless joy and health for the "boy scouts" of the family and their school guests, and cots can be installed on the covered porches. So that given an inclosed living room with a fireplace to cheer during rainy weather, and a convenient kitchen, these summer camps can make possible a vacation for many people.

Fireless cookers can easily be made with a box, two or three pails with tight-fitting lids, and sawdust, straw or excelsior. Housework is greatly simplified by these cookers. The cereal for breakfast can be started the night before while the dinner is being cooked, and put into the fireless cooker. When taken out next morning it is ready for breakfast. Large pieces of meat, soups, vegetables that require much cooking, can all be cooked in this fireless stove to the great improvement of the flavor of the food as well as the saving of time and labor.

Cultivated flowers would be, of course, much out of place in such a camp, so ferns or any wild flowers or small shrubs can be transplanted around the house.

For vines against the chimney or over the pergola nothing could be more satisfactory than the wild grape. Its perfume, color and the decorative quality of its leaves afford endless delight. And there is the wild honeysuckle, clematis, cucumber and many other native vines which will bear transplanting and will also be able to stand the winter without having to be protected.

The fireplaces being of the simplest possible construction can be made by the owner of the camp from stones gathered from the ground on which the house stands, or from the brook or river side. Stones gathered near water will not stand the heat of the fire, so the fireplace must be lined with firebrick.

Andirons can be made out of rods of iron, but if the camp is far from the reach of even iron rods, or if time is lacking to make them as soon as needed, wet green logs will serve the purpose admirably. They will not only be a long time in burning but will give out a great deal of heat. Trappers and woodsmen use these green logs in preference to stone, for the stone might split and injure the eyes of those gathered about the fire.

Such permanent camps as those suggested here can be the outcome of tenting vacations, for families who are accustomed to tenting in the same locality year after year can themselves erect such a house as part of the summer's fun and experience. They provide a place for assembling in rainy weather and a storeroom for the tents and their furnishings during the winter.

The pleasure of building a home is not to be compared with any other sort of pleasure. Home-building belongs to the primitive faculties; it is a natural instinct for man to build his own home. "There is the same fitness in a man's building his own home," says Thoreau, "that there is in a bird's building its own nest. Who knows but if men constructed their own dwellings with their own hands and provided food for themselves and families simply and honestly enough, the poetic faculty would be universally developed, as birds universally sing when they are so engaged?" And he says somewhere else "Shall we forever resign the pleasure of construction to the carpenter?" To read his description of his homemaking, his deliberate choosing of the trees to be felled, the way he dug the cellar and built the chimney, is to become inspired with his joy of it all, and perhaps there is much truth in his statement that we might find out how to sing if we would build our own homes. Why, as he says, should we imitate the rare, unloved exceptions in the lives of birds and animals who live in homes of someone else's making?

We must find the joy that comes with the exercising of our muscles, the satisfaction that comes as we see the thought of our minds taking shape before us. We should relish any life or occupation that developes our ingenuity, our judgment, that makes our muscles firmer, our brain keener.

Any outdoor experience, whether the play

of vacation time or the work of it, the building of the camp, making of the furniture, cutting the wood for the camp fires, invigorates, refreshes our minds and bodies. We become stronger, more alive to every detail of life, and we are more fitted to "battle magnificently against odds," with every day spent out of doors.

Everyone who has spent much of his life in the woods or in open-air pursuits, experienced the solitude of early mountain mornings, the quiet of evenings by the sea, knows that he is storing up an immense vitality of brain and body. We should go as often as possible to the country, live there as long as possible, and so refill the treasure-house of our magnetic force which is so depleted by the confusion, the strain of a city life. To sleep out of doors if possible, under the open sky or the canopy of trees, or if one is not rugged enough for this, then to rest under the protection of the sleeping porch, is to drive old age, ill health, "nerves" far into the background. One learns unconsciously to move less nervously, to think more sanely, if much in the presence of Nature, for we are imitators and fall easily under the spell of her tranquillity.

With such simple houses where work may be reduced to a minimum of joy, and health exalted to the utmost, where we can become acquainted with the furry and feathered wood-folk, where afternoon teas are honored by the presence of robin, wren, thrush, who chat pleasantly but gossip never, where we can get wordless yet comprehended messages from tree, flower, cloud, water, where dress is plain and fare wholesome—there comes a new sense of living. It is not idleness to sit still in the shade of a beech tree and listen to the melodious, soft voice of a brook, the rustle of leaves, the exultant song of bird. It is not idleness to grow in grace, stature, health, sympathy and larger understanding.

Our increasing restlessness as individuals and as a nation necessitates a tonic of wild care-free life now and then and it cannot be had in elaborately commissioned palaces, which are termed cottages for some unexplained reason.

The strings of general life are strung too tightly, and so pitched out of tune. They will not respond to harmony in this strained tautness. So it is good to spend the vacation, whether a day or summer, where it is possible to relax, to muse, to think of simple things and simple beauties.

THE NEED OF HAPPINESS

THERE is a proverb from some wise nation to the effect that "Fortune comes in at the smiling door," and there is much truth in the statement that happiness is a magnet that attracts unto itself more and more happiness. People never tire of adding a bit of pleasure to the life of one who is already amply provided with this beloved quality. There is a peculiar comfort in giving flowers to someone who loves them and already has a garden full. Rich people receive gifts that they are not in need of, while the poor are passed by. And much of this is because good fortune likes to knock at a smiling door, it seems to give abundantly where the treasury is already full.

Every joy seems to attend the step of him who springs buoyantly along the highways and byways of the world.

A certain poet whose creed is joy has declared that no medicine is so potent in healing the mind and body of man, that no lever is so effective in prying out a bemired chariot, no magnet so strong to coax wisdom, wealth, love to dwell as friends close to his side, as just joy.

"To covet nothing but kindness of heart," is to have this joy; to give generously rather than to beg eloquently, to strive and to enjoy the struggle rather than to whine because of the load, is to know joy.

We lose joy when we fix envious eyes upon something we have not, instead of placing them lovingly upon the one small meager little trifle we may already possess. If love increases with loving, it is equally true that happiness increases with being happy.

When Saadi was walking footsore and weary through the desert he complained bitterly because of the condition of his feet, but after a time he came upon a beggar who had no feet at all and immediately he was ashamed, ceased his complaints and rejoiced instead that he was able to pursue his journey.

To be happy is not to be dancing and singing, it is to become quiet, at peace. It is to fix the mind upon the goal and travel toward it, whether the way is difficult or not. It is progress, steady, sure, "to fight nor count the cost," to simplify rather than enlarge one's possessions, to appreciate the joy of travelling rather than the joy of arriving.

PICTURESQUE TREATMENT OF CITY WINDOWS

SOME homes need little decoration but the opening of their windows to make them lovely, for the pictures framed [illegible] are as so many Monets hung upon the walls. And the winds that enter are sweet with the perfume of flowers, as sweet as fabled Persian rose gardens or incense from temples of India. Curtains are flung wide and panes are large that nothing may obscure the perfect view of the wonderful pageant of nature that is a full year in passing by.

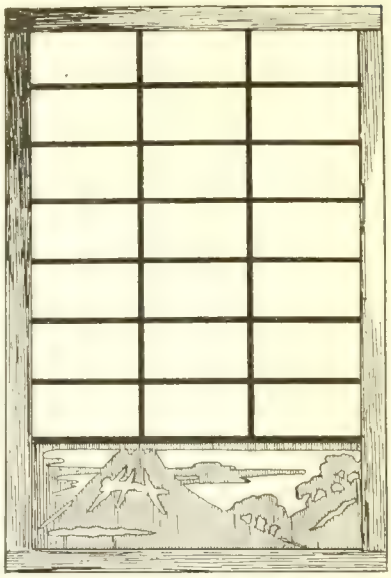
But there are other homes not as fortunate, for were the windows flung wide distressing backyards, monotonous brick walls or apartment house courts where the week's wash of numerous families is perpetually displayed in nerve-wracking confusion, would greet and offend the eye.

So the treatment of city windows must be carefully considered, and if after earnest effort on our part we fail to find a satisfactory solution of this important problem, it will be well for us to turn to the Japanese for inspiration. A window in their hands is sometimes so decorative, so attractive, that the lack of a view through it is not felt.

They have a way of handling bamboo or small strips of wood that touches the imagination. It is impossible to pass by one of these bamboo-finished windows without giving it a second glance, for its beauty is compelling and not to be overlooked.

The Japanese make the window interesting whether there is a fine view or not, and none can deny that a suitable frame enhances the beauty of the picture it encloses. If, however, the outlook is not all that could be desired they hang a transparent silk of sunlight yellow, or stretch creamy rice paper back of the bamboo.

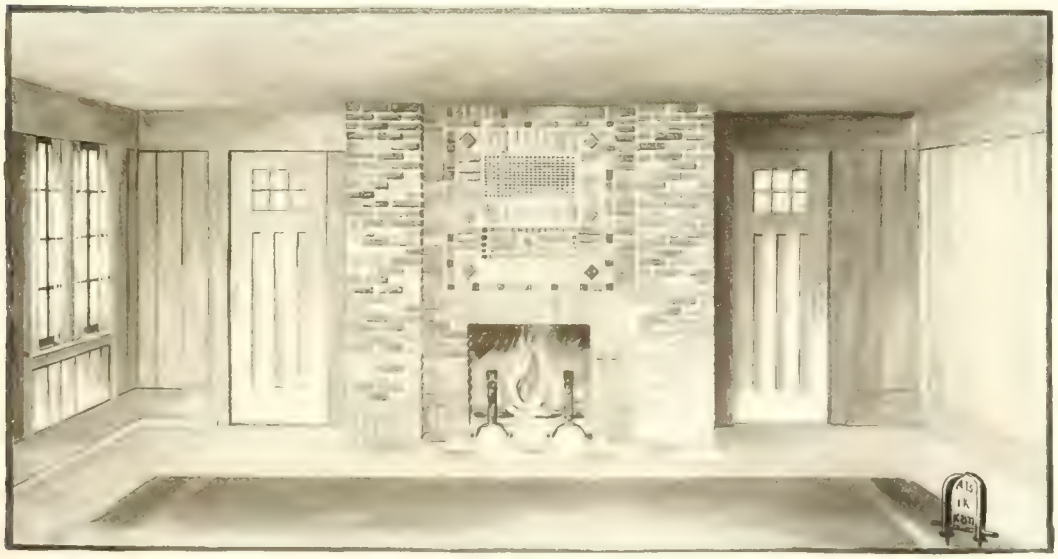
The placing of bamboo in squares or oblongs, in panels perpendicular or horizontal is worthy of study, for it is full of [illegible] charm. An illustration is given [illegible] window where the two upright [illegible] are set quite close together on either side of the window, helping to give an effect of height. If this design is to be adapted to our own city windows it would be well to experiment carefully with the placing of these perpendicular [illegible] quite close together and [illegible] from the casement then [illegible] together but further away from the casement, until a perfect proportion is obtained. The next important line is the single horizontal one at the bottom, for its distance up from the sill is a determining line of balance. The cross-bars at the top are not so important. The sketch was made from a bay window treated in this manner and an additional note of interest was the strips of bamboo that were set across the top and allowed to project beyond the window into the room for about eight inches. From the outermost strip was hung a lantern which completed the charming decoration.



WINDOW SHOWING JAPANESE TREATMENT OF WOOD STRIPS AND CARVED WOOD PANEL (NO. 3).

Vines could be grown in such a window and allowed to twine in and out through the overhead trellis and drop down now and then, giving an outdoor aspect to the whole end of the room. Especial note must be made of the method of construction, for the strips are tied together with twine—this tying not only being the easiest way to hold the strips in place but adding a little interest of its own.

The second illustration gives another method of using these slender bamboo poles, one that is easily adapted to windows of any size. The perfect square when used in trellis form is always attractive, and the breaking of the lower corners of the squares gives a sense of airiness quite in keeping with the arbor design. These strips are also tied together, the string being crossed as shown.

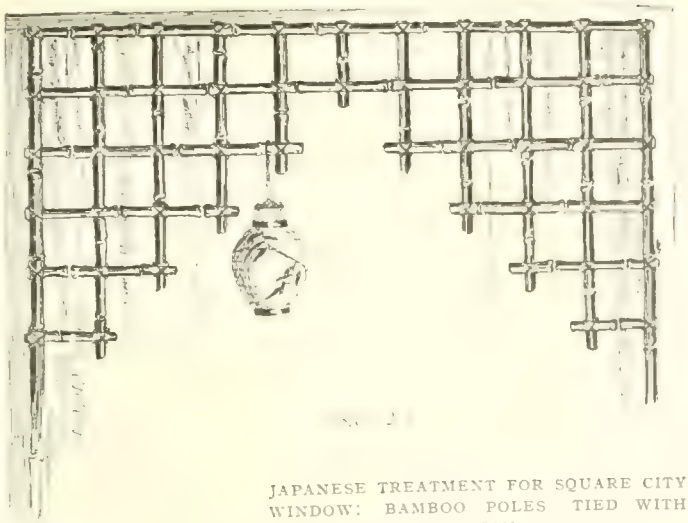


[illegible] WITH CYPRESS GABLES ESPECIALLY INTERESTING FEATURES [illegible]

CRAFTSMAN CONCRETE ONE STORY BUNGALOW No. 124 WITH PERGOLA PORCH AND EFFECTIVE USE OF LATTICEWORK

BEDROOM WITH CRAFTSMAN FURNITURE IN CONCRETE BUNGALOW

The third illustration shows the use of small square strips of wood halved together in oblong panels. The window is covered with this paneling, with the exception of an openwork carved panel of wood at the bottom. Back of this charming grill is stretched Habutai or Shikii silk of a soft yellow, which gives an effect of sunlight in the room. These Japanese silks are transparent, letting the light enter yet shutting out the unsightly backyard of some tenant whose carelessness in matters of neighborly consideration is much to be regretted. The creamy Japanese rice paper could be used to advantage in lieu of silk if desired.



JAPANESE TREATMENT FOR SQUARE CITY WINDOW: BAMBOO POLES TIED WITH CORDS AT EACH SECTION.

Still another form of wooden grill is shown in the fourth illustration, the charm consisting in the proportions of the spaces left by the shape of the grill which is halved together, a bit of cabinet work that is satisfactory wherever used. The silk used in this instance was a plain Hikaga with the birds appliquéd upon it so that there could be no mistake about the placing of the birds in the design. Again we must acknowledge the skill of the Japanese in the way of handling spaces. The birds are playing in natural joyous flight, so that the entire composition is graceful as a whole yet each panel is perfect in itself, the birds not being in the center, but in some corner, and one panel being left empty, which is equal to the effective pause that musicians use in their compositions.

There are various hand-stenciled designs of flowers or birds in the many colored Japanese silks that can be used to advantage in such a window. There are also the Madras nets with adaptable patterns, and a Moucha gauze with figures of rich design.

SUGGESTION FOR TREATING BATH ROOM WINDOWS WITH WOOD FRAMES AND CROSS STRIPS. SILK IS [illegible] TO THE [illegible] AND THE BIRDS ARE APPLIQUED ON THE SILK.

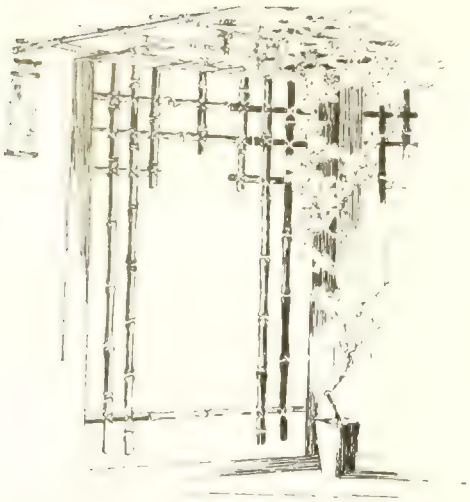
[illegible] 4

Any of these designs shown could be carried out by the home-maker at slight cost, but if by chance time is lacking to do all the work oneself then these windows can be made to order at a cost of about $1.50 a window. The silks vary in price, but the average is about $1.50 a yard. The Hikaga, however, is only 95 cents and the Japanese hand-stenciled silks, 75 cents a yard.

Now, if you have no brick wall to shut out of sight,—which almost means that you live in the country,—these designs can be used to advantage in many other ways. A bathroom window treated as shown in illustration number four would take the place of stained glass generally used, and be much more individual and satisfactory. Or the bamboo shown in the second illustration could be used as a finish for double doors between large rooms.

So many city windows, especially the old ones in lower New York, are glaringly large or square or unmanageable, but treated as shown in the first illustration, with delicate silk to give soft glow to the room, they would be transformed into objects of great interest.

Any of these designs can be carried out in summer homes by using rustic, either in small rounds or else half rounds, for some-



JAPANESE BAMBOO LATTICE WINDOW WITH VINES TRAINED OVER THE GRILL TO HIDE UNPLEASANT VIEW FROM CITY WINDOW: NO. 1.

times the sun shines too ardently for comfort and so must be subdued in some way.

To produce beautiful lines in a room is not difficult if one starts from the beginning, planning all details carefully, but to transform a badly lighted or poorly proportioned room into a beautiful one is truly difficult. To produce an artistic effect in such a case requires a knowledge of the art of proportion, an understanding of the principles of design as applied to the use of spaces. In window treatment two parallel bamboo poles can be so placed that the height or width of the window is increased or diminished to the desired proportion, and a little experimenting will enable one to achieve an arrangement which is satisfactory because of perfect spacing.

A study of the beauty gained by the division of large spaces into smaller ones will be of value to whoever is striving to make some ungainly, barren room look livable and homelike, or to transform a crude design into finished loveliness.

In fact by utilizing the many hints and suggestions afforded by the Japanese treatment shown here, there seems no end to the delightful possibilities for home decoration, not only for windows but for any portion of an interior that needs some artistic handling to make it friendly and interesting. And [illegible] a method imply goes to show how much can be accomplished with unsatfactory places if one can only bring into the fitting and furnishing of them the qualities of thoughtfulness, ingenuity and imagination.

VACATION WITH A CAMERA

EVERY vacation is or should be enjoyed three times,—in anticipation, realization and retrospection,—and of these the last is perhaps the best of all. For the trails that memory travels upon are pleasant indeed, leading us again and again to the same charmed spot. Like children, we find a peculiar fascination in an oft-repeated tale, providing, of course, the tale is a good one or suits our fancy. And so part of the fun of a vacation is the joy of re-living it in the telling of its delights to friends. If the friends are inclined to be skeptical about the size of the trout caught with a brown Hackle or bent pin, the beauty of the woods near the hotel or the charm of the home you visited, the length of the wildcats you saw, the coolness of the swimming pool, the fleetness of the sailing boat, the magnificence of the touring car, what satisfaction could be greater than to be able to say "Here is a photograph,—see for yourself!"

Such an argument is most effective, silencing doubts forever, for is it not said that "cameras never lie?" At least they do not default altogether from the truth, though they have a fiendish way of magnifying the freckles on our noses or subtracting all grace from a pose we imagined to be full of this alluring quality, and some people have been known to hold their biggest "catch" rather nearer the camera's recording eye than is consistent with perfect regard to perspective! It must also be admitted that cameras can never convey the full beauty of the evening sky or the morning light or roguish smile of the baby. Nevertheless they preserve for us many a beautiful day that might otherwise slip from our memory. We pin over our office desk a print of a quiet pool near which we lounged for one delightful day, and the sight of it often decoys us from the slough of our despondency or relieves our nervous tension by its healing quietness. We are refreshed at sight of it, as with a plunge into its soothing water.

The camera should play a leading part in all vacations because it portrays faithfully the main beauties of the brief jaunt into country life, enabling us to lengthen out the pleasure of that valued, refreshing oasis amid the year's merciless work. We can, with its help, surround ourselves with a goodly company of friends whose silent ministrations comfort us continually.

IRRIGATION FOR EASTERN GARDENS

A KNOWLEDGE of irrigation as practiced in the West would save many a little garden in the East from the droughts that visit them almost every season. We are rapidly awakening to the need of the conservation of our water supply, to the wise use of this precious power. And whenever man is confronted with a problem he can find some way to solve it.

In the practice of irrigating our gardens instead of "watering" them as we now do, lies the solution of the problem as far as the country is concerned, for a very little water will irrigate a large garden.

Farmers nowadays place their trust in science instead of the dubious service of their lucky stars. They have investigated, with science as counselor, the subject of watering the ground, and the results gained by what is called "dry farming" have astonished the world. The main factor that they have brought to general notice is that evaporation of water from the soil must be prevented, for it is not that there is a shortage of moisture in the ground but that it is unnecessarily wasted by evaporation. The success of the "dry farmer" depends upon the careful preparation of the soil, and upon the method he uses to keep the moisture in the soil until needed by the plants. The evaporation of water is chiefly at the soil surface, and since a loose, dry soil makes evaporation difficult, they keep the top inch or so of ground well pulverized. Fine-grained soils lose the least amount of moisture, so if the soil of your garden is naturally heavy and coarse, the remedy is to see to it that there are no cracks or large chunks of dirt at the surface. It is sometimes wise to scatter straw or leaves over the garden during a very hot, dry spell, for they help materially to keep the moisture in the ground.

Weeds, of course, drink as much of the precious water as do the flowers or vegetables, so the garden must be kept well weeded. In dry weather roots go far down into the soil in search of the water and mineral foods so indispensable to their growth, so the lack of rain will not mean their death if they have been trained to be watered once a week or once in two weeks instead of every night, as is so generally supposed necessary throughout the East.

The best way to water the garden is first to bank the dirt around the edge of it to the height of three or four inches, which can be easily and quickly done with a hoe. Then turn the water slowly into this enclosure, letting the hose rest near the ground, perhaps only raised a trifle by means of a small stone placed just under the nozzle. The leaves of the plants must not be wet, and the water must not run with force enough to harden the surface of the ground. It is best to do the watering at night so that it can soak well down into the earth where it is needed. Early the next morning the ground should be raked over carefully, broken into fine particles, so that the precious water cannot escape by evaporation.

This is the secret of the success of irrigation—that the leaves of the plants are not wet—that the water be allowed to run slowly over the ground and so penetrate deeply, and that the ground be lightly but thoroughly cultivated at the surface as soon as it begins to harden or cake over.

Another way to prevent the waste of water, to keep it from running into the paths where it is not needed, is to dig a little trench with the hoe around the plant at a distance from it that must be determined by a knowledge of the extent of the root growth of the particular plant, and run the water slowly into this trench, letting it absorb into the ground. Some plants send their roots almost straight down, so that the trench could be dug within a few inches of the plant. Others send out their roots almost horizontally, so the trench should be dug far from the plant. The water should be allowed to soak into the soil where the roots can quickly and surely drink it.

During the hot weather a plant is often killed or its beauty ruined by sprinkling the plant itself instead of watering only the roots, for the leaves open their pores to absorb the water and are therefore more sensitive to the direct rays of the sun, turning brown when the sun touches them before they have closed. So they should never be watered in the morning during hot weather. Plants can be trained to require water but once a week and they will thrive better if allowed to drink deeply at long intervals, than if given a little water every day.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The above [illegible] response to a request from one of our subscribers that we should furnish information that would help Eastern garden workers in dry weather.

ONE OF MR. MCDONALD'S HENNERIES.

GETTING NEARER THE CONSUMER: SUPPLYING FAMILIES DIRECTLY FROM THE FARM WITHOUT THE MIDDLEMAN: BY W. H. JENKINS

IN the future we may expect to see the producer and consumer brought closer together and, to a large extent, the middleman eliminated. In times past the raw produce passed through the hands of the local buyers, the manufacturer, the wholesale and retail dealers before it reached the consumer. Now, because of better transportation service, customers are being supplied with dry goods directly from the factories and large distributing houses, and we see the passing of the small retail store, in both city and country.

It is a fact that the staple articles of food, such as butter, eggs, milk, meat and fruits, deteriorate when delayed in reaching the consumer, by passing through the hands of dealers. The only way to have these at [illegible] produce them on one's own farm. The next best is to buy them from [illegible] can furnish such products direct from the farm and deliver them by express before they lose quality. There are more difficulties to overcome when supplying customers with perishable products from the farm than with dry goods from the distributing house or factory, and the movement in this direction in the marketing of [illegible] beef and lower.

The purpose of this article is to tell how [illegible] that it is possible and practicable to sell the products of the farm directly to families; how he established a farming plant and factory that are conducted on sound business methods; how the work requiring skilled labor is done by men trained in the agricultural schools; how the motive power for driving the machinery and lighting the equipment is a private electric water plant on the farm. This farmer, who is one of the pioneers in these progressive methods, is J. T. McDonald, and his farm is near the village of Delhi, N. Y. Prof. L. H. Bailey, Dean of the Agricultural College, Cornell University, said about Mr. McDonald: "When he came in my office and began to ask me questions, I found a man of whom I could learn." The result was a visit from Prof. Bailey to Mr. McDonald's farm.

Mr. McDonald belongs to the class of men who have been much alone in the quiet of the fields, whose life has been spent with nature much more than with men, and who have used their time for meditation, investigation and demonstration. His farm is located on a tributary of the Delaware river in Delaware County, N. Y., known as "Elk Creek." The alluvial soil along the stream, the upland pasture and the timbered hillsides afford the right conditions for dairy farming. Here the most nutritious grasses grow naturally and abundantly. The task which Mr. McDonald set himself was to grow maximum crops of grass and realize the most for it in marketable products. He realized that the most staple products are a guaranteed fine quality of fancy fresh butter and eggs, and that

many families would be willing to pay for them as high a price as is received by the retailer of such products in the city. He decided to convert the natural crop of the farm into these products and ship them by express to families, when they were at their best. He began with a herd of twenty-five cows and a small hennery to furnish families in the cities, whose trade he had obtained. One family would tell another about the quality of the goods they were getting from him and his trade so increased in a few years' time that his herd of cows was enlarged from twenty-five to one hundred. Buildings were erected and rebuilt, enlarged to accommodate the live stock, which now includes six hundred laying hens. Several men having families are hired by the year and cottages were built for them to live in, and the same men stay contented year after year.

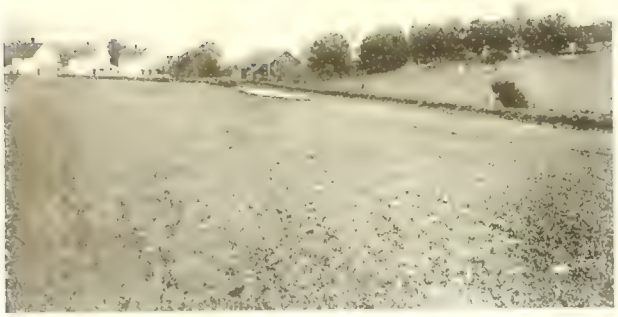
MR. MCDONALD'S DELIVERY WAGON

The many small orders from families for butter and eggs called for boxes of different sizes, that could be made each day, in which to ship them. To furnish the power needed on his farm a dam was built across the stream and a mill house erected, to which the water is conducted by a race. In the mill house, or factory, is a sawmill for sawing logs into boards, a planing mill and box machinery, all driven by turbine wheels. In this way the boxes are made from the lumber on the farm. The grain fed is purchased in car lots and ground by water power. In this mill house there is a generator, run by water power, that lights all the buildings and runs electric motors in the butter factory and in other places where it is needed.

The writer was in the butter factory, then in charge of a graduate from Cornell University. The orders having been received for the next day, he went to the mill and made the boxes to suit the orders for butter and eggs and fowl for table use. The express charges are generally no more for a small order for butter, if eggs or fowl are included in the same shipment, and so the families order what they require of the produce of the farm shipped at the same time.

In the summer the boxes are made large enough so that the goods can be packed in ice. Mr. McDonald's large, canopy-covered

THE RACE, FARM AND BUTTER FACTORY



A SWITCH OF FARM LAND AROUND THE HOUSE.

delivery wagon is driven to the railroad station five miles distant, each alternate weekday, carrying two days' produce from the one hundred cows, six hundred hens, etc. Three days from the time the butter is made, at the most, it is received by the consumer. The consumer gets a better product than can possibly be furnished by the dealer who must carry goods in stock, and Mr. McDonald gets all there is in the business.

The question will naturally arise in the minds of many, if these innovations of supplying customers directly from the factory and farm should become more universal, how will it affect the large class of merchants, dealers and middlemen? They will be driven into other employments, many of them to working the soil, so production will be increased, and the present high prices of country produce show that the country is consuming more than it is producing. Others will work at bringing out products and permanent improvements demanded by a higher civilization. Trade does not make wealth, and when it is not needed, the country will turn the energy so expended into other channels, and the result will be more material comforts placed within the reach of more people. Every capable and trained worker will find his place. This readjustment in the methods of distribution will be so gradual that workers will prepare themselves to meet new conditions.

Some of my readers will ask about the balance sheets in Mr. McDonald's plan of farming and marketing his products. It is sufficient to say that he began thirty years ago with little capital, that he has paid a large indebtedness on his farm as well as for permanent improvements worth several thousand dollars; he has established a plant that, like a well-managed factory, runs smoothly, and pays a good dividend whether he is present or absent; his fine country home, lighted by electricity at nominal cost, has all the modern improvements and comforts; a force of men are given good homes on his farms and are so well satisfied that they stay year after year; many city people have been supplied with the best the country affords at moderate prices,—these are among some of the good results of Mr. McDonald's work.

THE advantage of thus bringing the consumer and producer so close together is not wholly with the consumer. The rural producer is bound to take a greater interest in metropolitan conditions if he is associated with them by business ties. To make a success of his work he must understand the market, he must get into occasional contact with his customers. They would benefit from knowing the kind of life that he is living, and he in turn becomes broader from association with them.

There is no doubt of the fact that to increase interest in our rural life, city and country must be brought closer together. The city man must be made to understand that rural conditions mean the most wonderful things in the world—health, beauty, peace, comfort,—things not easily found in the tight life of high cities, and the country man must cease to imagine that the city is the only desirable place for brains and progress. To take advantage of opportunities in the country and to make the most of them mean the highest kind of intelligence.

THE BEAUTIFULLY LOCATED McDONALD HOME

A STUDY OF MODERN BUILDING MATERIALS

ONE of the most interesting details in connection with home building—perhaps the one least understood and certainly the most important—is the selection of the materials to be used in the construction of the building. There are many matters to be considered in making a wise selection. Americans have unfortunately too often made the cost the whole consideration and have left the selection of materials entirely to the contractor. As a result repairs are frequent and costly and American homes have acquired the reputation of being cheaply built.

The trouble is not with our artisans—American carpenters, masons and other mechanics are superior to the skilled labor of any other nationality, and it is an injustice to hold them responsible for the deplorable conditions which exist. Generally, these men have nothing to do with the selection of material or the methods employed in putting them together. It is the architect or contractor who selects the material and specifies how the work shall be done, and it is here that owners must look for changes that will bring about better and more permanent results.

In Europe the home is the proud possession of one generation after another, as it is handed down from father to son. Contrast with this the houses built for our ancestors a generation ago; in most cases the houses have tumbled down, and when still standing are considered a burden to the owner because of the expensive repairs necessary.

The argument is frequently made that "if a house will last for twenty-five years we expect to be able then to build one larger and better." True, but is it economy to build the small house so cheaply that in twenty-five years it is worthless? On the contrary, with the rapid advancement in the price of real estate in all sections of our country—the house ought to be not only worth much more than its original cost at the end of the period mentioned, but a charming home with its interesting bits of family history and romance for succeeding generations.

Permanent construction—houses built to stand for a century and longer—need not cost much more than the cheap, flimsy structures which today are so often being built.

Brick or cement foundation and walls, slate or tile roofs, brick, cement or tile porch floors will all stand the test of time, and be more beautiful at the end of a century than when completed.

Common hard-burned brick, if selected for dark color, and laid up in Dutch or Flemish bond, with half-inch joints, raked out to a depth of a half inch, make a most charming exterior. No wood or stone need be used, as sills and lintels can both be formed in brick, and thus become actual structural ornamentations.

Where one has the means and inclination for a more elaborate home, the market offers an endless variety of pressed and wire-cut brick in every shade or color. Some of the wire-cut bricks are as beautiful in color and texture as the rare tapestries of the Orient, and it is due to the genius of the American that we have brick which in these respects has no equal even in the famous buildings and ruins of Europe.

Cement as manufactured today is inexpensive, and if properly erected is as permanent as brick. Being a new product much experimenting has been done and many failures are the result, yet cement is surely becoming one of our principal and best building materials. Cement being a good conductor of heat and cold cannot be used as a solid wall without an air space because of the condensation of moisture on the inside walls. The ideal cement construction is two solid walls, side by side—with a 3-inch space between, and with no connection between the walls, except metal ties. Walls should be connected at top and bottom, rendering the space between "dead air" with no chance for circulation. Walls constructed in this manner will afford good insulation and will be free from dampness. Age increases the efficiency of cement, and it is practically impervious to the action of the weather.

Cement has been most unsatisfactory in this country where applied as stucco, and such trouble as occurs with this method is not with the cement but the method of application. The usual plan is to sheath with boards the entire exterior to be stuccoed, then apply waterproof paper and furr on top of this. Metal lath over which the cement stucco is applied is nailed to the furring.

This construction is not permanent. The metal lath being largely exposed on the inner side to the action of the moisture and air will last for only a few years and

[illegible] paper which will prevent the moisture which strikes through the cement from affecting the wood sheathing. Nothing can withstand the force exerted by the swelling of the wood, and sooner or later the cement will crack and fall off.

[illegible] metal lath made in the form of a [illegible] sparling the metal can now be had very cheap. This lath is applied directly to the studding—no sheathing being used—and is plastered with cement mortar on both sides, finishing to a thickness of 2 inches to 2½ inches. By actual test of several years duration metal lath embedded in cement in this way will not rust or corrode. The expansion of the cement and metal is practically uniform and this method at once becomes durable and permanent.

Wood is not a permanent material for exterior use; yet hand-split cypress shingles if carefully laid and fastened with copper nails will easily last a century without expense for painting or other care. The sawed shingle is generally short lived—25 to 50 years being about the limit of its usefulness—and besides it requires careful attention and considerable expense for painting. If wood is to be exposed to the weather it is wise to use cypress. This is one of the inexpensive American woods and has the greatest power of resisting the action of sun and water. It can be treated with a stain, because of its beautiful grain, or simply oiled—paint not being necessary to preserve it.

Porch floors are never permanent when made of wood. The pitch is not sufficient to drain off the water and prevent the wood from becoming water-soaked; and, usually being under a roof, the boards dry out very slowly, affording an excellent chance for decay. Cement and brick are so inexpensive that either can now be laid for these outside floors. If one desires more beauty and can afford it, various promenade tiles [illegible] which are equally useful [illegible]

The roof should have the most careful [illegible] Slate can be had now from $6.00 per square, up, and tile can be purchased almost as cheaply. Both of these materials are offered in various sizes, designs [illegible] any requirement, either in price or beauty, can easily be met.

Shingles or any of the various patented roofings offered are not permanent, and the [illegible] over 25 years

If building a home is worth doing at all it is worth doing well, not merely because it's a waste of money to build cheaply, but because of the influence on the rising generation of things well done—of permanent construction standing as a monument of sturdiness and honesty.

A modern term of reproach, of ignominy or insult, one applied to whoever attains a station that he is unable to hold, or constructs a building that will not stand the test of time, is "mushroom growth."

Nearly everyone has scorn in his heart for whatever is meant for show or display rather than for use, for secret fraud or incompetence instead of open candor and reliability.

The Pyramids have been the basis of innumerable sermons, their permanency will always be an inspiration to builders of buildings, builders of literature and of art. Because they have stood the test of time, even though built apparently on a foundation of sand, they have almost attained the respect accorded scripture. Pilgrimages are made to them from every part of the world because they are the opposite pole of "mushroom growth."

Life is complicated enough without putting ourselves to the needless task of doing everything today that was done yesterday—it is too much like children making sand houses on the shore of an ocean that each night erases the efforts of the day.

Kipling says that impermanency is the dominating trait of monkeys, that they build, or start to build, a home, that it is either abandoned or else falls apart. They make no provision for heat or cold or time or old age, just chatter aimlessly from day to day. Where man shows his supremacy over all the animal world and places himself close to the realm of the gods (the eternals) is just in the matter of desire for permanence, for eternal rather than for passing things.

Man stands on the level ground between the animals and the gods, he travels upward or downward at his individual will by his daily, hourly, choice of whether he will pleasantly, easily slip downward or whether he will with an effort climb upward. Now the building of houses is one of the countless opportunities for choice in this matter of making toward superior life or slipping down to a lower plane.

HOUSES INSPIRED BY CRAFTSMAN IDEAS: NUMBER THREE

THERE seems to be no limit to the interest our readers have shown in these houses built from Craftsman inspiration. Already we have published two articles on the subject, and the more we publish, the more letters we receive saying how much help and inspiration has been gained from Craftsman house plans. Almost every day brings us fresh photographs and floor plans which our readers feel sure we will be interested in as the houses have been built up from Craftsman ideas, and the homes more or less have become Craftsman homes.

Of course these houses have almost without exception been modified in the building. Very few have carried out the exact plans which were sent to them from the Craftsman drafting rooms, and so far in this group we have not published any house put up by our own Craftsman builders. In each instance, up to date, our plans have been put in the hands of the local architect or builder and have then been adjusted to the ideas of the owner, the location and general conditions. And after all this is an ideal way of building a home. In the first place to secure some practical, wise purpose in house construction, and adjust this to one's own needs, and then have the architect adapt it to such conditions as must modify its development.

Few of us have thought enough about either the philosophy or the economics of house building to depend upon ourselves to evolve a structure suited to our needs and comfort. When we start planning a house for ourselves, most of us, we think of certain features of other people's homes, which we have liked, and we plan somehow to combine these pleasant details for ourselves in one house. Beyond this, few of us have any ideal in our building, any definite purpose for our architect to adhere to. We like the piazza of one friend, the arrangement of windows in some house; we want more closets than Mrs. Smith has, and we must have a sleeping porch. We do not like dormer windows and we want a comfortable room for the maid. And so it goes.

THE HOME OF MISS K. C. KAKAS AT MILTON, MASS.

STREET VIEW OF MISS KAKAS' HOME

We believe that to most people the value of Craftsman house plans is that they furnish a foundation for building. They set forth one definite ideal and in spite of many changes in essentials for individual needs the ideal and purpose inherent in

[illegible]

Craftsman architecture must in the long run prevail in a house built from our plans. We have known from our own experience in the houses that we have built ourselves that almost without exception all the Craftsman buildings reveal a definiteness of construction, a symmetry and beauty impossible where a structure is put up without coherence of design.

It is equally true of people and houses that the haphazard is never beautiful, and unrelated detail can never produce harmony. The beauty of the great Gothic cathedrals is born of purpose. A series of clever disconnected ideas could never have produced the same result. The beauty (of its kind) of our own modern sky-scraper is again the result of inherent purpose and of vital need; whereas the hideous buildings which dot our poor, maltreated suburbs all over the [illegible] the result of the dishonesty of the builder, and of the kinds of people who want to live in them who must have fake [illegible] their neighbors.

[illegible] build a house from dishonest motives and live in it in mean ways and expect the building to be a very impressive piece of architecture. If a house is built solely to sell or rent to people whose lives are full of pretence, it becomes an abnor- [illegible] people do who blow and assume qualities which they haven't achieved through staunch living. We have got to put character in our houses to make them worthy of ranking as architecture, and we have got to have character in order to put it into them. It is impossible for a nation to live on the surface and to build permanently. It is impossible for a people to prate a philosophy very long that is not resting in sane living. You cannot trick truth; you can only lose your power to portray her beauty.

As a matter of fact there is no expression of human force and development or of human weakness and failure so absolute and final as the architecture of a country. It is quite impossible for a man to build a house that is not in a way his own autobiography. And a nation cannot hide her weakness so long as people must live in houses, for whatever is false, artificial, vitiated, insincere in the heart will eventually appear in the home, and the aggregation of homes is what brands the nation as having good or bad architecture. Very few of us indeed ever stop to think how utterly the architecture is born in the hearts of the people.

LIVING ROOM, SHOWING FIREPLACE IN MISS KARAS' HOUSE

The purpose of Craftsman architecture is not to start a new "style," to establish

an American architecture, to do something "different;" but to achieve something worth while, to help people to build simple, comfortable homes, to have places to live in suited to their income and their taste, to make it possible to have these homes permanent yet built with economy, and always to have them beautiful, knowing that these three attributes of architecture—permanence, economy and beauty—are forever closely interrelated. Gustav Stickley, who is the originator of Craftsman architecture, has just finished building his own home in New Jersey, from his own plans, and has succeeded in proving to his own satisfaction how nearly a house can be made to relate to the needs of the people who are going to live in it, and also in proving that the more satisfactory a building is as a home the more beautiful it will be as architecture.

One of the most charming houses built from Craftsman ideas that has ever come to this office helps to illustrate this article. It was built for Miss E. C. Kakas in West Medford, Massachusetts, by Mr. J. P. Loud of Boston. We feel that this house will be of special interest to our readers and for this reason we are publishing in full Miss Kakas' own description which she sent to us a few days ago.

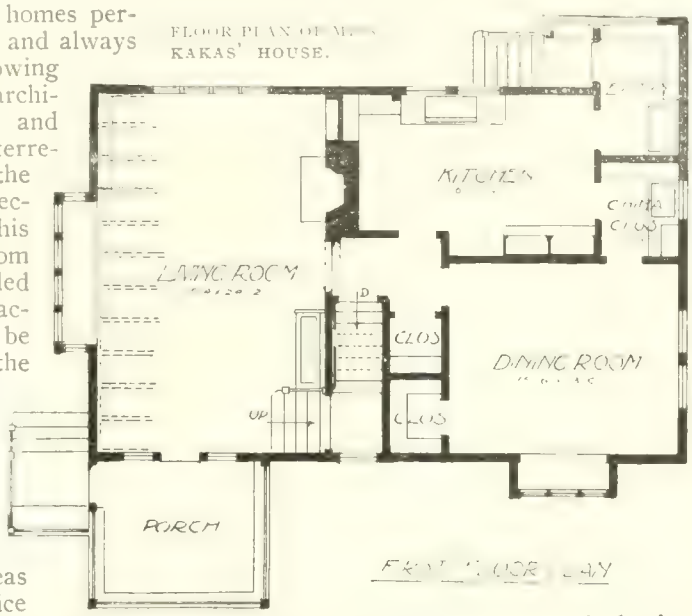
"OUR family having shrunk to two people, we found the old homestead of fourteen rooms uncomfortably large, so we decided to build a small house in the old-fashioned orchard garden, on the southern slope of the hillside facing the house.

"The lot is about one hundred and fifty feet square and the house was placed on a knoll at the extreme east end. The foundation walls are forty by twenty-five feet, leaving about fifty feet both at the front and rear of the house, which faces the long western slope overlooking the garden.

"The house is a frame structure boarded and lathed with clinton wire on furring strips, rough plastered with three coats of Atlas Portland cement, in the natural color. The cypress trimmings are stained brown, and the blinds painted green. The sloping roof follows the line of the hill, thus giving the house the distinction of complete harmony with its surroundings.

"The main entrance is approached by stepping stones of white tiles to an enclosed porch on the north-west corner, twelve by thirteen feet in size, which in summer is

FLOOR PLAN OF MISS KAKAS' HOUSE.



concealed by ornamental trees and shrubbery, affording a cozy living and dining room, and in winter, a sun parlor.

"A door with windows on either side opens directly into the living room, which is twenty-four by fifteen feet, additional floor space being given by a long bay window on the north facing the street. Four leaded, casement windows placed high and directly opposite the door on the east wall, give ample light and air.

"Opening from the center of the south wall is a passage leading to the dining room, kitchen, basement stairs and a coat closet. A large mirror on the left wall reflects a corner of the dining room, thus adding to the feeling of spaciousness. On the left of the passage is an open fireplace of common red brick, set in the paneling, and beyond it, a group of book shelves built in the wall. In the south-west corner five steps lead to a landing with a window facing the garden and turning to the left eight steps complete the stairway which is hidden by the wall partition. A square newel post extends from the heavily beamed ceiling to the floor, with a screen of two by two balusters, above a four-foot buttress to the wall, partially hiding the stairs. Between this stairway and the passage, a long wood box, form-

THE HOME OF MR. WALTER VAN DUYN

ing a seat, is an interesting structural feature of the room. In the wall at the back of the wood box, is a paneled door opening from the basement stairs through which wood is brought in.

"The room is wainscoted to the top of the window architraves with matched boards of North Carolina pine nine inches wide, rabbeted top and bottom with a beveled base and a three-inch plate shelf above. The ceiling is furred up between the three-inch floor joists of Southern pine, and is finished with rough cast plaster, as is also the frieze above the plate shelf. This is tinted a soft yellow giving the effect of sunlight

SHOWING CHARMING FIREPLACE FITTINGS AND FURNISHINGS IN THE LIVING ROOM OF MR. VAN DUYN'S HOUSE

THE HALL

The woodwork is stained in walnut sufficiently light in tone to bring out the beautiful qualities in the grain of the wood. The floors are slightly stained to harmonize with the general tone of the rooms.

"The dining room is thirteen-eight by sixteen-two feet, and is lighted on the south by two windows and a plant window on the west which is two feet deep, six feet wide, and three feet above the floor. This consists of five casements opening out, and the shelf is tiled with dark green Grueby tiles. The walls of this room are permanently covered with a soft silver-green book linen, paneled with four and one-half inch casings of North Carolina pine, stained bronze green. The ceiling and frieze are rough plastered in deep rich cream above a six-inch rail with a three-inch molding carried around the room above the windows. In the north-west corner is a large old-fashioned china closet fitted with drawers and cupboards. A swinging door on the south-east corner leads into a well-lighted service pantry, connecting directly with the kitchen. "The kitchen is a practical room,

fifteen by ten feet in size. The room is lighted by two mullion windows set above the slate sink, which is three feet six inches by twenty-one inches and set twenty-eight inches from the floor. The sink is flanked on one side by a large grooved draining shelf and on the other by a counter with cupboards three feet high, thus obviating any stooping. Open shelves on the north wall, between the sink and the gas range, and three cleats with hooks hold the kitchen utensils. A cabinet, on a line with the sink at the other end, contains the cooking materials. On the opposite side stands the table and chair beside the radiator. The walls are wainscoted in tiled Sanitas to the chair rail and painted above. The finish is natural hard pine, varnished.

DINING ROOM IN MR. VAN DUYN'S HOUSE.

"A large entry with broom closet, shelves, refrigerator, table and chair, leads to the back porch.

"An oak stairway leads to the basement landing which opens directly on the garden. At the left of this door four steps lead to the owner's workshop and studio, which is sheathed in common barn boards to the ceiling and stained a soft gray, as is also the hard pine floor. At the right of the landing four steps lead into the cellar which contains the hot water heater and coal bins and is partitioned off into a large storeroom under the front porch, a cold storage closet on the north, a servants' bath and a well-lighted laundry on the south-east which opens directly into the clothes yard. The basement walls are built of field stone with deep-pointed joints. Under the back porch is a large closet containing all the garden tools.

"There are three bedrooms. The largest, over the dining room, has four straight walls and three large closets, utilizing the space under the slope of the roof. An alcove over the porch contains three high casement windows, which, with two windows on the north and one on the east, give full circulation of air and plenty of light.

"The bathroom is entered from this chamber and the hall is wainscoted in canvas, painted with three coats of white enamel paint, and finished by a plain rail four feet from the floor. The woodwork is painted white and the walls a soft yellow. There is a built-in medicine or bottle closet, shelved from the ceiling to the floor.

INTERESTING CONSTRUCTION AND FINISH OF STAIRWAY

"The hall contains an extra large linen closet with open shelves and hanging cleats. The hall walls are covered with natural burlap and the chambers are papered with a small figured two-toned paper of the same pattern, using yellow for the north chamber, blue in the south-east, and écru in the south-west room.

"The house was evolved from long and careful study of the Craftsman designs and planned in every detail to meet our own requirements.

"The architectural drawings

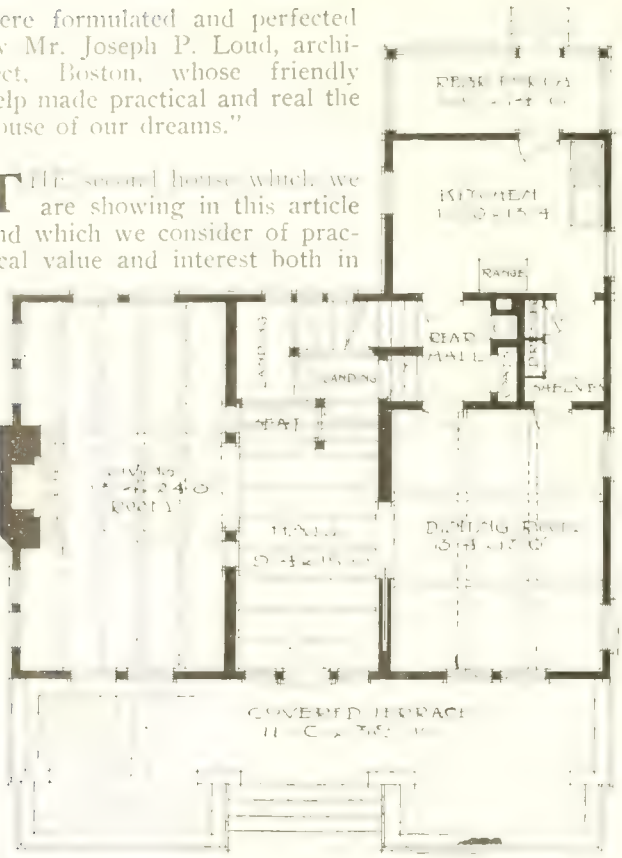
were formulated and perfected by Mr. Joseph P. Loud, architect, Boston, whose friendly help made practical and real the house of our dreams."

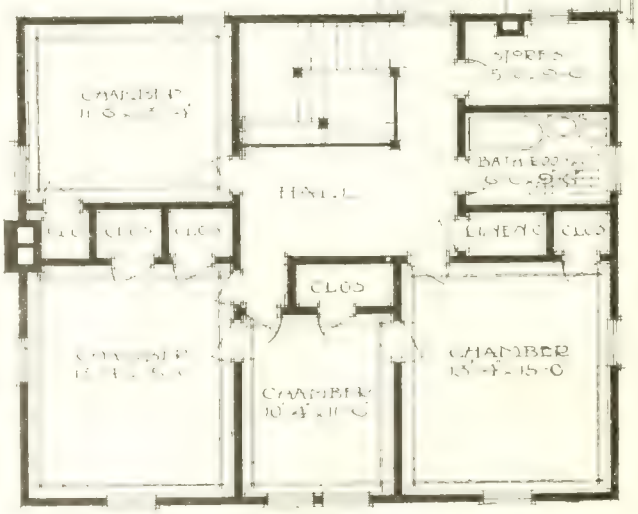
The second house which we are showing in this article and which we consider of practical value and interest both in design and furnishing was built in Springfield, Illinois, for Mrs. Walter S. Van Duyn. It seems to us that the pictures of the exterior showing the brick and shingle, also the interior with the plain walls and exposed construction, embody Craftsman principles in a most effective [illegible] We are very pleased with the opportunity of presenting it to our readers.

Mrs. Van Duyn writes as follows:

"Yes, we built a Craftsman house. It was finished five years ago this last March; two of your plans were combined by the architect who used the elevation of one and the floor plans of another, and we are delighted with the result which is very generally admired. All of our ideas for fitting were taken from The Craftsman. The copper hood shown over the fireplace came from the Craftsman shops. It is especially interesting over the bricks in the fireplace which are hard burned and laid in with black cement. As for the colors of the outside, the shingles are brown and the roof green, and the effect is singularly good in the fifty foot lot where it is placed, both against the green background of summer and the cooler tones of winter.

"All through the lower floor the woodwork is quarter-sawed oak with mission finish and the walls are finished with plaster, tinted green in the living room, yellow in the halls, and a golden brown in the dining room. The ceilings throughout are of a soft cream and the floors are oak. Upstairs all the woodwork is finished with white enamel and the doors are of birch. The bathroom, of course, is white enamel with a tiled floor. The cost of this house was between five and six thousand dollars."





SECOND FLOOR PLAN

It is well worth glancing at the floor plans of Mrs. Van Duyn's house in order to

understand how admirably the space is arranged, how comfort is first of all considered and yet how homelike and attractive the result is. The room shown in the photograph seems completely and permanently beautiful, equally rich and simple, dignified and friendly, a home in the fullest sense of the word. That Mrs. Van Duyn gives THE CRAFTSMAN such generous credit for the inspiration of her beautiful home is a matter of very genuine pride to us.

A VACATION IN A MOTOR CAR

FOR the average business man and woman, especially those whose days are spent within the chafing confines of some overpopulated city, the vacation is such a rare and treasured period that the right spending of it is a problem of no little importance. That particular fortnight on the calendar takes on a peculiar significance, quite apart from the other fifty weeks of the year, and plans are laid and pleasures anticipated long in advance. There are so many wonderful places to choose from, so many delightful ways in which this coveted reward of industry may be spent, that one is fairly bewildered by the variety. Mountain, shore and country all lure one with such beckoning invitation, nature in all her summer guises holds out such fragrant promises of pleasure or peace, that it seems impossible sometimes to decide which call has the most insistence.

Finally, however, the choice is made and the day approaches, and, in the pleasurable excitement of the moment, one forgets the inevitable drawbacks, annoyances and discomforts which always seem to mar even the most joyous holiday,—drawbacks which are often apt to balance or outweigh the delights. Yet in spite of this fact an overworked and worried humanity takes its vacation each successive year with undaunted courage though doubtful wisdom.

But perhaps, after all, this wisdom should not be called in question, for surely people know what they like? And if they really enjoy the exhilaration of the much patronized excursion, the incessant buzz of a popular resort, the wild, hilarous amusements along the boardwalk, the fashionable dress parade, the crowded beach and surf, then by all means let them seek that highly civilized section of the shore. Or if they prefer to sit in rocking chairs on the porch of a mountain hotel, discussing the latest eccentricities of art and literature, embroider table centers, or playing croquet on the lawn, then let us leave them to their own particular form of happiness. But for those who are really seeking the deep, refreshing draught of nature, the peace of long stretches of sand and sky, the friendship of the woods or the invigoration of sweet mountain air, away from the nerve-racking confusion, the worry and discomfort that infests the usual summer resort,—for those, if they have at their disposal that modern blessing—a motor car—the vacation problem has found a practical and joyful solution.

For with this means of locomotion at hand one is no longer confined to the beaten path. A trusty car, a good road, the right companions, a few serviceable clothes, a favorite book perhaps, a camera, and a lunch basket equipped for picnics in the cool green of the woods or beside lake or sea, and there is no end to the pleasant possibilities before one.

What could be more restful than long drives down winding country lanes, through sleepy villages, past scattered farms, beside fern-fringed brooks and little rivers, or along the breezy mountainside? What pictures could be more wonderful than the varying lights and shadows of the passing foliage, the changing colors of the meadow grasses, the blues and purples of the distant hills? What city fare could taste more appetizing than the simple food eaten with such relish from a green turf table by the roadside or on some broad slab or rock beside a bubbling spring? What florist's hothouse blossoms could be as lovely as the wild flowers that are to be had for the picking along the way? And what expensive city suite could offer such welcome hospitality as a room in some little country inn?

Any attempt to enumerate the delights of such a mode of traveling must be futile. Words are inadequate to translate its charm. But those who have once tasted its refreshing freedom, breathed its spirit of adventure, drawn new courage and inspiration from the contact with the big, generous nature world from which most of us have wandered so far; those who have found what an ineffable relief such a real holiday can bring them in contrast to the tiresome "attractions" of the average summer resort, will need no assurance of the value of the motor car.

But perhaps it is really the children who would appreciate it most, for in this way they would at least enjoy a maximum of freedom—their sweetest and most coveted possession! The wholesomeness of long days in the open air; the charm of new scenes, new flowers, new playgrounds and new pleasures; the joy of bracing winds, the fun of picnics, woodland rambles, explorations, and perhaps the gathering of wild berries for a juicy dessert; the fascination of fishing or of wading in the stream,—all these and many more adventures would surely be an irresistible appeal to any child! And in those few weeks of an out-door vacation might be garnered a store of childhood's happiest memories.

WILLIAM KEITH

WE have used for our frontispiece this month a photograph of the great Western landscape painter whose death in April of this year is a loss to the entire art world of America. Mr. Keith began painting the great lakes of California before any of our painters had thought America possible to paint, and were rushing away to France, Holland, Italy for inspiration.

Although we claim Keith as an American he was born in Scotland, in 1839. But he came to New York as a little lad, working with engravers' tools until 1859, when he went to California and began his art in its biggest sense.

Keith was a creator of Western art, or rather he was the first to understand the splendid glowing beauty of that region and to transfer it to canvas. There are schools of Western art today, but they all owe the beginning of the work to the open-eyed, open-hearted Scotchman who needed no predecessor and who was the pioneer for [illegible]

He has interpreted Western oaks so that their form and beauty are now understood and generally loved. He has shown them glowing with the rich color of midday sun, under tender deepening evening light, and expanding brightening sunrise. He has literally made portraits of them as they [illegible] in open field or grouped closely in groves. And he has managed to infuse them with a spirit so alive, so unmistakable that whoever once sees a picture of oaks painted as he has loved to paint them regards all oaks forever after with more interest.

He has proven that the West is paintable in a pastoral as well as spectacular way, that it is poetical as well as vigorous, that it has attractive "bits" as well as illimitable expanses. He has done much to dignify Western art and to bring Western beauty to Eastern eyes.

THE MACDOWELL RESIDENT FELLOWSHIP IN DRAMATIC COMPOSITION

THE Student Fund Committee of the MacDowell Club of New York City has offered for 1911-12 a fellowship in dramatic composition with a stipend of $600. The conditions of the Fellowship are as follows: it is to be assigned to a student in dramatic composition (the work now called English 47) and not for work in the history of the drama, though the holder of the Fellowship may be required to take courses in that subject. The MacDowell Fellowship is intended for some person whose means will not permit work at Harvard or Radcliffe without this aid. All applicants for *English* 47 for 1911-12 must file with Professor Baker, by August first, an original play. Those among the applicants who are also candidates for the Fellowship should in submitting their manuscript give a full statement of the reasons for their candidacy. Though one-act plays may be offered for admission to the course, the MacDowell Fellowship will not be assigned to any one submitting a play of less than three acts. Not more than one play may be handed in by each contestant. Candidates, on entering the competition, and at any time thereafter when called upon, must give Professor Baker such information as shall show their entire good faith and that the plays offered are solely the work of the persons submitting them. The name of the writer of the best manuscript submitted in competition for the Fellowship will be sent to the Chairman of the Student Fund Committee of the MacDowell Club, who will investigate the character and previous work of the candidate. If the Chairman is satisfied with the investigation, the candidate will be named as holder of the Fellowship. The purpose of the Fellowship is to aid persons who have already done dramatic work of promise, but who need some technical training to get their desired results. The Fellowship is open to students in dramatic composition in either Harvard or Radcliffe. Manuscripts, with return charges in stamps, should be sent by express to Professor G. P. Baker, Boulder Farm, Madison, N. H.

ALS IK KAN

A HIGH SCHOOL WORTH KNOWING ABOUT

AMONG the books that have come to us for review, few have brought us greater pleasure than the *Polytechnic Student,* published by the students of the Polytechnic High School of Los Angeles. This pamphlet of 150 pages is a presentation not only of the school work during the past year but of the purpose of the school work during all years. There are interesting articles in it by the students, and there is a resumé of school work as well as suggestions for the future. It is not only interesting intrinsically because of the material it presents, but is a most beautiful piece of book-making, in printing, make-up and color-scheme. Every page is well planned. There is always something of interest given and it is charmingly expressed. The cover is unique and worth the consideration of publishers of both magazines and books. It is extremely simple, of a rich brown fiber paper. The single decoration is in poster effect, in red, brown and blue. The decorative figure is of a student of the Middle Ages poring over an open volume. The combination of color is excellent and the design well suited to the cover and text matter.

The inside of the book is designed with the utmost care and artistic skill. There are very interesting pages of illuminated text and stories and poems set in illuminated margins. Practically all the letter press is set up with illuminated initials. The paper on which the book is printed is a rich heavy cream-coated stock and the printing is done in a warm brown ink.

We understand from the editor of the book that the illustrations as well as the reading matter are all the work of the students. If so, the school is indeed to be congratulated.

One department that greatly interested THE CRAFTSMAN contained pictures of the class of 1911, and a more intelligent, alert, happy group of students it has never been our good fortune to see. And we could not help but think how proud these same young people will be as they grow up to look back at this valuable book, to have it in their library for the pleasure of their own reminiscences and for the joy of their children. How it will recall to them the happiness of these really good school days, of their glee-club meetings, of their theatrical performances, of the public debate and of the splendid oportunity for development in the gymnasium. Some architect will recall that he had his first inspiration for designing houses there, and another man will remember how his mechanical bent was there developed, and how his success in life came to him through learning to think out in school those particular mechanical problems. And the girls will remember their chance for strength from basket-ball, baseball and tennis. And sometimes husband and wife who graduated in the same class will sing together the good old college music, and they will congratulate each other that they left school with their brain not merely a storehouse of facts but an excellent working exchange of useful knowledge, and that they also brought away from school bodies and souls strengthened for the big battles of life—which are more than likely not to be intellectual.

The pictures of the boys and girls who have stood first in athletics are full of interest in this book, for the young people have a fresh, radiant expression which means health and outdoor exercise. Happily for the women who graduate from this school the girls share with the boys all the best athletic opportunities, and this must mean much also in their mental growth.

Of course there is a class poet who does delightful rondelets; in fact there is more than one, and there is an excellent class poem. This high school seems to have neglected no department of usefulness for the boy and girl learning to think. It is a place for right living, for the growth of wholesome social interest, for the best bodily development, a place in which to find wisdom and to develop muscle.

THE CRAFTSMAN would like to suggest that high schools throughout the country send to the editor of the *Student,* Mr. J. F. Weston, for a copy of this interesting pamphlet, or rather for several copies, for distribution in their schools. It is well worth studying to find out that there is such a sensibly conducted school in America, and the proof of the excellence of the school is in the little book itself; for boys and girls who are not learning to think, who are not really interested in the good things of the early days of their life, could not design a book so tastefully, so full of potent suggestion, so fine a testimonial to their school life.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE LEGACY: BY MARY S. WATTS

WE hear so much and see so little of real American literature that many who would rejoice over its accomplishment have long ceased to hope for it. Our home-grown writers seem not only to fear the expression of fresh, native philosophy in their work, but are even timorous of American subjects. And if New York or the Middle West or the Pacific Coast insists upon serving as a background, the whole subject-matter is handled in imitation of successful French or English technique to remove the stain of provinciality.

Having arrived at the conclusion that there had not been an actual American novel since Theodore Dreiser's "Sister Carrie," which even London recognized the flavor of, "The Legacy," by Mary S. Watts, comes in for review and proves to be worth the sort of reading one would give to a new story of Dickens or Galsworthy or de Maupassant. It is born and bred in Americanism. It reveals to us the Middle West without manipulation, yet without one moment's deflection. Mary S. Watts never adds one inch to the stature of our plebeianism, nor does she deteriorate for an instant into mere caricature. She knows her people and her civilization by heart, and she handles both with a fine sincerity and most exquisite humor. She is neither a photographer nor a realist nor an idealist. She simply *knows the life*. Then, the people are born and grow up as they must in the environment which she furnishes. They one and all possess the vices of their virtues and the virtues of their vices, and out of both conditions the individual character develops, related inevitably to others of the same soil, yet differing, too, as essential personality may insist.

"The Legacy" is called "The Story of a Woman." It is amazing how this one character dominates the book, for she is a woman without especial beauty or unusual education, without any rare gifts, without money or interesting opportunity; yet quite unconsciously, as far as she is concerned, she overtops her environment. She dominates her friends and her relatives, yet never for a moment is she out of the picture. She could only be [illegible] and flourish in the country that produced her and surrounds her. Her attitude toward life is more or less negative. It is well regulated, well restrained. She is constantly controlled by her very restricted idea of good breeding. Nevertheless, on every hand the drama and tragedy of existence centers about her, and she becomes the force which animates all lives radiating out from hers.

The story is divided into four books. The characters do not round up and bow to you at the end of each book. Nothing is forced. The people come and go through the various chapters and pages unexpectedly, as life is unexpected, irritatingly, as people do in life at the wrong times, without very much sequence, and you watch them with a reticent delight as you would study your own neighbors and friends.

From the point of view of one who has read and reviewed many stories in the past few years, "The Legacy" is the most complete, masterful, inevitable presentation of a definite period in our American civilization, or lack of it, that we have produced, if we except "A Certain Rich Man" and the book already mentioned by Mr. Dreiser. After reading it you will wait with eagerness for Mary S. Watts' next excursion into the souls of our new-world people. And also you remember that she has written another story called "Nathan Burke," and you send for it at once. (Published by The Macmillan Company. 394 pages. Price, $1.50 net.)

ROBINETTA: BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN, MARY AND JANE FINDLATER AND ALLAN McAULEY

THESE popular collaborators have given us another delightful love-story with an old-world setting. A plum-tree and a little old woman whom it benevolently supplies with jam form the nucleus around which are gathered the rest of the people and the plot—if plot it can be called. The exquisite, irrepressible youth of Robinetta herself, whose American manners are such a trial to the patience of her sternly respectable English aunt, gives the tale such freshness and buoyancy that one can hardly be surprised at the rapidity with which the inevitable young London lawyer succumbs to her charms. The few but cleverly sketched characters with their amusing eccentricities, and the contrast between American and English ways and viewpoints, give opportunities for humorous and kindly satire which the authors have utilized with

enchanting result. (Published by Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston and New York. 330 pages. Price $1.10 net.)

RUST: A PLAY IN FOUR ACTS: BY ALGERNON TASSIN

AS a rule nowadays when a young man starts out to write a play, especially if he is a young American, an author of some standing, he has some definite purpose in writing it, some ideal to uphold, some philosophy to express, some social condition which ought to be dealt with. In fact, it is this sort of purpose which makes a play or a book worth writing. We have grown, even those who think least among us, to expect something definite in a play, something accomplished at the end, something proven. Either "women should have the votes," or "men's lives should be restricted," or "daughters should have a different education." In fact the world is full of amazing situations and problems to be solved, all of which are worth putting on the stage, providing that in the drama in which they are presented some progress is shown, a variation in human nature is presented, balanced, logically developed; that the psychology is true, and that the climaxes of the play result from right psychology, and that the final climax of all is the proof that the author really has had something to say. A mere cross-section of life with a lot of characters moving violently about in the same place is no material for a play. Neither is a confusing group of people essentially unrelated, each one striving to express his personality, a chance collection of humanity who in real life could never amalgamate.

Yet these conditions are exactly what one feels in Mr. Tassin's play, "Rust." He seems to have collected a number of people who interest him, but whom you cannot imagine would interest each other. He has for a theme (whether handled from the point of view of a realist or a satirist it is hard to say,) that women cannot be contented, at least some women, with the purely social world, that there are women who either want work of their own or knowledge of their husband's work to keep up interest in life. But this theme never develops. You find at the end of the play the husband is still bewildered when *Judith*, the wife, speaks of her interest in work. And instead of proving that *she* has the judgment either to work or to appreciate what an intelligent man would be likely to do, *Judith* "balls up" her own life in the most futile and silly fashion because she is annoyed that her husband does not understand her. (Published by Broadway Publishing Co., New York. 172 pages. Price, $1.00.)

THE WEAVERS: BY GERHART HAUPTMANN

A play so tremendous in significance, written so simply, so without affectation of any description is a rare contribution to the literature of any land. In fact so great a play as "The Weavers" has never been written in America and not often on the continent. As you begin the very barren dialogue between the group of weavers waiting to be paid it seems almost incredible that such simple words, handled with such restraint, could carry such a tremendous burden of tragedy. And when the tragedy reaches its height there is never any superfluity of words, there is never any elaboration of method. And the inevitability of the tragedy is felt almost as soon as the curtain is up. There is nothing done to make you understand the character of *Dreissiger*, the manager. He does not say anything unusually cruel, and the people do not show any symptoms of retaliating when they are underpaid by him. They are rather frightened and helpless. And yet Fate is moving about over the stage, fettering the chances of life of this complacent person, opening up avenues for the possibility of better living for the poor weavers.

The situations are not made up and the people put in them. It is because the people are of the particular kind that Hauptmann writes of that the situations come about. The writer is not building up the climax. Fate is building. Each one who speaks, each one who takes a place in the drama is essential, and the result of the final terrible attack upon the house of the manager, the destruction of everything that lies in the way of these down-trodden and gentle people is appalling, as such swift tragic uprisings would be appalling in real life. The man who has never spoken above a whisper during his life shoots down the people whom he was hardly conscious of being oppressed by. And still the conversation between the people goes on in the quiet monotonous almost dull way in which the story commences. And at the end an economic revolution has been accomplished.

[illegible] leading the wretched, poor Sicilian weavers, back in the forties, a place and condition known little except to those who have been born in the country and forced to understand its conditions. Although Hauptmann went away from his native town of Salzbrunn and attended an art school at Breslau, and later universities in Berlin and Jena, he seems never to have forgotten conditions in his own land and their need of readjustment. (Published by B. W. Huebsch, New York. 148 pages. Price, $1.00 net; by mail, $1.08.)

THE DWELLER ON THE THRESHOLD: BY ROBERT HICHENS

IT is difficult to exactly characterize this latest romance of Robert Hichens'. You are told by the publishers that "with all the strangeness of the story Hichens' writing makes it seem natural and entirely within the field of possibility." The impression on the reviewer was quite the reverse. The story is well done and all the people are possible in certain phases of rather dull English life, but you do not quite understand whether the young curate is definitely trying to injure the man who has been his friend and idol, or whether fate is merely readjusting conditions for them, and he has actually learned the ways of his master, or whether it is all in the portrayal of another realm. And in any case it is rather irritating that all the mistakes of one man should be repeated in another man, and that both people should be injured in the process, and that even the harmless wife should somehow seem to be made to suffer through conditions over which she had no control. *Lady Sophia* is little more than a manikin in the tale, proud of her husband, the *Rev. Marcus Harding*, and then falling in love with the curate, is repulsed and shares in the general unhappiness of the end of the story. (Published by The Century Co., New York. [illegible] Price, $1.10 net.)

THE COUNTRY LIFE MOVEMENT IN THE UNITED STATES: BY L. H. BAILEY

"[illegible] movement," as Professor Bailey says, "is the working-out of the desire to make rural civilization as effective and satisfying as other civilization," and in the present volume he has taken up the several phases of this important subject in a clear and practical way. Not only has he discussed the movement from the general and the individual points of view, and considered it in its economic, political, social and hygienic aspects, but throughout the book along each of these lines he has offered suggestions and outlined working plans as to how the difficulties and dangers of the situation may be met or avoided.

The national and international phases of the movement, and the Commission on Country Life; the contrast and comparison between city and country people; the decline in rural population and the resulting "abandoned farms;" the reclamation, reservation and irrigation of land; agriculture in the public schools, with outlines of a State educational plan; woman's contribution to the country-life movement; community life in the open country; the labor question and remedies; the problem of the "middleman;" county and local fairs,—all these and many more sides of the movement are discussed in a practical and interesting way.

There is one point about the whole matter that seems as significant as it is encouraging, and that is, as Professor Bailey says, the fact that the movement is really a voluntary one. "The interest in country life," he writes, "is gradually assuming shape as a voluntary movement outside of Government, as it properly should do. It should be in the best sense a popular movement; for if it is not a really popular movement, it can have little vitality, and exert little effect on the mass of the people. As it gets in motion, certain things will crystallize for the Government to do; and governments will do them."

As regards the necessity for present action, he says: "It is perfectly apparent that the fundamental need is to place effectively educated men and women into the open country. All else depends on this. No formal means can be of any permanent avail until men and women of vision and with trained minds are at hand to work out the plans in an orderly way." (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. 220 pages. Price $1.25 net.)

THE SOUL OF THE INDIAN: BY DR. CHARLES ALEXANDER EASTMAN

IN this book Dr. Eastman has painted the religious life of the American Indian as it was before the white man came and left his mark upon him. An Indian speaks for the first time in history of things generally held by his people as too sacred to be uttered in speech, and the same eloquent,

deeply religious feeling inherent in this vanishing race is felt throughout the book. Dr. Eastman speaks with an authority one must respect, for his father was a full-blooded Sioux and his mother a half-breed. And he speaks with an understanding tone and in the tender, poetical language of the home life and of the religious life of his people. No one can read the first two chapters of this inspired little book without a feeling of gratitude to the author that he has preserved for us so true a record, and given us a better understanding of this interesting people.

The chapter on *The Great Mystery* is as eloquent a sermon as we could wish to read, and makes us think that we might have learned of the Indians a truer method of prayer than the begging, beseeching attitude we are so prone to take. For whenever they saw some especially beautiful valley, or sunset sky, or a rainbow arch over a mountain, they paused a moment and gave praise, unspoken, but from the heart. "The worship of the Great Mystery," says Dr. Eastman, "was silent, solitary, free from all self-seeking. It was silent, because all speech is of necessity feeble and imperfect . . . it was solitary, because they believed that He is nearer to us in solitude, and there were no priests authorized to come between a man and his Maker. . . . There were no temples or shrines among us save those of Nature. Being a natural man, the Indian was intensely poetical. He would deem it sacrilege to build a house for Him who may be met face to face in the mysterious, shadowy aisles of the primeval forest, or on the sunlit bosom of virgin prairies, upon dizzy spires and pinnacles of naked rock, and yonder in the jeweled vault of the night sky! . . . He needs no lesser cathedral!"

The second chapter on *The Family Altar* touchingly refers to woman's position, and the Indian ideas of hospitality and of friendship. One quotation will serve to show that the ideal of woman was the same among them as it is among every other nation. "Thus she ruled undisputed within her own domain, and was to us a tower of moral and spiritual strength, until the coming of the border white man, the soldier and trader, who with strong drink overthrew the honor of the man, and through his power over a worthless husband purchased the virtue of his wife or his daughter. When she fell, the whole race fell with her." (Published by Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. 170 pages. Price, $1.00 net.)

DRY-FARMING: A SYSTEM OF AGRICULTURE FOR COUNTRIES UNDER A LOW RAINFALL: BY JOHN A. WIDTSOE, A.M., PH.D.

THE possibilities of dry-farming as shown in this book leave no doubt in the reader's mind as to the ultimate conquering of the dry places of the earth. The author has assembled the known facts of science regarding this important subject—namely, the production of plants without irrigation in regions of limited rainfall—giving convincing statistics and setting forth the advantages of this newly discovered system. Now that we have awakened to the necessity of conserving the water supply of our country, investigation into the possibilities of cultivating land with a minimum amount of water will appeal to every produce grower in the country. The book should be in the hands of every scientific farmer, and it furnishes interesting reading to every thinking person. (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. 416 pages. Profusely illustrated. Price, $1.50 net.)

GARAGES AND MOTOR BOAT HOUSES: COMPILED BY WILLIAM PHILLIPS COMSTOCK

SINCE there is no precedent for garage builders to follow, no previous ideas to adapt, no well-worn rules to be strictly adhered to, architects have resorted to the effective combination of their own practical common sense and their own feeling for beauty, and have thus produced a new type of architecture. The chief requirements of this strictly modern structure being simplicity the designers are forced to hold closely to one of the first laws of beauty, and are producing buildings of rare charm. A book that effectively illustrates the all-round satisfaction derived from the blending of beauty and practicality has been compiled by William Phillips Comstock, editor of the *Architects' and Builders' Magazine*. This book shows garages and boat houses distinctive in construction and in the manner of adapting a building to its surroundings. Garages for private and public, country and city use, motor boat houses, and garage equipments and accessories are subjects which are treated with interesting text and picture. (Published by William Comstock

[illegible] New York. Illustrated. 110 pages. Price $2.00.)

THE DOOR BEAUTIFUL

THOSE who appreciate the possibilities for beauty which are so apt to be neglected or overlooked in the entrance to both the home and its rooms, will be inter[illegible] in a tastefully bound booklet, illustrated with pictures of Morgan Doors.

Exterior and interior doors of many different designs are shown, in birch, oak and ash. Doors for the living rooms, solidly made, simple in line and pleasing in grain; bedroom doors with full length mirrors; sanitary bathroom doors; terrace and Dutch doors, and Craftsman doors with small glass panes set in the top to match the little sidelight on either hand. There is, in fact, a substantial friendliness about the various designs that is as charming as it is practical.

"The door is such a prominent detail of the building," the booklet tells us, "that the owner can well afford to give very serious consideration to the selection. The artistic effect of an otherwise ideal interior is very often ruined because of doors in discord with the architectural motif. The most careful finishing of a house can be cheapened and the house made to look shabby by the use of flimsy, badly-made doors."

This statement is certainly no exaggeration, and the majority of the designs and the quality of workmanship which the illustrations of this little book display show that much careful thought and artistic feeling has gone into the making of the Morgan Door. (Published under the supervision of the J. Walter Thompson Co., for [illegible] Company, Oshkosh, Wisconsin. 48 [illegible])

WHILE CAROLINE WAS GROWING BY JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON

MR. [illegible] has never written anything better than this book—nothing quite so good. It is brimming with the sweet spirit of unspoilt childhood, and appeals to the heart by its deep humanity and the mind by the way in which it is expressed. Writers of uninvolved English are too rare nowadays! There is a simplicity in expression combined with a [illegible] that makes this story of a little girl and the people around her a winning tale of fresh charm and sustained interest. (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. Illustrated. 330 pages. Price, $1.50.)

BOOKS RECEIVED

"Optimos:" By Horace Traubel. Published by B. W. Huebsch, New York. Frontispiece photograph by Clarence H. White. 371 pages. Price $1.50 net.

"The Diamond:" By W. R. Cattelle. Published by John Lane Company, New York. Profusely illustrated. 433 pages. Price $2.00 net; postage, 15c.

"Grover Cleveland: A Record of Friendship:" By Richard Watson Gilder. Published by The Century Company, New York. 28 full-page illustrations from photographs. 270 pages. Price $1.80 net; postage, 12c.

"A Paradise in Portugal:" By Mark Sale. Published by The Baker & Taylor Company, New York. 168 pages. Price $1.00 net.

"Wandering Ghosts:" By F. Marion Crawford. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. Frontispiece. 302 pages. Price $1.25 net.

"The Gleam:" By Helen R. Albee. Published by Henry Holt & Company, New York. 312 pages. Price $1.35 net.

"Trevor Lordship:" By Mrs. Hubert Barclay. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. 389 pages. Price $1.20 net.

"The Colonel's Story:" By Mrs. Roger A. Pryor. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. 387 pages. Price $1.20 net.

"Miss Livingston's Companion: A Love Story of Old New York:" By Mary Dillon. Published by The Century Company, New York. 434 pages. Price $1.30 net.

"The Lever:" a Novel: By William Dana Orcutt. Published by Harper & Bros., New York. 319 pages. Price $1.50 net.

EDITOR'S NOTE: We regret that through the confusion of correspondence a poem was attributed to Robert Louis Stevenson, in the July number, which was written by Mrs. Roscoe P. Conkling on the fly leaf of Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verses."

"IN THE KITCHEN GARDEN." FROM A PAINTING BY THE LATE FRITZ VON UHDE.

THE CRAFTSMAN

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IS OUR PRESENT VACATION SYSTEM A MENACE TO THE HEALTH AND PROGRESS OF OUR SCHOOLCHILDREN?

EVERY normal healthy child is burning with interest in regard to all natural—and for that matter all supernatural—conditions. "Why?" is the unceasing word in the mouth of all youth. And what is education but answering why? Children are full of interest in all material as well as spiritual phenomena. An education should be but the means of slaking this thirst for knowledge. And yet how unrelated modern education really is to little children!

For with this wholly natural desire *to know* instinctive in every normal child, we have contrived to make school (the fund of all general information) the most abhorred of childish experiences. By our school systems we have killed children's interest in acquiring facts. We have made them resent opportunities for getting knowledge. We have made them feel that to drink of the great, wide, flowing rivers of wisdom is a hardship and a burden and an injustice. We have put a premium on truancy in their fanciful little minds which can only be overcome by the fear of the truant officer. We have established a system of education to which young folks thirsting to know life have to be dragged by the strong arm of the law, with the fear of punishment in their hearts! Surely we are not yet quite on the right educational road.

But as though it were not enough to have made children hate education, we have done them further injury by creating a time of absolute idleness called vacation: about this time of unrestraint and weariness we have draped the mantle of romance, and if we have made our schooldays stand for all that is difficult, tiresome and uninteresting, we have instilled in childish minds the equally unreal idea that this idle time is filled with freedom, joyousness and permanent good.

Yet the normal little child is never naturally idle. The happiest and healthiest little children in the world are most often to be found speeding toward the carpenter's shop, the kitchen, the sewing room, the garden. These are the favorite haunts of simple, genuine child-

hood. No child with even the least chance for the right bringing up counts an idle day a happy one. And practically every child we have ever known would rather do real things than "play pretend." It is the mothers and fathers who separate play from work, study from joy, presenting work as unpleasant and idleness as delightful; whereas, as a matter of fact, children whose fine little souls have not been twisted out of shape by unthinking parents love to help, love to accomplish. They like to make beds and wash dishes and dig in the garden, and their best-beloved "playthings" are hoes and rakes and little brooms and shovels. A boy for the time may like his glittering tin express wagon, but once give him a chance to make a wobbly, unfinished wooden wagon for himself and he will treasure it for years and he will learn something making it. He will work and ask questions and acquire information and develop, and think it all the greatest fun in the world!

THIS instinct for work, for accomplishment, is innate in all normal children. They "play" in the ordinary acceptance of the word only as a substitute for work. They want to *do*, to *make*, to *succeed*. They only cease to want to work when it is presented to them as a hardship, when it is separated from companionship and joy, when they are made to see it in the light of a punishment. It is we older folks who have made children dislike work by making the work which is given to them sordid, cruel, without right relation to life, untouched by the light of youth's imagination. We render work, the most essential thing in life, intolerable to our little children, and then we seek to remedy this abnormal condition by creating a time of idleness—our vacation season—as compensation for the wretched schooldays we have thrust upon them.

Thus, instead of regarding education as an open door into a beautiful room filled with the great marvelous, mysterious facts of life, through which little children are allowed to pass to their great delight and happiness, we make the schoolroom of the present time a sort of prison where children are shut up through terrible hours of restlessness, and "education" a formal system of confused subjects, presented without kindness, without reality. We expect our children to hate this system, and they realize our fondest hopes. And vacation time which we hold up as the goal and opportunity for childhood's joys is as unwise and irresponsible as our educational institutions are dreary and ineffective.

From the earliest days we seek to rob children of their natural instincts *to know* and *to do*, and instead of enlarging these impulses through the right instruction we have developed an "educational

institution" which submerges the proper instincts of childhood and is only of value to adults as a chance to pamper their own vanity and to exercise their futile learning. In other words we allow the unthinking, the selfish, the vain to exploit childhood in order that a wasteful, unprogressive institution may thrive.

"But quite apart from good or bad qualities of our present school systems, surely children must have a play time, a rest, for the sake of their physical development?" This is the plea made by "lovers of children." Vacation, they say, must be good because it is the reverse of the school system which they have invented, and which, according to their own strong logic, must be bad. And so children have three months every summer of unrestrained, unproductive idleness. And this period of wasted energy is called "play," and children are taught to look forward to it, to regard it as the only real joy of childhood, as a reward for the awful other months of incarceration in schoolrooms.

And because most of us have accepted this tradition of separate work and play for our children, we are shocked at the idea that vacation as it exists today is an unhealthful, unprogressive, abnormal condition to which we subject our children, no more enlightened than our "prison-school" system to which we also subject them for a longer period of time.

IF FOR no other reason, our present arrangement of vacation is too great a rebound from too much school discipline. Such a violent reaction is bound to be demoralizing both spiritually and physically. Children cannot adjust their little lives so swiftly to violent changes. They cannot comprehend why such "high ideals" as school on one hand and vacation on the other should be so utterly contradictory and so utterly remote from each other; why it should be good for them to work too hard one season and play too hard another. It brings about a confusion in standards that is disastrous. It certainly must be a perplexing occupation to be a modern little schoolchild!

But how significant is this one plea offered for the modern vacation, "that it sends children back to the weary school hours better prepared to stand the nine months strain on health and amiability?" If it were true and if our school systems could not be reorganized, there should be no complaint made of this wholesale vacation plan now in good repute. But as a matter of incontrovertible fact this one foundation on which the whole edifice of vacation rests is unstable; our children do not return to the winter's work refreshed and vigorous for the nervous intellectual race. It

has been proven by accurate scientific experiment that the average health of schoolchildren in the fall is lower than in the spring just after the close of school—and this in spite of the fact that most of our schoolhouses are arranged for no outdoor life, have hours too long for little children to remain inactive, and a confusion of subjects little short of maddening for undeveloped brains. These experiments have proved that bad as our arrangement for indoor school work is at present, it is better for children's health than unrestricted liberty, unlimited idleness, unbridled overexertion, lawless overeating and the whimsical gratification of unreasoning impulses.

This description of the average American child's vacation may sound exaggerated to the unobserving; it is, however, tragically true, and the experiments above alluded to have proved that our children as a rule return to school life after this sort of holiday in a depleted physical condition, irritable and nervous. Under these circumstances, so long as vacation is used not as an opportunity to recruit the health of children, but rather has degenerated into a means of destroying their moral fiber as well as their physical well-being, it can scarcely be regarded as a valuable feature of our present civilization.

AMONG the various plans that are being tested for the readjustment of our present faulty vacation systems is the establishment of Vacation Schools, where interesting study, short hours, outdoor occupation all coöperate to awaken in children their normal enjoyment of work and study, and to save them from the results of the archaic ideal of strenuous idleness. The secret of the success of the vacation schools has been in teaching the children those things which they long to learn. With the pupils, excepting sometimes delinquent scholars who are retrieving past failures, work has become a pleasure. The children are happy, contented, eager. They are learning the things that count. To the average child the prospect of having ultimately to earn his own living has become in our civilization a fearsome one. Therefore, any teaching that makes the hands skilful—(and all primary, necessary occupations have need always of the trained hand)—any teaching that makes a child proud with the spirit of self-mastery and puts him, when at length brought face to face with the world, upon a firmer footing, is desirable and can be made popular with children.

A child grasps first and most readily the concrete example, and from that, reasons to the abstract. It is essential in matters of practical teaching to recognize this fact of fundamental importance.

This recognition of essentials in education accounts for the success of the vacation school. The children, learning to do well work that interests them, learn at the same time happiness and the secret of contented living.

The first vacation school was started in Newark in eighteen hundred and eighty-five. From there the movement spread rapidly over the country until now one-third of the cities of thirty thousand or more inhabitants have summer courses of some kind. Nowhere has a vacation school once begun been abandoned. This, in itself, is an indication of their influence and popularity.

Clarence Arthur Perry, of the Sage Foundation, whose new book, "Wider Use of the School Plant," has attracted so much attention among educators and all those who are interested in the subject, tells in the chapter in this book which he devotes to vacation schools, of his first visit to one, located on the East Side in New York City. Down through that crowded tenement district, where the air crawls through the streets reluctantly, he made his way until he found himself at last sheltered by the cool corridors of the school building. All others who have made that trip have been impressed by the contrast between street and corridor and have thought what it must mean to the children of that section of the city to escape from the turmoil of the streets into the cool and quiet of the workroom, transformed by the very nature of the subjects taught into a place of happiness. Can there be any question as to which is better for the child—street or schoolroom?

Picture to yourself—and this school is selected among many as an example—a long room filled with carpenters' tables and benches, and alive with the sound of tools. Here is a group of boys busy with work of various practical kinds, and so interested in what they are doing that they are hardly aware of the presence of the instructor until he stands at their shoulder with helpful suggestion and advice. Girls too are in that school, learning how to make handkerchiefs, aprons, petticoats and dresses. Out of twisted wire, girls are also fashioning hat frames. Others are learning embroidery and all are enjoying the work in the cool air and pleasant room.

In the domestic science room—in reality a kitchen and a schoolroom combined—a large class of girls learn not only cooking but all the absorbing details of housekeeping. At home how gratefully many a foreign mother must draw on the learning of these young girls! It has been demonstrated that vacation schools have lifted the whole tone and way of living of a community. Homes become cleaner, clothes better kept, and the tenement baby, given milk as nourishment rather than coffee, doughnuts and fruit, responds

gratefully by becoming less a care to an overburdened mother. The possibility for all this improvement the boys and girls bring home from their summer vacation school. For domestic science means domestic economy, and better, saner, healthier living.

EVERY year a quarter of a million children drop out of school. According to our system a child who fails of promotion at the end of the school year has the whole year to repeat. Only unusual precocity enables some brilliant scholar to do double work the year following his failure. In New York City this past year one hundred thousand children were dropped. That means that they will either be discouraged and leave school for good, or have to repeat the grade they failed in—to them a loss of valuable time and to the community no small item of expense. It costs the taxpayers in New York twenty-three dollars whenever it becomes necessary for a child to repeat a course. Here the vacation schools, which cost on the average four dollars a pupil to maintain, fill a want economic and far reaching in scope. For it has been shown that if the majority of the boys and girls who fail in June attend vacation schools, it is possible for them to prepare themselves to continue in the autumn with their own class.

Statistics show us that an annual average of two hundred and fifty-two pupils during the past seven years has attended the Cleveland summer high school. As a result twelve hundred scholars, who would have been prevented otherwise from doing so, were enabled to advance. Seven hundred grammar school-boys and -girls were promoted in nineteen hundred and nine because of the work they had done during the summer. From Cincinnati we learn that of those in attendance eighty per cent. were promoted in the autumn. And here, as elsewhere, we read again the now frequent and always significant statement: The children's zeal surprised even the teachers. They loved their work, were interested in it, devoted themselves to it with their whole souls. Always it should be remembered that at these schools attendance is *voluntary*. Children come to this work of their own accord, yet the impetus acquired during the summer sends them through the following winter with flying colors, though previously they were considered backward scholars.

From this may we not conclude that any school which leads the children to sustained voluntary effort—effort that continues even when the advantageous surroundings have changed—has fully and completely justified its mission and existence?

In complexity only do any of the twenty-eight vacation schools in New York differ from those in the smaller cities. The under-

lying idea is always the same. According to statistics issued by the Sage Foundation, the activities in the schools most common are, basketry, sewing, woodwork, cooking, sloyd, kindergarten, drawing, cardboard work, nature study, singing, games and dressmaking. Common, too, is the interest in iron work, raffia, reed work, household arts, physical training, excursions, chair caning, clay modeling, millinery, embroidery and knitting. One finds also such subjects studied as shoe-making, gardening, nursing and toy-making.

WITH different cities the courses and methods of teaching vary. The hours, however, are always short—usually from eight-thirty until eleven-thirty, or from nine till noon. And who can doubt that the children are far better off in these cool, well-ventilated schoolrooms than in a stuffy apartment or at large on the baked pavements of the crowded city streets?

The subjects taught to each child are limited. No one may study more than two. In St. Louis the children are divided into grades as they are in the regular schools. Here the housekeeping course for girls is very thorough. What they learn they learn well and completely. They are taught, for instance, all the details of washing (rinsing, starching, bluing and drying). They are taught how to cook a meal, to set and serve a table, to wash dishes and to make beds. Best of all these summer schools are spreading, by medium of the children, broadcast among the poor, new notions of what it means to be clean. How far-reaching this may be in good effect none can say.

There remains no question now among those who have had this work under scientific observation that the children all return to the work in the fall less demoralized than they would otherwise be. What they learn at vacation school they may apply and work out for themselves in the interim between the six weeks summer session and the opening in September.

In the matter of instruction the vacation school presents two distinct advantages. Only specialists are chosen to teach, and the proportion of the teachers to the pupils guarantees more individual attention than is afforded in the regular session. The cost of maintenance of the schools varies from four dollars and eighty-three cents per pupil in New York and four dollars and ninety-seven cents per pupil in St. Louis, to one dollar and ninety-seven cents and one dollar and ninety-six cents per pupil respectively in Cambridge and Cincinnati. So it may be seen that for results obtained the cost to the taxpayer is nominal merely.

Our present system of public education is wrecked in a foggy

sea. We do not know what we want the children taught, we are at a loss what to demand in the way of teaching and of knowledge. We are adrift and uncertain of our bearings. This much, however, we are coming to believe (and before us the child has known it instinctively): that any system of educational training that does not fit the child to face the world, and because of its influence find himself the more able to earn his daily bread, must go! Gradually from all systems of education the useless will be eliminated, the useful kept or duly incorporated. Too long have the children grown into manhood and womanhood, faced the world incapable, and in a passion of resentment realized that while they were expected to earn a livelihood their education had not prepared them to do so.

Surely the ideal school will be filled with pupils seeking knowledge. When the growing children pass from subject to subject because each succeeding topic of study interests them, because they feel the need of that special knowledge, when they study because they long to know, then we shall have a school that is a power in the community. Give the children *what* they need. Show them *why* they need it, and how they may *use* their knowledge.

We have been teaching children things they did not need to know. That is why they did not want to learn. Offer them what they need and truant officers will become a thing of the past, and our schoolhouses will overflow with eager, earnest thousands, working of their own choice because they love their work. This is what the vacation schools are striving to accomplish.

THE GLEANERS

THE husbandman with loud and creaking wain
  Drives home with fragrant harvest of the clod.
And in his wake the robins gather grain,
  Shy pensioners of God.

And I who long resigned my heart's desire
  Dreaming the spring would wake not from the dead
Until the summer heaped like coals of fire,
  The roses on my head;

Lo, I who sowed in bitterness and tears
  Walk now like Ruth within the afterglow
Gathering the golden fulness of the years—
  The peace that victors know!

EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

CHARLES COTTET: ONE OF THE GREAT INDIVIDUALISTS IN MODERN FRENCH ART

E DO not know Charles Cottet in America, except perhaps a few old pupils of Julian's, or those who are in Paris for the salon every few years. Cottet does not belong to any famous school. He is not of Barbizon or Giverney. No reflected light has touched him, no dealer has exploited his imitations of himself. He has followed the trail he started on at the age of fourteen, and this has led him up high mountains and down into sad valleys, but never has he left it for the illuminated pathways of popular leaders. He has always been his own pioneer.

While he was still a student in Paris he spent his free hours and days with his color box under his arm roaming out into country toward the sea, until on one vacation excursion his travels took him as far as Brittany, the sea-land of his dreams. Like others of his contemporaries he was a keen analyst of life, an impressionist, as all sincere, vivid youth must be. Always from the first days in Brittany his vision was of the sorrows of the country by the sea; to him Brittany was ever in mourning, and aged mothers and sad resigned young wives crushed with grief filled his paintings. The land itself he portrays at the season of its interludes, twilight, early night, the shadows of approaching storm.

And yet his paintings are by no means colorless, grave tragedies. They are profoundly touching, rich, warm in tone, delicately splendid in their artistic light and shade. Cottet's composition is marvelous, proving him a student of his art, humble, inspired. He has not sought the sorrows of Brittany to produce in his work a melodramatic note; rather he has apprehended sorrow as the dominant note of all lives lived at the ocean's edge where death exacts a human toll for her reluctant bounty. He has discovered that the great emotions of the fisher folk are never joyous, that their big moments are experienced when the sea rises in her cruel might and exacts her price for her meager gifts. As Cottet lived with these simple primitive people, he learned that childhood was a quiet, reticent period; that youth held but a melancholy feeling of beauty, and that age was silent with certain expected sorrow. There was inevitably the heart-breaking "adieu," and always sooner or later the wreck drifting empty homeward.

The very title of Charles Cottet's great canvas at the Luxemburg—"The Country by the Sea—L'Adieu," has ringing through it the solemn cadence of poignant sadness. It is forever adieu in this sad land, and each farewell foreshadows a final separation. The women expect their sorrow early, to be repeated over and over

again as their little lads at their knees grow older and turn eager faces to the vast remorseless taker of tolls.

Cottet has painted Brittany without her sorrowing women as well as with them. He has shown wonderful sea pictures full of somber beauty, his harbor scenes are done with rare color and his groups of little vessels are marvels of composition. Few who have loved and painted Brittany's coast have more completely mastered the wonderful light which trails over her harbors at twilight, the splendor of her green waters, the tender dying of her rose days. And every quality of picturesqueness, the aspiring line of her little fishing boats, the grouping of masts and sails, the contrasting tints of sea and land, the desolate beauty of the aged, the pathetic sweetness of evanescent youth—how he has loved and shown them all, yet never curious, never self-seeking. His pictures with all their warmth of understanding are rather a presentation of tragic natural conditions than the revelation of personal grief. His women are treated sympathetically, yet remotely; they embody universal sorrow rather than reveal individual suffering, and never does the artist fail in supreme mastery because of any restless sentimentality. He is always the great painter, eager over the beauty of his composition, and equally keen, equally vital in portraying the psychology of a simple people held in the thin terrible grip of the remorseless sea. His love of the sea itself seems as great in his seascapes as his love and knowledge of the people who live at its borders. Such passion of tenderness is his over the brooding still places left by the evening tide. It is as though a mother revealed to you her lovely sleeping child deep in the curves of her protecting arms. Peace he finds in these quiet pools, the surging tide is forsaken. Grave tumbling clouds hide and protect these inlets of rest and only the quiver of light at the edge of the pools reveals the restless heritage of the sea.

YET though Cottet has seemed to have given his greatest achievement to Brittany, he has not let the sad fascination of the country by the sea hold him away from the vivid interest of picturesque lands. He has traveled in Algeria, Egypt, in Spain and Italy. Spain especially touched his interest in architecture, the somber beauty of the mighty old buildings which the minds of the Moors left magnificent, stimulated Cottet to valuable expression in a fresh phase of art. A certain exotic quality in Cottet, the very quality that finds a magnificent sadness in the ceaseless mourning of Brittany, also responded to the picturesque fatalism of the Orient. The picturesqueness in truth is everywhere the appeal

Courtesy of L'Art Décoratif

EVENING IN THE HARBOR OF DOUARNENEZ, BRETTANY — FROM A PAINTING BY CHARLES COTTET

Courtesy of L'Art Décoratif

TWO STUDIES OF WOMEN MOURNING IN THE COUNTRY
AT THE SEA (FROM PAINTING BY CHARLES COLLIN)

NIGHT IN THE HARBOR — FROM
A PAINTING BY CHARLES COTTET

which life holds to this artist. He looks into the deep places in life and there in the profound shadows he finds the great primitive emotions, the tremendous forces that best stimulate his imagination, and through the vitality of these forces his vision is cleared and he sees the Truth!

Yet with all this capacity for being completely submerged by his subjects and their relation to life and its enigmas, Cottet has always been a searching student of technique. He has followed the methods of no school, seeking only to render his own medium fluent and responsive. He has painted out of doors with luminous beauty. Yet he is in no sense a worshiper of the "plein-air" ideal; he is an impressionist, yet he has never followed Monet, or tried to "improve" upon that artist's startling gift for allying science with art. Rather, Cottet's technique has sprung out of his own kind of art; it is intimate to his own purpose, to the end he wishes always to achieve. It is essentially the same, yet always varies for each subject; in other words it is "Cottet's method," which neither imitates nor seeks followers.

The men in France with whom Cottet is most closely associated are Lucien Simon, Réné Ménard, Aman-Jean, Jacques Blanche, etc.,—all individualists and united as such in the famous group known as the New Society. Among this group Cottet is especially sympathetic to the work of Lucien Simon. Although these two artists are essentially different in temperaments, they are closely allied as fearless, independent, sincere workers. Of the two, Cottet is the more subjective, he is always expressing his own interest, his own philosophies, what he thinks of life; while Simon is more objective, and you are immediately impressed by his extraordinary understanding of the intimacies of all conditions of life and his great genius in reproducing them.

Perhaps in no painting does Cottet so definitely assert his individuality as in the picture called "Mourning" reproduced in this article. In the beautiful contrasted lights and shadows of this canvas there is a sense of musical rhythm producing almost an impression of rich sound, as though an organ chord had been struck. In some of the larger canvases of this master of color where a more vivid note is introduced, this musical impression is intensified, and the intimate relation of the arts is revealed as few artists have ever had the power or the courage to do.

During the past six years, in the midst of his widely acclaimed success, Cottet has taken up the study of engraving in order that he may reproduce more satisfactorily in black and white his own work. After a careful study of this artist's canvases it is easy to

understand this desire to acquire intimately the technique of black and white. For one usually feels in his color work a keen appreciation of the values of black and white. It is as though he were painting always with a sense of the possibility of translating color into light and shadow naturally. And again in the black and white reproductions of his paintings there is also a suggestion of color. For after all, what is color but light in various relations; and for an artist to understand this, is for him to achieve seeming miracles. Strangely enough this understanding of light is the one thing the Japanese lacked in art. The science of elimination was theirs, the secret of suggested motion, the knowledge of the rhythm of color, the mastery of related spacing, but creating the illusion of light was a phase of expression unheeded by them.

The independence of Cottet is remarkable in a generation of artists so given to herding. To at once retain an immense respect for national tradition and art, to ignore the various eccentric trends of the times, to cultivate individuality instead of whimsicality, is a prodigious task for one artist to succeed in. It was only possible because Cottet was so essentially simple and natural that he continued in his own way; not through egotism, but because he was wholly sincere, wholly absorbed in genuine things. Happily for his success he never forced his talent, he never exaggerated his interest in any phase of life. His rich imagination, his profound philosophy were his sole source of inspiration, while his inherent honesty made necessary the development of a technique adequate to express his purpose. The result is one of the greatest individualists in modern French painting.

A COLONIAL CHAIR

HERE is a thing that pleaseth me, —this chair.
"It's old?" 'Tis many a year since it was made
By one whose labor cannot be half paid,
Because of love that gave a two-fold share.
Look on its lines, when have you seen more fair?
There's nothing here that's awkward, stiff and staid;
The builder worked as one of naught afraid,
Secure his goal, toward it did steadfast bear.

He's made a thing in every way complete,
As honest as its maker through and through.
Children and children's children here have found
A joy that, spite of time, keeps ever new;
A link that days and years have firmer bound
To all the past of actions good and true.

HORACE VARNEY.

THE PIXY: A STORY: BY MRS. HAVELOCK ELLIS

EN TREMAYNE rarely visited his son. They had quarrelled when Luke married what his father had termed "a wisp." The estate was more to Ben Tremayne than the "fancical leanings toward pink and white" of Luke. There was no appearance, so Ben thought, of a good family stock being carried on by a will o' the wisp. Now she was dead, however, a visit was a matter of decency, like a hearse and bearers. As Ben sat uncomfortably in his son's kitchen he shuffled his feet on the sanded floor and spat now and then in the little iron spittoon with its porcelain bowl. He gazed stolidly for some time on his son's bowed head as Luke sat opposite to him with his hands clasped between his knees.

"You be beaten low, Luke. You was never one to cope with women's whims. You was bound to take 'em serious. I allus told you so but you'd never listen. You was modeled for a bachelor and missed your calling, but it would have come to the same if you'd chosen a plain-featured woman with property to steady you."

Luke jerked his head.

"There was never whims," he muttered.

"You could never see wood for trees, my son. She was a passil of them," said Ben, "but they was gilded over with smiles and cossetings. She've brought you low at last. Her saucy life wasn't enough, but she've left you to tend yourself and with no heart to seek a suitable female."

Luke's head went up and his pale-blue eyes had a flash in them.

"I'm uplifted beyond all seeming," he said.

"Not by her death, I reckon?" queried Ben with a slight sneer.

"Iss!" answered Luke. "Even in the face of her death. Death can't snatch what ain't snatchable. It's not as big as—as—"

"Thy calf love, I suppose," said Ben roughly.

"No, nor yet as big as our happiness," said Luke. "It cain't rob me of what's been."

The older man took a pipe from his pocket and put it back again.

"Smoking do help my tongue a bit, but it ain't seemly in the house of mourning."

"Smoke away if it'll make thee think different o' she," said Luke. "Not but that she's beyond thy smearing."

"Death be oft times a g'eat release," said Ben in a kindlier voice. "Perhaps better things be ahead for thee yet, my son. The neighbors do well to call thee Hop o' my Thumb. You'm wonder-

ful small in body but you overcame Tom Curnow's bull at a pinch. I believe you dazed him with your funny eyes though neighbors say it was the strong heart in you. You was all right till you fell in with that girl. Her tripetty walk was a snare in itself, sure enough. You was mazed and I wonder you've not got a meaner nickname than Hop o' my Thumb in the village by now. It's not wholesome for any man to fall down and worship idols, especially if they be saucy chits instead of graven images."

"Husht! father," said Luke. "She be dead, mind."

A growl proceeded from the throat of Ben Tremayne.

"And you be childless," he cried, "and—and—bah! The property will have to go to strangers unless you get mazed a second time. Oh! you may smile. A chiel as 'ave been burnt once don't shun the fire. Don't you believe it. It's more than likely it'll get worse burnt next time. It makes me sick to think that you won't believe what all the village do mag over. If only you would it might cure you and leave your fancy free."

"The village!" cried Luke. "You ought to know by the tales you and me manufactured ourselves, for pastime, years agone, what village talk be worth."

"Them as had eyes could see," said Ben Tremayne severely, "and some of us have ears. Hedges and sand dunes ain't granite to fence off love whispers."

Luke stood up and drew himself to the full height of his five feet. He clasped his hands behind his thin neck and looked down at his father as he sat shuffling his feet.

"By Gosh!" he cried bitterly. "Is this the way to cheer a man as the Lord 'ave seemly felled? If what you say be true isn't it enough without jawin' over it and if it be false ain't you afraid of being struck dead?"

The old man peered anxiously into his son's face.

"Luke," he said, "own up. You know she was—"

Luke smiled at his father as he interrupted him.

"A winsome, witching maiden-woman, too good for any man among us to have come nigh, and neither you nor the Virgin Mary nor all the apostles put together could make me believe any other."

"You be a blasted fool," said Ben Tremayne irritably.

"I expect you be a bit 'sponsible for that, father," said Luke sadly. "Anyway I'm not such a fool as to believe evil of my lawful wife nor yet to listen to it sitting. If that's all as you can say of she let's talk of crops."

"Crops!" hissed Ben. "You'll have crops in plenty presently. Crops of scandal and worse to deal with. All this talk have under-

mined your prospects all over the place and her sudden death don't help appearances."

Luke's face paled.

"Her heart were allus wrong, the doctor said. Her sperrit wore it down. We was spared last words."

Ben shook himself as he stood up.

"They call you a ninney and well they may. They'll shun you for an unchristian feeling man as countenanced sin in his own wife."

"There's ninnies and ninnies," said Luke. "The biggest ninney be one as thinks himself one, and as for sin they as knows so much about its nature 'ad best baptize theirselves in its waters if they be as clean as she were."

"You've never shown man over this affair, Luke," said Ben, "for you never taught your woman her kneeling paces or felled her lover into the mud where he do belong."

Luke's face was very stern as he walked over to his father. He hit the table fiercely with his clenched fist as he looked down into Ben's face.

"Drop it," he said. "Father or no father, my fist will be in your face if you dare speak like that again. I've no cause to think of kneeling except to she, and I've done it to her, I'll allow, both living and dead. My business is with myself and not with no other. I know what she be to me. I've heerd her words to me and not the everlasting trumpets could din them out of my ears. Do you reckon me a white-livered fool what has never had her kisses or her love looks? I'm not mazed, father, but I'm buttressed, in a manner of speaking. I've had all as belonged to me and no gossip and no gibing nor yet no death nor hell itself can rob me of it."

"Iss!" cried Ben, stung to cruelty by the radiance he could not understand in his son's face. "That's just where you're a forthright fool. You '*ave* been robbed, right afore your eyes. You've had what belonged to you, sure enough, and that is shame. She've fooled you. She kept you quiet with them vows and kisses so that she—"

Luke sprang forward and clutched his father's two arms with his muscular little hands.

"My God! father!" he cried. "Have you never loved mother as you can talk like this 'ere?"

The older man stood up and shook himself free of his son's grip.

"Love!" he said, showing his teeth. "Don't talk so silly. We didn't used to jaw so much 'bout love when I were young. We got a fancy, when the primroses came out, and the cowslips and hare-

bells followed, for a comely lass as could make a light pasty and a good saffron cake and one as could see to the linen bein' darned and keep things a bit fittey in the house. All this gimcrack talk of love be nothin' but idle frenzy or a touch of liver complaint. It's unwholesome. No woman should be put first. It's bound to turn her constitution trickey. It's Scripture sense as she should be second to man. She was only a rib to start with, and by all seeming she be less than that in most men's reckoning."

The men started as a noise was heard overhead. Ben's face grew serious. He pointed to the ceiling.

"Who be up there?" he cried. "What's that tramping? Bean't she alone?"

"No!" said Luke.

Ben whistled a long, low whistle of alarm.

"Luke, my son," he whispered, "who be there? That be a heavy tread and masterful?"

"Sampson be there," said Luke quietly.

"Sampson Daniel?" cried Ben.

"Iss! him!" said Luke stolidly. "He've been there a good hour and more."

Ben came forward and towered over his son.

"This be worse nor devil's work," he said. "This be real serious. You paltry little worm, you. If the neighbors get to know this they won't never come nigh one of us."

"Let 'em keep away then," said Luke. "It's all the same to me. Neighbor's spite can't call back the dead nor yet kill the living as I can see. She and me never reckoned with it. We'd got enough to warm us outside such truck as that."

"You'm a measly son of Beelzebub," roared Ben. "I'd sooner have coffined you than cradled you if I'd know your disposition when you was born. You was allus for fairy tales more nor football and never cuddled up a pretty girl till you fell on that half Irish will o' the wisp as was partly eel and partly pixy."

Luke put his hands in his pockets and leaned up against the mantelpiece.

"You talk like a crazy, jealous son of Adam," said Luke, "and like a lonesome sour old bachelor."

Ben strode forward and stood with his legs apart and his hands in his trouser pockets as he faced his son.

"I thank heaven, Luke," he cried, "as I threw back the only fancy I've ever had in that line 'afore I married your mother. She wern't never molested with the fancical frenzy. It was a craze as come with the harvest moon and died with it but it sobered me for

life. I've reckoned it a madness ever since and tried to warn you but you wouldn't listen. I got over it same as I did the typhoid, and when I took your mother I took her, not only for better and worse but for steady ways and no woman's whimsies. She had to behave, and plenty of washing and cleaning sobered she if tantrums and moods came on."

"Poor mother," said Luke. "No wonder she were such a patient dear."

"I never gave she no chance to stamp on my feelin's," said Ben. "There was no time with ten of you, and you a delicate little devil we thought wasn't going to live. No woman 'ave put the heel of her dancin' shoe into my heart, my son, and made mincemeat of my constitootion." Ben shook first one leg and then another and stooped to knock a bit of dry mud from his brown leggings. As he looked up he sneered as he went on. "Every one knows as you couldn't call your bootlaces your own and was deceived and mimicked and mocked like the dolt in Bob Webster's fairy tales."

Luke's finger pointed to the door.

"I'm dead sick of this, father," he said sternly. "It's beyond bearin'. She only died last night and I be most dead yet." His voice had sunk to a hoarse whisper. "Jawin' ain't here nor yet there. Just leave me be. What is, is, and what isn't, isn't, and neither you nor me nor the neighbors can alter things. If my heart wasn't sore and my body tired I'd perhaps surprise you all with a truth or two. Not that you'd believe me 'cause, seemly, lies be easier to swallow and more refreshin', by all the signs."

Ben looked at the pale stern face before him.

"I'm going," said Luke's father, "but I'm casting you off, mind, and all the village shall know it before sunset. You make me sick with your feeble talk. It's like the chatter of white-faced curates and tea-drinking girls. No sap in it. You deserve all you've got. You'm just chicken-livered and soppy. Good-bye."

He banged the door after him.

Luke put the kettle on the fire and turned round as the door opened and Sampson Daniel came into the room. The two men's eyes met and then suddenly lowered.

Sampson took down his hunting crop from a peg near the door and was just taking his hat from a nail close by when Luke strode over to him.

"Sampson Daniel," he said, "you and me must place her in her box to-night. She shan't be touched by hired strangers."

Sampson clasped each end of his crop behind his head, which

appeared enormous because of the masses of dark, tight curls surrounding it. As he faced Luke his thin mouth was closed and his broad, tall, frame seemed strung to some muscular act. Luke smiled up at him drearily.

"She'd have had it so," said Luke softly.

Sampson never moved. He only looked down at the man who was speaking to him.

"I've no call," went on Luke, "to see different to she."

Sampson's arms dropped and he tried to speak. He jerked his riding-whip between his hands and it snapped in two.

"Good God!" he said at last.

Luke came nearer still.

"Sampson Daniel," he muttered softly. "I'd comfort thee if I knew how, but I'm sorely beset myself. I'm most gone in."

Sampson picked up one of the pieces of the riding-whip and twirled it in the air mechanically. It hit Luke.

"Pardon," he said.

"For what?" asked Luke.

Sampson pointed at the fallen whip.

Luke smiled feebly.

"Oh! that!"

"Luke," said Sampson. "I hate saints, allus did."

"Well, I can't say as I have any particular taste for 'em myself," answered Luke, "unless they happen to come unawares into the family. Mother were a bit that way inclined and I suppose you was thinking perhaps there'd bound to be a second," pointing to the ceiling.

"Good sakes, man, no!" cried Sampson almost smiling. "A pixy be most kin to a wild flower not to a saint."

Luke touched Sampson's arm.

"That's the first comforting phrase I've heard sin' she passed," he said. "It do belong, in a manner of speaking."

"She thought a pile of you, Luke," said Sampson moodily. "It be terrible hard on you."

Luke's eyes lowered.

"There isn't much pickin' and choosin' between you and me," said Luke slowly, "but of course there's lawful and unlawful. She were allus gamesome but sweet as lavender, as you do know."

"Iss! I do know," said Sampson.

"I was never a dancing chap," said Luke. "They only just saved me having troll feet, they say, so I missed what you fell on. She was that light on her feet she minded me of a dragon fly."

Sampson's teeth crunched and he squared his shoulders.

"I was never good at book learnin'," went on Luke, "and she got a lot of her fancies readin' all sorts. I was confined to fairy tales when I was a youngster and it spoilt me for solid readin'. I'd dearly have loved to dance. She was enough to set cripples doing the lancers in that pink muslin of hers and slippers fit for a fairy. I can see you two now spinning round like tops at Hollow's Feast." He hesitated a moment. Sampson's eyes were very bright and his mouth had relaxed a little. "When we went home that night," Luke went on, "I warmed up milk for her and she were like a child wi' joy and sprightliness. 'Luke,' says she to me, 'I wouldn't be no man if mugs of gold went with my christening.' Fancy she a man browbeating the world." Both men threw back their heads a moment. Sampson Daniel took hold of Luke's shoulder and turned him towards the light.

"Hop o' my Thumb," he said, "I believe thee's got a halo."

"What be that?" queried Luke. "I seem to know, but I can't rightly place it."

"By heaven! it's placed," said Sampson solemnly.

"I was never no great shakes at riddles," said Luke, "but she were splendid. She'd guess em' before you'd time to get 'em out of your mouth."

Sampson threw down the half of the broken hunting-crop.

"Luke," he said, "maybe I've made you a bit of a byword without exactly meaning to."

Luke folded his arms across his chest.

"No byword have ever come between me and she and nothing else counts."

Sampson's eyes were almost closed as he demanded curtly:

"Don't you want to ask me no questions?"

Luke smiled up into Sampson's face.

"Why, no," he answered quietly. "What about?"

"Good God!" said Sampson.

"Iss!" said Luke quickly. "There is just one. It come in my mind when father was talking here a bit since. I shall be rare and lonely in the evenings for things fall heaviest after dusk I reckon. Leastways they did after mother passed. You be a bachelor and I be a widower and both on us 'ave the same ideas about crops. Why shouldn't we live together and make a big thing in the farmin?"

Sampson gazed at Luke. At last he murmured:

"What a Hop o' my Thumb notion to be sure."

"She'd fall in with it," said Luke.

"Would she?" queried Sampson. "I don't see how you can tell that."

"I do knaw," said Luke. "Maybe she'll find either one of us easier if we be together, that is if her spirit was let travel homeward at times. She'd lots of fancies over these things, as, of course, you do knaw?"

"No," said Sampson, "that's your trail, not mine."

"Well," said Luke. "It be a rare comfort now. 'I'll come to you,' she said not long since, 'if I'm allowed, and I'll laugh in your ear if you be mopey.' In a manner of speaking I ain't tore abroad, except by neighbor's cackle, as I might, just because of what she said about coming back."

Sampson's face darkened.

"She'd perhaps only come to you," he said. "Others would be out of the reckoning. I've no truck with ghosts and such."

"Tain't a matter of ghosts," said Luke. "A pixy thing be a sort of spirit to start with and it seems to me, we're bound, one or both of us, to have a sign. If it's a fearsome one we'd best be together and if it's a gladsome one, as be very likely, she'd reckon on us to share it."

"They'd talk worse nor ever then," said Sampson.

Luke smoothed his straight hair from his forehead.

"They cain't make me what they think me, thanks be, nor you neither, and as for she, they've neither had the making nor the unmaking of she."

"They'll torment you if you've doubts at all," said Sampson. "Scandal fells same as a poleax."

"Doubts?" queried Luke. "Doubts of what? Heaven and sich? It 'ave never fretted me same as some. Of course, now it's a dwelling place for she, maybe I'll turn my mind more that way, but I've never questioned but all were for the best."

"I wasn't particularly thinking of heaven," said Sampson. "Some would doubt after the talk there's been lately."

Luke rubbed the sanded floor with the toe of his boot as he looked downwards.

"Some," he said scornfully, "would hit the breasts as fed 'em. I've memories enough to make their silly talk no more nor sheep's bleatin'."

"But they might tell you they'd proof," said Sampson watching Luke's face with keen eyes.

"Proof of what?" queried Luke.

"That I loved her!" The words were snapped out with a great effort.

Luke did not move or look at Sampson. He spoke very gently.

"Thee's given me the proof of that thyself," he said. "All

their chatter be but swine's gurgling in comparison. Haven't I seen her eyes fixed on thee and thy mouth closed like a trap against the kisses thee's wanted same as food and drink? No man worth callin' a man could do aught but feel a drawin' to a woman of her make and no man callin' himself a man could believe any ill o' she or beguile her into wrong-doing."

"Stop!" cried Sampson.

Luke looked up smiling.

"It's just because you knew the sweet grain of she and never took the winsome smile out of her face with fool's vanity that I'd dearly like to dwell alongside of you. I'm drawn to you like a brother, and Sampson and Luke, like Jonathan and David, must comfort one another because the love of a woman passes all understanding. No, mate, I've never had a doubt of either of you, never once. How could I? She allus told true."

"Iss!" said Sampson. His face was gray and the beads of sweat stood on his clean-shaven upper lip. "She allus told true."

"When shall it be?" queried Luke.

"I thought it was settled for Thursday," said Sampson shortly.

"Not the funeral," said Luke. "You and me."

Sampson gripped Luke's hand fiercely.

"To onces't," he said. "Thee shan't spend one night by thyself when she be gone—not one. She'd wish it so."

"Iss! mate! she'd wish it so."

THE CROSS-ROADS

AT THE cross-roads three travelers stood disputing. Said the first: "We must follow the road to the left." But the second cried: "No, let us turn to the right. That is undoubtedly the only way." And the third laughed at them, and exclaimed: "How foolish! You are both quite wrong! The road straight ahead of us is the proper one to take." They continued to disagree, and at last they parted, each a different way.

But when evening came, to their surprise they found each other at the self-same inn.

TO A STRANGER: AN INTRODUCTION

STRANGER, whom I meet today, do you realize that tomorrow may bring us near together as fellow workers or comrades? Though we have never met before it is all possible—the poetry of friendship, the music of love, the rich achievement of intimacy—and it is all possible for us.

One day sunders and another unites, and all relationships begin in the meeting of strangers. Therefore let us meet one another fairly, each willing to taste the flavor of the other personality.

If you have heard aught of me from others, put their thought of me aside when we meet, for it may be that I would not be to you what I have been to them. It may be that your eyes are clearer for a glimpse of my vision.

What I have heard of you I shall also strive to forget and embark upon unknown seas to discover a distant continent where God lives.

Let us begin, when we meet, to write the story of our acquaintance upon a fair white page.

If there is aught in me that pleases you, show me, I pray you, something of your pleasure. Let it shine as the sunlight upon a flower hitherto hidden in darkness.

Hide not the Truth that dwells in the house of your soul behind the shutters of Fear. Be yourself bravely, and surely you will inspire me to like heroism.

Despise me not if I reach out to you with both hands, for perhaps I need help, or perhaps I bring a gift. You cannot tell.

Come to me, if at all, without compromise or condescension, and let us meet with the grandeur of kings and the humility of beggars, for it may be that in the future we shall serve each other well.

MARGUERITE OGDEN BIGELOW.

FRENCH "FLOWER SCHOOLS": A NEW IDEA IN PUBLIC SCHOOL EDUCATION

COMPULSORY Education has been the slogan of American democracy. "All children must be educated in order that all citizens may be wise." And so in earnest and in haste have we been in making education *compulsory*, in forcing every child to grow up within four walls, that we have never stopped to think about what *kind* of education we should give these millions of little prisoners, or what relation they should eventually bear to the State—just *education*, that was all we asked for. Any kind, so long as it was compulsory.

And what we got was "any kind" or rather all kinds. Our truant officers have brought in our students, and the unthinking idle fadists of the times have flooded our schools with "topics" for study. Our children have been made to dance new steps one month, to practice new exercises another, and to study each and all new books that new school boards could devise, regardless of the life they were to lead, regardless of the interest of the State, regardless of the moral integrity of the nation. In fact our public school systems have been exploited for private interest and gain, until the schools have become clearing houses for mental, moral and physical hobbies, and a never-ending source of revenue for makers of books.

It is the exception for any school board to study the question of our nation's ideals, of the essential foundation for the progress of democracy, or the value of an education that might become a system of human evolution. Instead, we are graduating boys and girls incapable of self-support, with no purpose in their existence, ashamed of their parents, unrelated to our kind of civilization, and furnishing a certain percentage of the culprits of our Juvenile Courts.

So widespread is this condition that in spite of our national self-satisfaction, we are actually finally rousing to the fact that the *kind* of education is as important to the State as the *need* of it. We are growing to understand that we cannot flourish as a progressive nation, if we ourselves are creating undesirable citizens. While we are paying educational institutions to produce hoodlums and prisons to hold them, we cannot consider our school systems wholly wise and economical. So long as we are ashamed of work (which three-quarters of us are in America), our students will absorb false standards, and their lives will be vitiated by them. The foundation of a democracy is the proper adjustment of the individual to labor, that each may secure in return for work adequate well being and peace. To cut out the element of work in this union is to disrupt the whole foundation.

"FLOWER SCHOOLS": A NEW IDEA IN EDUCATION

WHAT we need in America, and everywhere else over the world, are schools through which our children pass as down a broad road, learning hourly the value of all human environment, mental or physical—a road free to all, with the refreshing winds of liberal ideas blowing over it, and the sun of honest thought rendering wholesome every fresh experience. This road should lead up to the high peaks of imagination, and down through the wide peaceful valleys of practical toil. The children's parents should sometimes join them on this road and walk with them along the way. Where rest and recreation are sought, a spring by the way should be fed from sources very high and pure and sweet. A part of the understanding gained by traveling this road should be the right place of work in the world, the development of character through true sympathy, the need of purpose as a spur to achievement. And there would be no shame in the hearts of the children who travel there, except for the incapable and the cruel.

A search for this road is being made by thinking people in all progressive nations. Not so much by the so-called educators, as by the men and women who know the value to the State of children rightly trained, who know in fact that it is to our children that we must eventually turn for all permanent progress, civic, spiritual or in art.

In America the seekers for this new road of learning are hoping to find it through the fields of manual training, out in the pleasant acres of summer vacation schools, in the gardens planted in vacant city lots; through every channel but the wholesale reorganization of their present system of exploiting schools for individual profit.

In Germany the need of education more closely related to the State is being felt in every city and in every rural community. And all over the Empire is being established a chain of Continuation Schools, in order that all workmen shall become skilled in their trade. These schools are most all compulsory, as the desire for excellent manual training is not a burning one among the workmen in the German Empire.

Although these schools will increase the earning capacity of the workers and the quality of the product, they will not touch the question of education in Germany as a whole, for they leave unsolved the terrific problem of idleness and incapacity in the upper classes. Also, actual progress in education involves, as a fundamental necessity, for the young the approach somewhere to the heart of life, keeping fresh and wholesome the spirit of youth by some sure contact with the great beatific shelter of childhood—Nature.

Belgium and France are wiser in their reaction from stilted

HYDRANGEA — A REMARKABLE STUDY FOR THE WALL OF A FRENCH SCHOOLHOUSE

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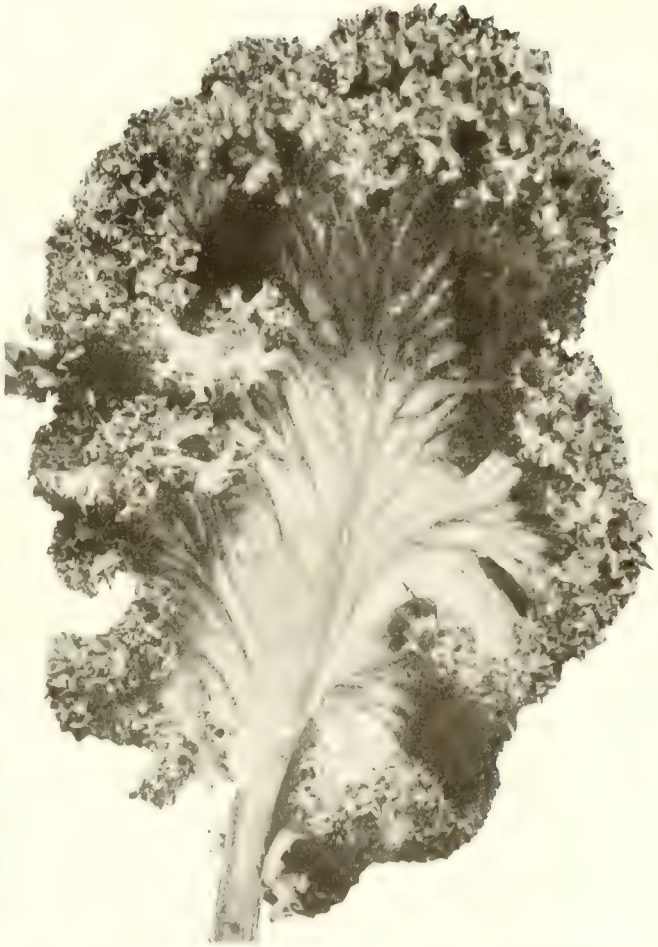


PINE BRANCH AND CAULIFLOWER LEAF. NATURAL STUDIES FOR CHILDREN PLANNING A SCHOOLROOM FRIEZE

A BUNCH OF CYCLAMEN AND A SPRAY OF ORCHIDS SHOWING THE PERFECTION OF UNCONVENTIONAL FLOWER DESIGN

[illegible]

[illegible] AND GARDEN [illegible] AN EXCELLENT ARRANGE[illegible] OR SCHOOL STUDIES

Courtesy of L'Art Décoratif

THESE THREE WIDELY DIVERGENT TYPES OF UNCONVENTIONAL DESIGNS GIVE ONE A VERY CLEAR IMPRESSION OF THE SORT OF WORK THAT IS BEING DONE TODAY IN THE "FLOWER SCHOOLS" OF FRANCE. IT IS THE EXCEPTION ANY LONGER TO FIND THE CONVENTIONALIZED FLOWER AND FRUIT DESIGNS USED FOR WALL DECORATIONS. CHILDREN ARE TAUGHT IN THE FIRST PLACE TO PLANT THE SEED, THEN RAISE THE FLOWERS AND THEN TO DRAW THEM EXACTLY AS THEY ARE IN NA[illegible] AND THE RESULT IS FULL OF INTER[illegible] MANY OF THE "FLOWER SCHOOLS" WHICH CANNOT AFFORD ELABORATE FLORAL DECORATIONS ARE ORNAMENTED WITH FRIEZES MADE FROM THESE QUITE [illegible]

educational conditions, and in their desire to widen educational opportunity for all their little children, they are deliberately turning their faces back to Nature as the great instructor as well as the great healer of youth. They are seeking this wide new road of education through beautiful gardens often planted by the children themselves; through school houses fitted with flowers—real flowers growing in pots and vases, and painted flowers on walls and canvas. Through the length and breadth of these two nations, the new school idea is fragrant with flowers. Children are being taught botany in the most practical way, not only through books but out in little gardens where they learn the truth about much of life through their garden work. Flowers enter into the decorative idea in nearly all of these schools and dominate the art studies in the Government Schools.

IN FACT, through this wide and perfect intimacy with growing things, with nature, children are being trained not only in the practical detail of garden work, of flower arrangement in artistic design, but in knowledge and love of Nature, in the true appreciation of her claim as the mistress of all arts, and in the fine spiritual sympathy with all that is sincere, simple and beautiful in life. These children never prize their roses for the length of their stems, nor their friends for the length of their purses.

At the recent Belgian Educational Conference held at Brussels, Bruges and Antwerp, the most significant feature of the various meetings was the place given by the foremost educators of these two progressive countries to flowers in school life; not only in the decoration of the exterior and the interior of schools, but in all decorative ideals for school furnishings as a part of future educational progress.

The beauty of these three cities during the meeting of the Educational Conference was something well worth a visit to see. Each city seemed in perpetual bloom. In Brussels, beds of flowers had been planted about the roots of every tree; arches of flowers and vines had been thrown across the streets; flowers were set in profusion on every window-sill and trailed down from the roofs of the stations and municipal buildings. In Bruges, where the beautiful old streets border the narrow shaded canals, there were flower gardens all along the way, on tops of the houses, at the foot of the trees, and closely set at the water's edge. The Normal School at Bruges possesses an especially beautiful garden in which there are rare trees and flowering shrubs and beautifully laid-out garden spaces. This garden held a lesson for all people who visited the Conference, as it has held for some time for the students of the school. In Antwerp

a specialty was made of the decoration with cut flowers. Baskets of flowers were hung from every available projection, fountains were filled with flowers, basins of flowers were set about wherever there was a vacant space. Depot roofs were covered with flowers, balconies were draped with them, municipal buildings were banked with them. This natural, beautiful decoration of streets and buildings not only presented an unprecedented scene of beauty, but it surely suggested a moral lesson to adults as well as children. In teaching children thus to understand and cultivate flowers, involved in the lessons seemed to be the deeper one of love and respect for all the verities of life. To quote one of the lecturers at the Belgian Conference: "To understand and thus love flowers teaches children to understand that pity is as fine as duty." Also that "the health of the children will be improved through this interest in growing things, as the joy of the eye is an element of good health."

IT IS thus formally established in Belgium and France that schools conducted on principles in harmony with Nature's ordinances, in constant contact with Nature's supreme beauty, will take their place in the future among the commercial and professional schools. And it is hoped that in the bosom of such schools a child will develop that sensitiveness to impressions which in one of the school sessions Mr. George Auriol explained in a most charming story as follows: "I stopped one day before the work bench of a young jeweler's apprentice, a student of one of these flower schools. I noticed in his face a look of keenest interest and intelligence. As I was going for a walk, I asked permission to have him accompany me. In the midst of a beautiful flowered field, the boy and I knelt down beside a great gray rock. 'Tell me,' I said to him, 'just what you see on the surface of this rock.' 'I see,' replied the boy, intensely observant, 'the finest green moss, like smooth velvet, and near it a brown moss, the color of chestnut burrs. There is also a growth of beautiful orange color, and little flowers with blue curls, exactly the shade of turquoise.' Thus went on for some time, this little lad who had studied at the flower school, telling me the most wonderful story of the rock's surface. It was a fairy tale, so full was it of marvelous color and light."

In France The National Educational Society for the Development of Art in the Schools makes a special point of the moral effect on children of the study of flowers in school life. Particularly has study in the environment of flowers been found to stimulate the brains of the weak-minded and nervous child, and to render less depressed the constitutionally morbid. After scientific investi-

gation as to the actual physical effect of flowers on the development of children, this Society has ordered that where it is impossible to have the fresh-growing flowers and gardens for children, and even in addition to them in many of the schools, there should be placed on the walls flower friezes, so that practically all children should be to some extent surrounded by the beauty of Nature, and also that they should be taught to interpret the profound significance as well as to understand the actual beauty of flowers. In many schools the flower frieze is but supplementary to a closer study of Nature. In the more essentially rural districts of France the flower schools involve, wherever it is possible, the making of gardens and the study and arrangement of flowers.

In Coulounieix, for example, Madame Masset, a remarkable woman, though very simple in life and manner, has established a flower school according to her own ideas. "We are counseled," she says, "in our country schools to teach our children beauty in all its possible expressions, through books, pictures, sculpture; but I have found that my little pupils are neither old enough, advanced enough, nor alert enough to understand the masterpieces of great achievement. Most famous pictures and books have failed to interest them. On the other hand, I found that Nature never fails to awaken their enthusiasm. So we live and study close to her ample kindly heart, and our lives are filled with the beauty that the greatest artists cannot quite achieve."

MADAME MASSET encourages her pupils to bring every morning the flowers and leaves and sheaths of grain that they find on their way to the school. These are made the source of intelligent instruction, which eventually branches out to a survey of the art of the country, history and agriculture, and later the school is decorated with this bounty from land and garden and woods. Throughout the year this wise instructor finds her little pupils contented, healthy, industrious; smiling, she says, most of the time, whether they are playing or studying. Also she observes that they are full of kindness for one another, and for the little edge of the outer world that they know. They are not ashamed of their parents or ashamed of work or ashamed of happiness. What we are all seeking in life, contentment, sympathy and wisdom, the little school has found in abundance in the deep rich heart of Nature.

The most conspicuous flower school in Paris is under the management of Madame Friedberg. In this beautiful building, flowers are seen everywhere, on tables, in windows, vines clambering up the walls, and every year there is a flower festival held by the pupils,

where prizes are given for the best arrangement of baskets, bouquets, etc.

In many of the French villages, there are floral festivals under the patronage of the schools, with the result of an extraordinarily increased interest in the growing of flowers throughout the provinces. This means, of course, an increase in the revenue of the village peasants as well as in the joy of their lives.

Some of the clever mural artists in Paris are giving their attention to designing floral friezes for the schoolrooms. This is a matter of great interest to the poorer artists, and of great benefit to the schools. In Paris, as well as in the French village school, the practice has come about of filling vestibules with growing plants, and children are being taught to plant flowers and vines around the walls and fences of their recreation courts. In some of the larger school gardens, the children are being trained to divide their space for seed planting into "plants which rejoice, plants which nourish and plants which heal," following the formula of the famous Abby Lemire.

And the government in France has not remained inactive in this bringing of Nature to the children. It is supplementing in every way the work of the educational boards, it is establishing prizes for school gardens and enlarging the activity of the Art Departments of the schools to embrace the designing of floral decorations for school rooms. In every way it is recognizing as a public service, the advancement of the interest in flowers throughout the nation.

The French Department of Public Instruction as well as the Beaux Arts have announced their interest in the flower schools, and have shown their willingness to coöperate in the advancement of this floral work, while in Belgium the Minister of Science and Art has published a book, "The Ornamental Education of the School Room." This very valuable volume is divided into two sections: First: "Culture of Plants in the Class Room;" Second: "Culture of Flowers in the Recreation Courts and Gardens of the School."

The immediate result of this more intimate study and knowledge of flowers, especially in relation to mural decoration, is the appearance of a less conventional attitude in the use of flowers in design. The illustrations in this article are selected from a series of French floral designs to be used in the French schools. A greater consequence of this enlarged intimacy with Nature is what the French people call the moralization of the people. In France, too, it is believed that this growing love of flowers will greatly advance the cause of industrial art, which in recent years has so fallen behind the general progress of the fine arts.

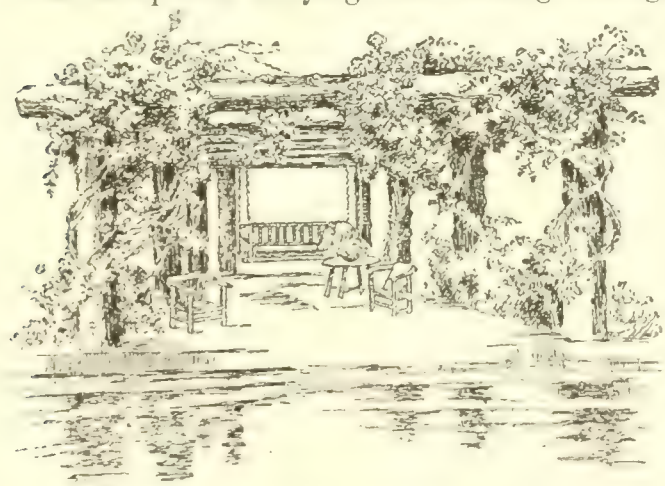
PERGOLAS: THE MOST PICTURESQUE AND PRACTICAL FEATURE OF MODERN OUTDOOR LIFE

IN THE old, old days a garden was a plot of ground where "simples" were raised, and from this homely need of the cottager sprang the garden of flowers for a king's delight, and "Pleasaunce" was written on the entrance gates. The winnowing of time has gathered the best of the cottager's and nobleman's gardens and united them, and the result is—gardens to *live* in! All through the West we see such "gardens-to-live-in" where people spend most of their waking hours and often their nights also. Under trees, pergolas, arbors are found the workbench, study table, sewing room, nursery. Guests are welcomed in the garden rather than the drawing room, banquets are served in its lovely fragrant enclosure, dances are given on the lawn, wedding bells ring under rose-embowered pergolas.

The pergola has done much to bring about this new use of gardens, for under its living roof of vines, within its creeper-tapestried walls the work of life can be carried on. It gives the seclusion of a room in a most wholesome, sweet and fragrant way.

The pergola is the center of the garden whether it is in the mathematical center of it or in one corner. It is as it were the heart of the garden, through which pulsates the life, the joy, the need, the vitality of the garden's life.

Jessamine and woodbine, wistaria and honeysuckle, surge over it and creep with unifying intent among the vegetables. The orderly patches of vegetables on one side are as a mosaic floor or Oriental rug for color, and are no longer relegated to distant or hidden lots. They add a phase of beauty to their task of usefulness, are close comrades with flowers, united to them by the arches of the pergola.



RUSTIC PERGOLA FITTED UP FOR OUTDOOR LIVING.

These vine-clad pergolas make ideal

PERGOLA OF COBBLE STONES AND RUSTIC

lounging places, and beneath such sheltering canopies flourish lilies, azaleas, roses and many tender flowers too frail to live in the sun's full light.

Italy knows much of such gardens, gardens that are the center of family life, whose paths are for the daily coming and going, not just the occasional visit, whose fountains play for household service as well as for the delight of eye, and whose grape-covered arbors are reception room, living room, dining room, kitchen.

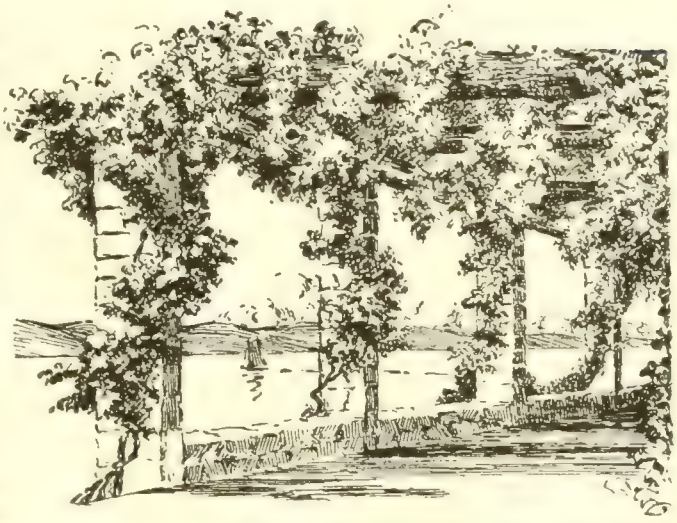
Bocchi glowingly describes such Italian gardens and upon the walls of Pompeii are found paintings of pergolas, arbors, terraces, covered with vines and creepers, in the midst of gardens enclosed by reed fences, flower hedges, rows of fruit trees.

We may not have Italian skies that permit a yearly dwelling in the open, but in California we have conditions almost as favorable, and in the East we can snatch many halcyon days and weeks while winter is napping. In California, in fact, it is quite possible to spend the major part of the year under blue skies, so that the garden is fast becoming an essential part of the Western house plan—a large "living room" that forms the main feature of beauty and usefulness, and must therefore receive full attention in every architect's design. It must be as much a part of the house as though enclosed by wooden walls instead of trees and flowers, roofed by brown beams instead of blue skies.

Pergolas can be made to add much to the beauty of a house even when they are not actual living rooms. They can be a continuation of the house, as an arm extending into the garden, gathering it close to its heart, inseparable. Or they can extend across the face of the house, breaking the severity of wall with swaying line of vines. Or they can be made an avenue of entrance with low seats built in for rest and beauty. They can be built along the side and used as sun-parlor or dining room.

Pergola gateways are attractive when bowered by flowering

vines, and a driveway arched at the entrance with simple pergola has charm hard to excel.



PERGOLA PORCH OF SPLIT STONE AND LOGS.

A division or retaining wall can be redeemed from monotony by using it as one side of a pergola, constructing the pillars of brick if the wall is of brick, or of stone or concrete if the wall is of either material. The rafters can be of rustic or square-hewn beams and such treament of a wall would have quite the spirit of cloister walks, and seats built in would heighten this monastic quality.

As to the materials to be used in construction of all pergolas, the resources of the immediate locality should be drawn upon in preference to all others. Stone piers built of cobble will be most suitable to one neighborhood, while split stone is better in another, and in some places it would be possible to have them of whole field stone.

Pillars of rough brick are decoratively valuable at times, terra cotta at others, cement at still others. They can be placed singly, in pairs or in groups to harmonize with the surrounding type of garden and house.

Turned wooden columns of classic design, either plain or fluted, are favorite supports for trellised roofs. Rustic pillars of cedar, fir white pine, cypress, oak, madrone, redwood, with girders of the same wood a trifle smaller in size, are unequalled for informal gardens.

Rustic is the most inexpensive material of which a pergola can be built, if it can be obtained with little cost of transportation, the square wooden supports coming next in order.

Satisfactory combinations are sometimes devised such as cement pillars and eucalyptus rafters and girders, stone supports with wooden rafters and trellis of various woods.

To preserve the true pergola form, to keep it from becoming an arbor, the trellis strips must not be put on horizontally between the

pillars—this is the chief distinguishing note and must not be transgressed. Vines may be draped from pillar to pillar and not mar the purity of type, or trellis strips may be placed against the pillars, parallel with them, for vines to clamber upon, and purity of style be intact, but the horizontal feature must not appear upon the pergola—unless you want an arbor.

As to the vines and creepers that are encouraged to climb and riot and take possession of their citadel, their number is not to be determined—but in all climes, in the East and in the West, the rose is ever queen. White, pink, red, cream, yellow and orange buds unfold and scatter perfume and color lavishly, wonderfully. The crimson rambler, pink and white Dorothy Perkins, Baltimore Belle of the blush pink clusters, Prairie Queen of the deep, deep, rose, Lady Gay, Alberic Barbier,—these are always satisfactory.

No garden seems quite complete without the honeysuckle. It can be allowed a space on almost any pergola, for it is hardy and adapts itself to East or West, Orient or Occident.

Jessamine more delicately leaved and with blossoms as sweet, Allegheny vine, even more lace-like in foliage and graced by delicate bells of white, the canary vine of yellow orchid-beauty, are unequaled for small, slender pergolas.

The gorgeous scarlet runner, showy cypress vine, accommodating clematis, silk vine, brilliant red trumpet flower may not be classed among the aristocrats of vines, but who would be without them? The morning glory whose blossoms open and close sensitively with the sun, mimicking the sunrise and sunset colors of the sky, will cover your pergola with green the first season, while you are awaiting the more leisurely growth of rarer vines. A little girl who has not had a morning glory flower to wonder at, to play with, is surely to be pitied. They make such wonderful hats for the big dolls, such dream dresses for the little ones. They serve as banquet halls for the Prince Bumble-bee, and where would a fairy sleep if not in one of these royal purple velvet chalices?

The wistaria, like most slow-growing vines, compensates for its dilatoriness by living to a good old age. There is no more satisfactory vine if heavy shade is desired, for after the first wonderful ethereal pendant blossoms have passed, then the foliage becomes dense, forming a green screen that effectively shuts out the direct sun rays. The trumpet-creeper, bougain villea, flowering grape, moonflower, form heavy sun screens as well as varied decoration.

The wild cucumber should be better known and appreciated, and also the bitter-sweet with its clusters of small sweet white blossoms of spring-like beauty, and its orange berries that break asunder

at the first frost and reveal scarlet fruit which hang together, orange and scarlet, even when snow outlines twig and branch. The hop with pale green pendant seed pods should be more in evidence in our garden as a decorative vine. The ornamental gourd is a quick-growing vine that can flourish verdantly while other vines are starting their slower climb, and its strange fruit can be put to a number of charming uses. The Dutchman's pipe is a vine whose curious flowers will repay cultivation.

As to the many virtues of the grape, they cannot be passed unnoticed. Grape vines grace a pergola as effectively as an arbor. Their clinging tendrils, fragrant blossoms, luscious colorful fruit and beautiful shapely leaves form a combination that make them a formidable rival of the rose, and in many gardens they have usurped the throne of this reigning queen, to the entire satisfaction of the garden kingdom.

The ivy will never be entirely supplanted, for its evergreen characteristic is too valuable a trait to remain unloved. It will cover the dividing wall that forms one side of a wall-pergola and hug closely the pillars, keeping intact the true form of them. Ivy, English or Japanese, or the American ivy known as Virginia creeper, are effectively used in combination with stone or brick pergolas.

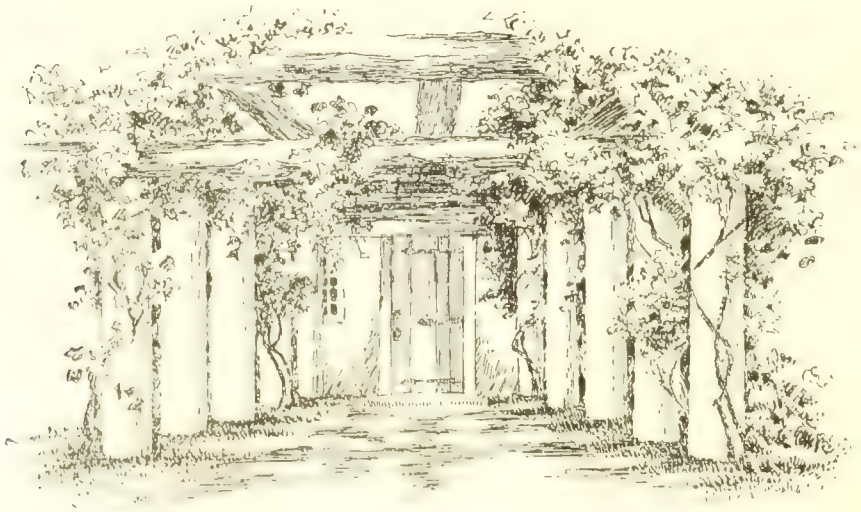
Gardens have changed, adapting themselves to the varying needs of man through era after era of his growth, and have now taken on the combined line of work and play, red and blue, making a wonderful royal purple, a perfect color, a fit color for this present noble race of kingly working people. Pergolas have also undergone a transformation, for in the beginning they were associated with formal gardens only. Now they are one of the chief factors for creating informality in gardens. They were once chiefly useful in forming sheltered lanes where kings and haughty ladies could walk in fragrant seclusion and undisturbed knit their brows over heavy affairs of state, or gentler thoughts of love. Or they formed bowers of rest, relaxation, pleasure for warriors between battles. Now they are being transformed through some divinely sensible necromancy into nurseries where our wee household kings and queens can crawl, run and play and grow strong in the vital sun and air. They make ideal outdoor nurseries, kindergartens, schoolrooms, heap of sand in a shady corner for the little ones, a border of earth along the edge between the pillars where they may plant their own gardens and understand the miracles of growth and life, a pool of water at one end where they may wade or sail boats or raise a few little trout or goldfish, some low tables here and there where they may learn to "make things" and have their books and slates, and rugs and pillows

for the lounging and rest hour, when the mother tells tales of fairy and viking, hero and warrior.

Could any schoolroom be better ventilated? Can designer be found to excel the frescoes of roof and walls? And the floor is inlaid with bits of sunlight and shadow, the humming bird inspects the school, the thrush sings for it, and flowers bloom along its aisles. Ah, now is found the climax of a pergola's usefulness and beauty!

Children reared amidst such an environment are well prepared to enter the battle of life, whence only those of sound body and sane mind emerge victors. They have gained sturdy health of body, imagination and sympathy with all life, besides the absorbingly interesting one of their own—which is apt to be overemphasized. As their interest in flower, bird, insect life is developed, their outlook, their pleasures, their riches are extended boundlessly, for life's riches are measured by the number of things loved, not by the number of things owned or possessed.

The advice "Put money in thy purse" is not to be disregarded by adults, but of far more importance is the counsel that should be given to children: "Put beauty in thy mind." Such coin in the purse of their minds will never be exhausted, lavish spending of it will not impoverish them. Fortified with such genuine treasure they can roam the whole world over adding to their store with practised well-trained eye, beauty of flower and animal, mountain and ocean, of literature, of art and of mankind; nothing that is beautiful will escape.



THE COUNTRY FAIR AS AN EXHIBITION CENTER: THE STORY OF ONE HELD IN A NEW ENGLAND VILLAGE STREET

THE success of any community depends upon the way the individuals making up the community work together as one man. For every service done for the good of the whole, the server himself reaps double harvest. Whatever tends to bring about unity of interests or pleasures in any community should receive unqualified support from every individual member of it. Concentration is as valuable for a neighborhood as it is for an individual. In the development of rural communities concentration of interests has brought about a system of education equal to a university extension course. The farmers who compete in friendly rivalry as to the number of bushels of corn or wheat that can be produced upon an acre are really teachers, in a way, in a practical agricultural course. For if deep plowing, careful fertilizing is proven by one man to double his crop, the next season finds every man in the neighborhood plowing deeper, fertilizing more, and so the standard for corn creeps up and up with each successive year. The standard of quality rises with that of quantity, and without realizing it perhaps the corn growers have begun a course in science.

The knowledge of the country has been as unequally distributed as its wealth, but (paraphrasing) the East now goes to the West and the West now goes to the East, and the best of both are indissolubly blended to the great good of both. Farmers are scientists, scientists are farmers, and this blending of interests and knowledge rounds out the fuller life of each.

The economic and social relations between city and country are becoming more friendly and therefore truer. The city has drained the country of its best men and left it impoverished, but it is now sending its best men back into the country again, for it realizes that without the country people cannot exist.

Mutual interests do much to bring people together. Pursuit of the same knowledge binds them also; but nothing can excel the cohesive quality of laughter. To say "We have laughed together" is to say "We are friends and understand one another." When employer and employed laugh together, become friends, then are the shoulders of all set to the wheel and progress assured. There should be more laughter in work, men should extend their playtime into their life's labor.

This is one of the great benefits of a country fair, that men can

bring the results of their year's work and laugh and play over it in friendly rivalry. Farmers have no carnival time in this country, no cessation of the monotonous round of work, unless we except the annual fairs. They need these occasions of relaxation that they may keep a more human relationship with their neighbors and be something else than toiling machines.

The country fair should not be a market place, but an exhibition center where every man, woman and child could take the result of their best work, products, inventions, whatever they have made or done that would contribute to the betterment of the community, and show it and talk it over together. It should be a stimulus toward better products, a spur to economic coöperation, a social carnival time.

EMERSON in an address before the Middlesex Agricultural Society spoke eloquently of the "large and noble" occupation of the men who till the soil. He said that in Roman days a man who by his valor saved an army was given a crown of grass as highest distinction. He thought that the Arval crown (crown of grass) should be given to the tillers of the soil for the lives of the whole world depend upon their efforts. He likened the planting of one potato that in six weeks would produce ten, to the miracle of the multiplication of the loaves. He himself received the third premium of three dollars for his sage grapes, and one dollar for a "plate of pears."

A little hamlet in Massachusetts held a fair last fall that proved beyond dispute the benefit which such gatherings are to the whole country side. There were no gate receipts, for the fair was held down the main street of the village, but every farmer had given one dollar to the prize fund, to be won back with compound interest if he were fortunate in having raised a melon larger than his neighbors or could show a fleeter horse or a better team of oxen.

Front yards were loaned for stands, fields were given over for the cattle displays, the church rooms held the women's fancy work, their cakes and jellies and flowers. Chairs, boxes and barrels were brought out for seats, trees flaunted leaves of brilliant colors, leaving nothing more to be desired in the way of decoration; yellow and purple flowers bordered the roadway and a wonderful canopy of blue was over all.

Women donned their freshest and best, men brought the rich products of their fields and laid them in colorful groups upon unhinged barn doors temporally placed upon boxes or barrels under the shade of spreading elms. Mammoth pumpkins filled the throne

HOWING OFF OXEN TO A POSSIBLE PURCHASER

PRIZE TEAM OF OXEN ABOUT TO START PROUDLY HOME

POPULAR CONVEYANCE FOR TAKING GUESTS ABOUT THE "FAIR GROUNDS"

COMPETITION OF DRAFT HORSES IN THE MAIN STREET OF THE VILLAGE

[illegible] VILLAGE [illegible] BETWEEN
[illegible]HIBITION

[illegible] THE RACE FOR [illegible] THE [illegible]
[illegible] ALONG [illegible]

seat as it were, by right of their kingly size and color, and were gaudily attended by a court of golden squash, silver onions, scarlet peppers, pink carrots, blood-red tomatoes, purple beets and all the gay company of harvest land.

A clown turned "cart-wheels" before a hot-sausage stand, attracting dimes from hungry folk and giving generous sauce of joke and cheer.

Other stands displayed ginger ale and fresh cider, home-made candy, popcorn and peanuts. One man sold whistles and canes, another buggy whips and a woman displayed her "hand-painted" pictures and some pink stocking pincushions with forget-me-nots painted on them.

There were pleasant meetings with old friends, introductions to new babies, kindness and hospitality to the few strangers present.

VEHICLES of every description unloaded before the band stand, which was simply a group of kitchen chairs upon the grass in the shade of stately elms. One phaeton produced a man, his wife and baby, two children, a coop with a greatly excited fancy rooster, two red cabbages, a mammoth turnip, a peck measure of potatoes and a small bag of feed. A little boy with a wagon made from a soap box (unmistakably of his own construction) brought a huge pumpkin of his own raising labeled "Mr. Tommy Birch pompkin" which later in the day received the first prize.

"Singles" and "doubles" raced up and down the main street, for there was no other "track." Cattle and oxen were also led up and down this one avenue, passing slowly before admiring friends and neighbors.

Three spirited teams vied with one another in pulling heavy loads. A stone boat was loaded with stones, then men were added to the load until seventeen stood upon it; yet the splendid horses pulled it easily.

At four o'clock the band played the national airs and everyone began to gather together their children and turnips, their cows and their chickens. Crook-necked squash, huge beets, "Irish Cobblers," "Green Mountains," rosy apples, delicate cakes, crystal jellies were claimed by the lucky prize winners and presented to favored friends. A wagonload of exhibitors drawn by oxen proudly led away the prize donkey. Slow-moving oxen swung into the long road home—the fair that flourished but for a day was over.

But how far-reaching was the effect of it! How impossible to gather statistics as to the good that it did! How difficult to measure the inspiration that the meeting quickened in each life!

Men had talked together as they walked among the cattle, exchanging bits of wisdom gained by personal experience in the feeding and raising of stock. They had compared notes about rotation of crops, cream separators, spray for apple trees; talked over the country school, the coming election, the enforcement of rural laws, the need of better roads.

Women had exchanged receipts with friends who lived at a distance and seldom met except at the yearly fair, had told of labor-saving devices, simple methods of preserving, easier and better ways of washing, and had taken great pride and pleasure in the attainments of their children.

The picture of good-will, of loyalty, mutual helpfulness, universal good-nature, generosity, contagious happiness, the simplicity of it all,—no ugly criticism or jealousies as to prizes, but rejoicings and jokes and the rare carnival pleasure of it—will always be a treasured one.

And we wish that every community might have each year just such an unpretentious merry-making meeting, free from the vulgar side-shows, hawkers of useless articles, tricks of city sharps, ill-feeling and rivalry of the usual large county fair.

INVOCATION FOR A PLANTING

SPIRIT of the seed
Bless the hand that sows,
And when you are freed
Rise a rose.
To another birth
Waken now and smile.
Grace our bit of earth
A brief while.
In your little life haply we may know
God's joy when He watched His first flower grow.
Child of changing forms, shall I pass like you
Into something strange, beautiful and new?

PAULINE FLORENCE BROWER.

A NEW SPIRIT IN COLLEGE LIFE: "THE AMHERST IDEA": BY WALTER A. DYER

THE other day I heard one acquaintance of mine say of another, "Yes, he's a perfect ass, but he has a fine education." The words stuck in my mind, and I found myself thinking about them. An ass, I take it, is a man who fails to view himself and the rest of the world in the proper perspective. Now, if education doesn't produce a proper perspective and sense of proportion, what good is it? Can a man who is really educated be an ass?

My attention was recently called to another educated man who wears a Phi Beta Kappa key and earns a thousand dollars a year after ten years of hard work. What is the relation between his Phi Beta Kappa key and his salary, if any?

At this season of the year, when the schools and colleges are opening, and freshmen of both sexes are matriculating, when parents and friends are bidding God-speed to young hopefuls about to enter the so-called halls of knowledge, it is worth while pausing a moment and analyzing this thing we call education.

Let me announce at the outset what will shortly become obvious, that I am not an educationalist or a student of pedagogy. I managed to scrape through college after the fashion of the time, and I sometimes find a few unrelated crumbs of learning still clinging to me, but I lay no claim to scholarship. I am approaching this thing from the point of view of thousands of my fellow laymen, and I am talking with them, not with the doctors.

It appears that there are two kinds of higher education—cultural and vocational. The former aims to develop the student's mind, to familiarize him with the "humanities," to broaden his outlook on life, to increase his powers of analysis, understanding and appreciation; the latter aims to fit him for a trade or profession—for the actual bread-winning business of life.

Most of the State universities, with the possible exception of Colorado, are devoting their chief energies to vocational training. They aim to turn out doctors, lawyers, architects, dentists, all sorts of engineers and consulting experts, ready to take their places in the ranks of the specialists. Institutions like Cornell and Columbia differ but slightly from them, while Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Dartmouth, and most of the others have been more or less forced into line by the competition.

This is the trend of the times, and there is no opposing it. It is practical; it is useful. Also, it is materialistic to the last degree. The majority of young men are going to follow this course whether

we like it or not, and that is well. We need experts. But what about the minority? What about those who long for some of the softer things of life, the sweetness and light, the plain living and high thinking? At what fount of learning is their thirst to be quenched? Must every young man who goes to college be forced to fit himself for a vocation, regardless of his or his parents' tastes and desires? Must he be cast in a mold and labeled with a degree and converted into an intellectual machine with a utilitarian purpose?

What a hopelessly dull place this world will be when each of us is classified merely by the calling by which he earns his living! That is precisely what the vocational institutions are fitting us for.

NOW one reason for this tendency, I am afraid, is that the old-fashioned education has, in a large measure, failed. It has lagged behind the times. It has turned out scholars who are helpless in this twentieth-century America—Phi Beta Kappa men who will never earn more than a thousand a year. Worse than that, it has not given its graduates an adequate substitute for wealth-winning capacity, and therein lies its great failure. We can struggle along on slender means and laugh at the world if we only have that within our souls which is worth more than the practical training of other men, that we would not sell for all their money; but mere facility in translating difficult Sanskrit feeds neither stomach nor soul. It is this compensation which education ought to provide for those who wish it, but seldom does.

That this need is felt is evidenced by the widespread discussion that has been given during the past year to what has been generally called "The Amherst Idea." This idea was crystallized in nineteen hundred and ten by a committee of the class of eighteen hundred and eighty-five of Amherst College in the form of a memorial to the trustees. They presented the case ably and offered a plan by which Amherst and other small colleges might make and hold a place for themselves in the educational world, free from competition with the State universities and other heavily endowed institutions. The plan aims to increase the efficiency of the teaching force; to confine the instruction to what may be called the modified classical course, abolishing all undergraduate degrees save that of Bachelor of Arts; to attract only that class of students most likely to be benefited by such a course; to limit the student membership of the college, so that the most intimate relations between undergraduates and professors may be possible.

Those who desire to learn more about this plan may obtain a

pamphlet from Mr. E. Parmalee Prentice, thirty-five Wall Street, New York, which contains the text of the memorial together with some eighteen articles and editorials reprinted from the daily and periodical press which comment on the plan. Later articles appeared in *Harper's Magazine* for June, nineteen hundred and eleven, and in *The Dial* for June sixteenth.

Whether this project is adopted in full or not, it is a noteworthy indication of a reactionary movement in higher education which holds much of promise for the future. If Amherst and Williams and Hamilton and other small colleges foster this idea, they will be providing an opportunity for that sort of education most likely to serve the needs of a worthy minority of our young men. It is calculated to make not engineers, chemists, mining experts, but citizens, philosophers, statesmen, poets.

Now this plan is bound to fail of its purpose if it exalts mere scholarly attainment. Pedantry is as bad as utilitarianism, and there will be more useless Phi Beta Kappa men clogging the march of progress. A college of grinds will be the result, which will win the deserved contempt of men of force and action.

If, on the other hand, wisdom shall guide those who hold in their keeping the destinies of these colleges, they may succeed far beyond the fondest dreams of the Amherst committee. It will not matter then how glibly the student can translate his Homer, or how readily he can quote his rule of mathematics, but how fully he appreciates the meaning of history and science, and how thoroughly he comprehends the thoughts of philosophers and men of letters of all ages from Job to Emerson. In such a college, I trust, there will be no diminution of interest in athletic sports and those many outside activities that endear the memory of college years to the graduate more than the routine of the class room. But in such a college things of the mind and spirit will have an equal share in the interest of the students, not because they are prescribed but because they are made interesting. It will be for these things that the student will choose such a college. The midnight oil will burn as of yore, but not for the winning of high marks. The atmosphere of the institution, the spirit of college life will naturally include a love for intellectual banqueting. It may not be possible, but it is worth trying.

Pure scholarship is a false ideal. It inevitably engenders pride of the brain, which is not so different from pride of the flesh. Mental accomplishment may provoke admiration, but it does not enrich life. The learned pedant has always set himself apart from his fellowmen, but the man of broad culture becomes a leader of

men. Vocational training is also a false lead. Is money-getting and a man's work the chief end of life? If it is, it is simply because we have lost perspective, and our education is a failure. To devote one's early years solely to training for lucrative labor is a prostitution of the high art of learning. Surely, the culture that fits the human faculties to grapple intelligently with any and all of the complex problems of life as they arise is of greater value than training which teaches the brain or hands to do one type of work expertly.

The ideal education will take thought for the things of the spirit, for the nourishment of the soul. It will train minds to think, to reason, to probe for truth, to understand, to analyze, to correlate. It will train minds to wander through the fields of thought, where flowers grow and birds sing, and where abide those things that make life worth while. It will not send a man hot-foot along a beaten path toward a prearranged and unsatisfying goal.

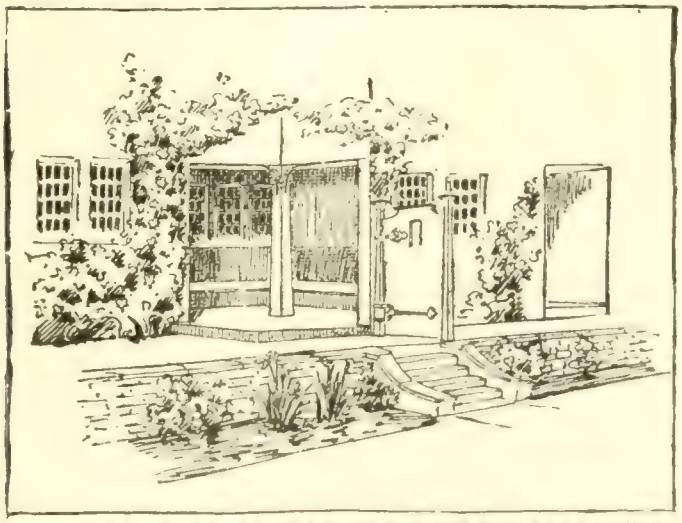
We have idealized work and activity and material achievement—idealized and idolized them. The man who owns an automobile is greater than he who knows Plato. We have become feverish and myopic. We work knowing not why. We earn, and know not how to enjoy. We are crude stubborn, uneducated. The world is too much with us.

But the man or woman who has learned in youth not how to read German but how to appreciate Lessing, *not how to classify a flower but how to understand growth*, is in a fair way toward happiness. They are the men and women of vision, of internal resource. To them all past history, all science, all philosophy and literature are the keys that unlock the secrets of life. To them it is given to dwell in the quiet spaces, spectators of the passing show. For them the sweet companionship of books and the long thoughts of leisure hours. And when life has reached its last quarter there remains for them not senile boredom or the piteous keeping up of the race till death, but a blessed period still, full of self-propagated flowers of the intellect, and the wondrous panorama of life seen through eyes that have learned to discriminate, to rationalize, to comprehend.

MODERN COUNTRY HOMES IN ENGLAND: NUMBER SEVENTEEN: BY BARRY PARKER

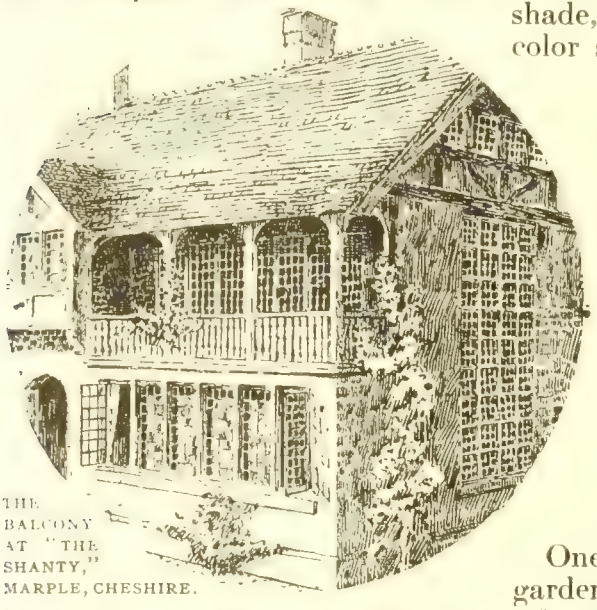
FROM the architect's point of view the garden is primarily a setting for the house. Its main lines should echo and none should seem to defy or run counter to those of the building. Some of its vistas should lead up to the house or should be continuations and prolongations of those arranged within it. The garden should, as it were, be an extension of the ground-floor plan of the house, adding open-air apartments to those of the interior. From the architect's point of view it is impossible to conceive the garden plan aright except as suggested and dictated by the house plan, and both house and garden must be just as much parts of one complete conception as must the ground and roof plans of the house. Just as the house plans must be a logical fulfilment of the conditions laid down by the site, so those of the garden must be the logical fulfilment of the conditions laid down by both house and site. In order to secure unity of result, house and garden should be thought out together as a whole. A garden plan on which the interior arrangement of the house is not shown creates in us the same suspicion of a lack of grasp of essentials as does a house plan which bears no indication of the points of the compass.

All parts of a garden, like a carpet, should be designed with consideration for their effect from every possible point of view. If, like some carpets, they must be seen from certain standpoints, and are a little unsatisfactory when viewed from any other, obviously complete success has not been attained. But primarily they should fall into graceful compositions and pleasing vistas when seen from the windows, or along vistas within the house, or approaching the house. If when looking out of a window one has an uncomfortable desire to move to the right or left or to stand higher or lower, some completeness in the whole has been lost.



SHELTERED SEAT IN THE ANGLE BETWEEN TWO WINGS OF A HOUSE

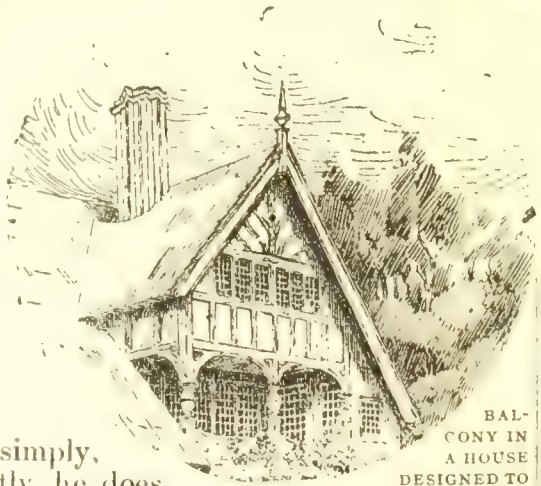
In designing a garden the architectural elements from which we have to produce our effects are as follows: enclosure, protection and shelter, seclusion, vistas, changes of level (terraces, sunken gardens, slopes, banks, etc.), mystery, arrangements of light and shade, proportioning of spaces, color schemes, grouping, introduction of water, contrasts. To these should be added architectural embellishments, such as statuary, parapets, terrace and other walls, ballustrading, temples, fountains, garden seats, summer-houses, pergolas, sundials, trelliswork, screens, gates, steps, arches and the treatment of water channels, tanks, ponds and pools, alcoves, arbors, courts and paving.



THE BALCONY AT "THE SHANTY," MARPLE, CHESHIRE.

One important function of the garden is to bring the house into harmony with its surroundings, to soften the contrast between the rigid and clearly defined lines of the house and the gentle, flowing, undulating freedom of the lines of nature. This cannot be accomplished by attempts to imitate the latter, but by an orderly and logical use of them.

A garden should be a work of art and should glory in it. As soon as it attempts to appear artless it oversteps the bounds of true art. A garden is man's attempt to display and dispose the beauties of plants and flowers in the way best adapted to his own needs and advantage, and the more simply, straightforwardly and honestly he does this, the better. Thus, a path or water channel should take the most direct route from point



BALCONY IN A HOUSE DESIGNED TO BE BUILT ON THE ROMAN WATLING STREET WHERE IT PASSES THROUGH SHROPSHIRE.

[illegible]

DETAIL OF HOUSE AT "WOODCOTE," CHURCH TRETTON, SHROPSHIRE SHOWING CONSERVATORY ON SECOND FLOOR WITH TWO COVERED BALCONIES AND OUTSIDE STAIRWAY

[illegible] OF "WOODCOTE," CHURCH STRETTON, SHOWING [illegible] SHIELDING TO GARDEN AND SURROUNDING COUNTRY.

[illegible] VIEW OF "WOODCOTE" REVEALING THE CHARMING BACKGROUND OF SLOPING HILL AND WELL-ARRANGED GARDEN.

HOUSE IN OLDER HOLT LETCHWORTH WITH RECESSED TERRACE
A CHARMING PLACE FOR OUTDOOR LIVING IN WARM WEATHER

"LAVELLA," ANOTHER HOUSE AT LETCHWORTH, WITH INCLUDING PLACING OF LAWN AND SURROUNDING GARDEN

THE GARDEN ROOM FOR SEMI-OUTDOOR LIVING AT THE "MANOR FARM," NORTON, HERTFORDSHIRE

Barry Parker & Raymond Unwin, Architects

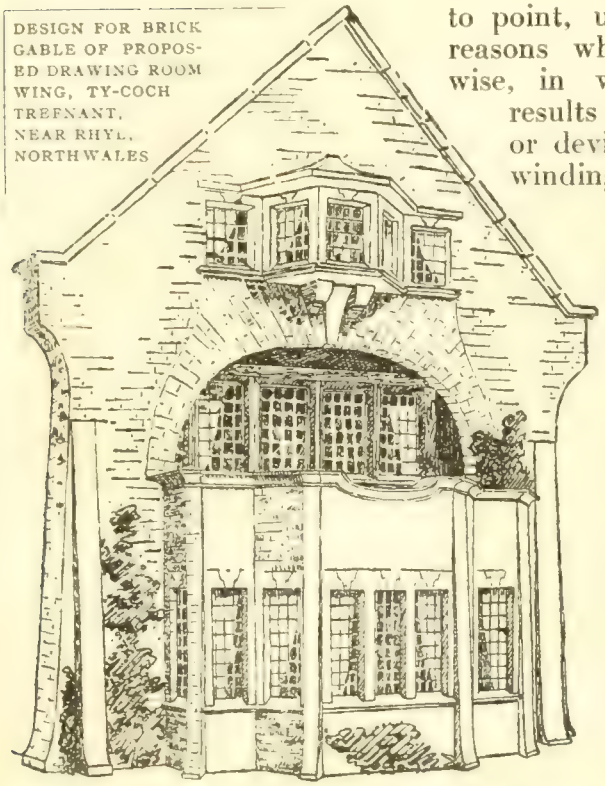
THE [illegible] AT [illegible] SHOWS [illegible] THE [illegible] WITH [illegible] OF WINDOWS

THE LIVING-ROOM IS THE DEN [illegible] WITH LARGE DOUBLE DOORS OPEN TO CONNECT IT WITH THE GARDEN

HOUSE AT CROYDON, IN SURREY, SHOWING BALCONY IN SECOND STORY

RECESSED BALCONY AT "SOMERSBY," BUXTON, DERBYSHIRE

INTERESTING BALCONY IN "FARRINGFORD," BUXTON, DERBYSHIRE



DESIGN FOR BRICK GABLE OF PROPOSED DRAWING ROOM WING, TY-COCH TREFNANT, NEAR RHYL, NORTH WALES

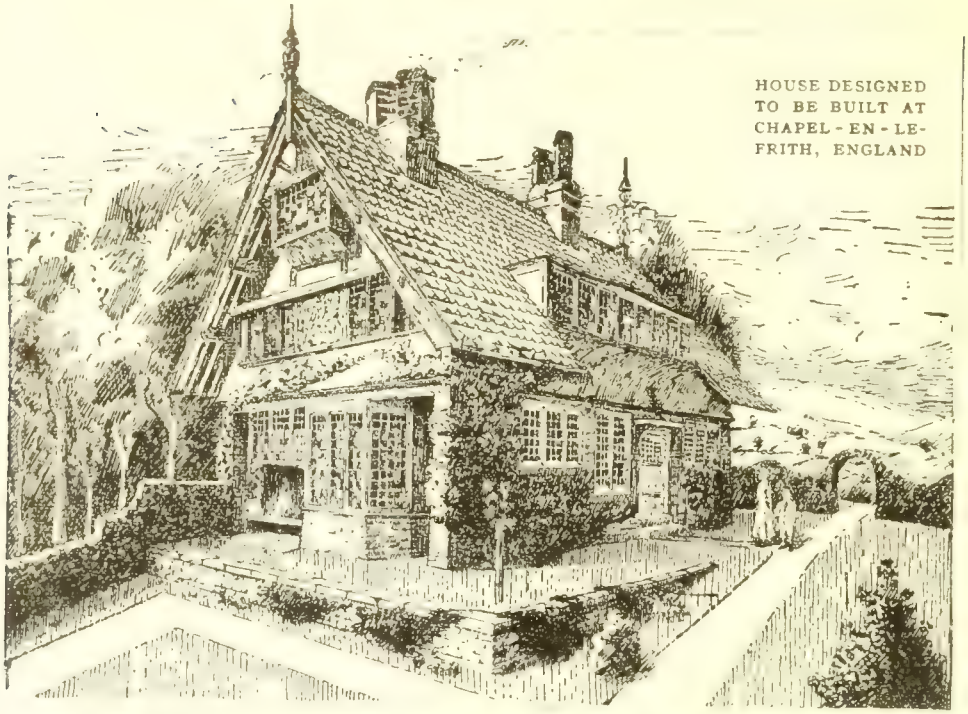
to point, unless there are obvious reasons why it should do otherwise, in which case very happy results may come from a sweep or deviation. But meaningless windings, wrigglings and meanderings in paths, watercourses or the margins of flower beds and grass plots produce a feeble and unnatural effect.

When it is necessary to secure easy gradients for a drive or path, or a level course for a water channel, or when there is an interruption in the form of a growing tree or natural mound, then a sufficient cause is given for whatever change in the direction of path or stream is likely to produce most charm in the result; but we are wrong when we attempt to make what has been *designed* appear as if it had *happened*.

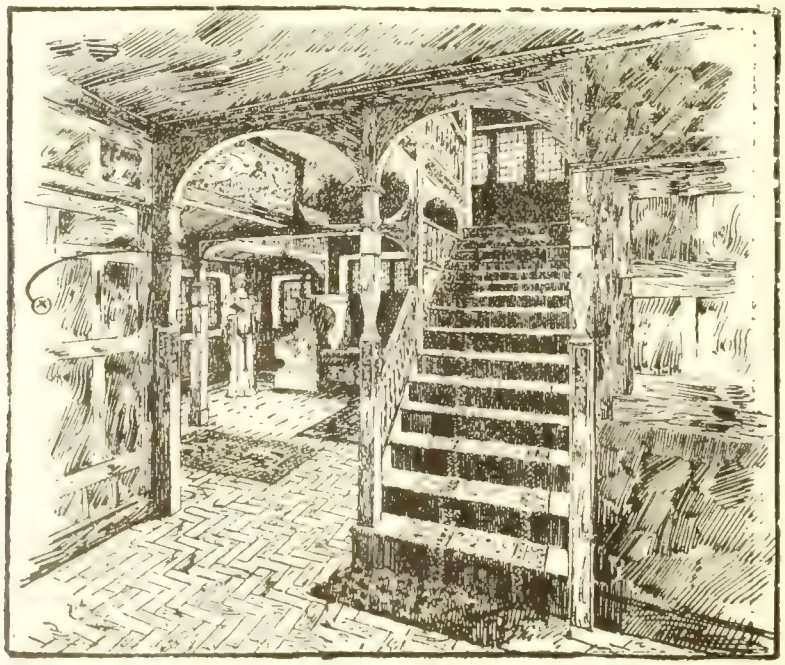
For we never find causeless and meaningless lines in nature. The beautiful windings of a natural stream are not the result of chance or whim; there is nothing arbitrary about them; they are just as much the result of unswerving fidelity to inexorable laws as are the shape and outline of any chain of hills. They are the outcome of the falls and contours of the land, of the relative density and hardness of different soils and rocks and of many other determining conditions.

A garden may be artless; it may quite happily be a bit of wild nature. And a building may look very well when simply set amidst woodland or moorland, in a copse or field, with no attempt to soften the break between itself and its surroundings. We may even by our encouragement, by our planting and tending of the plants we admire, and by our discouragement of the coarser weeds, assist nature to bring our wild garden to perfection. If, however, we have a planned garden let us see that, like nature, we have meaning in every line. Let us see that it *is* a garden, a picture, a work of love,

RELATION OF HOUSE TO GARDEN



HOUSE DESIGNED TO BE BUILT AT CHAPEL-EN-LE-FRITH, ENGLAND



Barry Parker & Raymond Unwin, Architects

THE HALL, "WOODCOTE," CHURCH STRETTON, SHROPSHIRE, ENGLAND

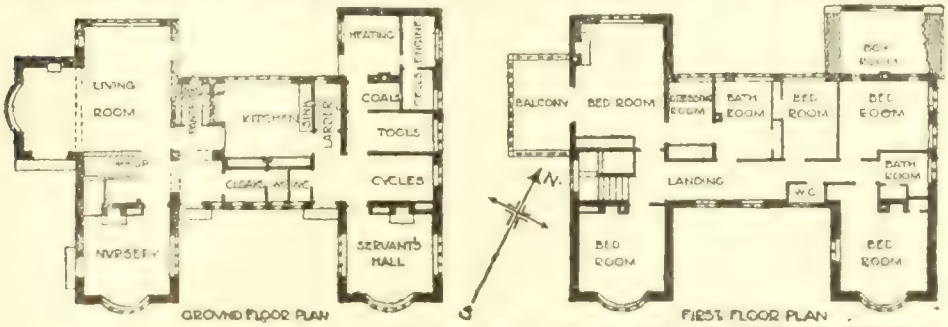
not an attempt to deceive or to ape. Deception never comes within the province of true art.

Coming now to our examples, it will be seen from one of the photographs how beautiful is the view south from "Woodcote" at Church Stretton in Shropshire, and how fine also is the view east. Between these, however, the outlook was shut off by a hillock and group of trees on the grounds. As the land fell rapidly to the east, a succession of walled terraces was created, so arranged that they could not be overlooked from the high road in the valley below, thus obtaining a privacy which had been lacking in the original slopes from which the terraces were formed.

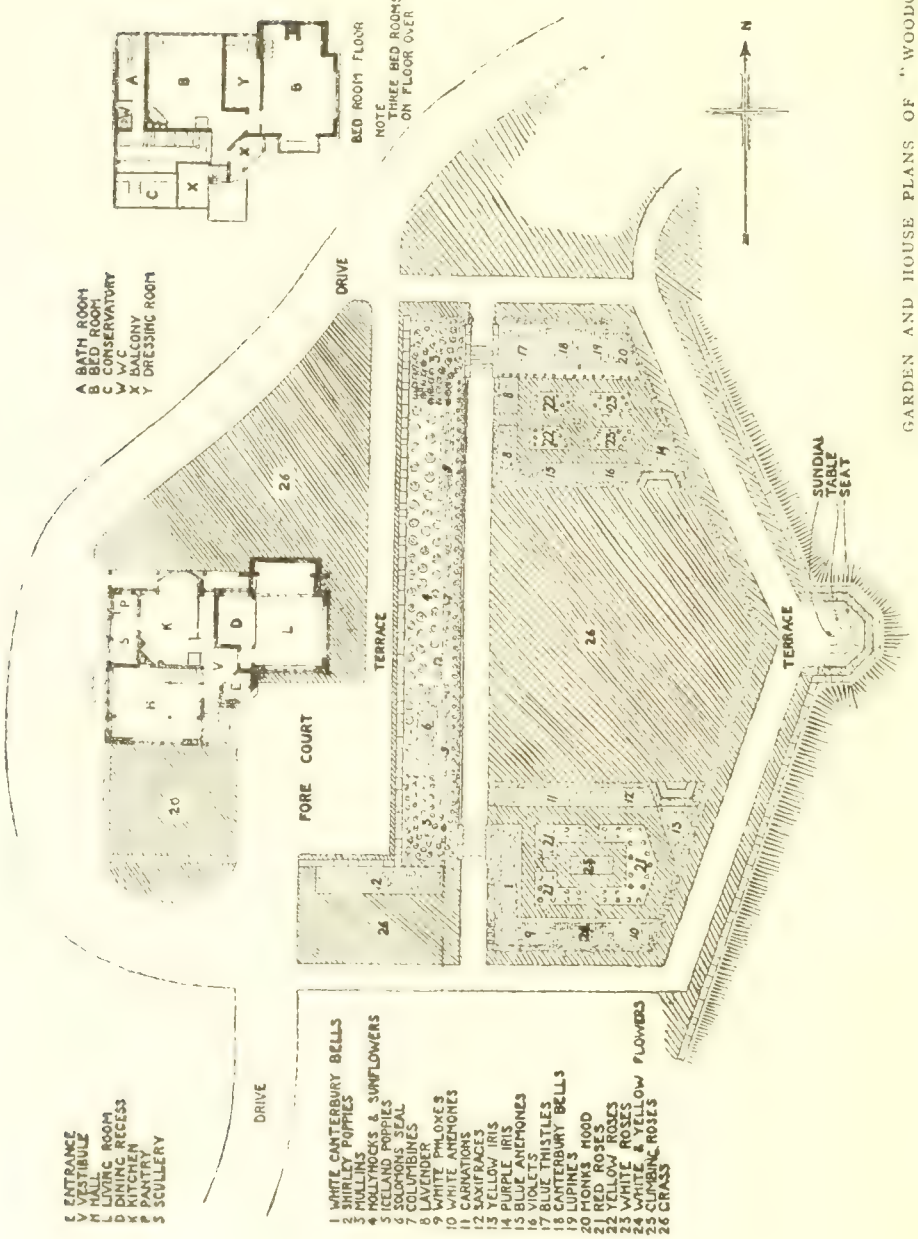
The house has two principal rooms, the living room and the hall. The first of these, being the most important, has windows to the east, south and north, thus securing for it the finest views. For the hall the choice was between a south and an east aspect, and the balance of advantages seemed to be in favor of the south.

For the architect, a conservatory is a baffling problem at the best. In this instance it was necessary to obey the generally accepted rule that a conservatory should have a southern exposure. But I had no ground-floor wall on the south side against which it could be placed; this space was too valuable as a position for hall and living room windows. Hence the conservatory was put upstairs. But access to it without passing through the house was necessary, for it would have been quite impracticable for the gardener to use the main staircase. This created the opportunity for the outside staircase leading to the conservatory and to the two covered balconies shown in one of the accompanying photographs.

The charm of a view into the conservatory from the house must not be lost, however, so a long window was arranged in the frieze of the hall (marked X on the accompanying sketch) through which those sitting around the hall fire could look into the conservatory and see, behind the flowers, silhouetted against the sky with the



PLANS OF A HOUSE IN SOLLERSHOTT, LETCHWORTH.



GARDEN AND HOUSE PLANS OF "WOODCOTE," CHURCH STRETTON, SHROPSHIRE, ENGLAND; DESIGN BY BARRY PARKER AND RAYMOND UNWIN.

sunlight streaming through them, the green leaves of the vine which was trained over the glass roof. The effect of this arrangement surpassed our hopes.

Now let us take our "architectural elements in garden design" in order, beginning with shelter and protection.

There is a growing tendency to live more and more out of doors, and this the architect should encourage by every means possible. In our English climate the days are comparatively few on which any but the more robust can sit for long absolutely in the open. So varying degrees of protection from the elements have been contrived, such as garden rooms, loggias, stoops, balconies, verandas, summer houses, porches, etc. Now on some days when we cannot sit entirely in the open, the protection of a wall of the house is all that is required to make us comfortable. At other times, in dry weather, we should be quite at ease in a forecourt protected on three sides like that shown in the plans and photograph of a house in Sollershott, Letchworth. In damp weather we could still sit on such a seat as that shown in my sketch for a house at Chapel-en-le-Frith in Derbyshire.

But when thinking out such a house as we should like to have, before making plans we should decide where we shall most value and use opportunities for open-air life—whether on the ground floor or on an upper story. In the latter case the pleasantness given by a sense of elevation, privacy and aloofness, coupled with the reduced risk of interruptions and intrusion, carries great weight with some people. On the other hand we are lazy creatures and like to have things made very easy for us. If a man can step straight out of his study onto a veranda or balcony and continue his work there, he will do so a dozen times a day; whereas he would remain shut up in his room all the while if, in order to get into the open air, he had to pass out indirectly through the hall. Often the mere provision of permanent seats has converted a little used loggia into a place where some one will almost always be found.

So our arrangements for open-air life must be very accessible to those for whom they are intended, and this constitutes one difficulty in providing them upstairs. Upper rooms are more frequently assigned to individual members of a family, either as their bedrooms or studies, than are ground-floor rooms, so that balconies are limited greatly in their usefulness by the fact that they are usually only accessible from private rooms.

As a rule, therefore, balconies should open out from a landing, though they may also be reached from the rooms.

Open balconies seem to have been very little used where they

have been provided in England, although in fair weather it is certainly pleasant to have no roof over one's head. This problem is satisfactorily solved by balconies like those of the houses at Croyden, Surrey, and at Ty-Coch Trefnant near Rhyl, North Wales, which have the advantage of providing both covered and uncovered floor space.

On the other hand many people always prefer a roof, yet do not wish to be shut in by walls on more than one side. To such as these, balconies similar to the one at "Laverna" in Letchworth seem most desirable, especially for sleeping in at night. Again, others like the greater privacy and protection of walls on two sides, as in the garden room at the "Manor Farm" at Norton, and in the balconie of the houses in Watling Street, Church Stretton, and of "The Shanty" at Marple. Then there are those who, feeling the need of still greater seclusion, would prefer balconies like those of "Farringford" and 'Somersby" in Buxton, or the arrangement between two bays as in "Little Molewood," Hertford.

Even greater protection is afforded when the garden room is formed in the internal angle between two wings of the house, as illustrated by the little sketch given here. It is a great convenience to be able to convert a whole room into a garden room at will by merely sliding back the ample doors into cavities in the walls, and leaving the place open to light and air, as shown in the photographs of "The Den" at Norton.

It may be asked, what has all this about garden rooms, stoops, loggias, balconies and verandas to do with gardens? It is merely that I like to call attention to the fact that there is often really no clear line of demarcation between being in the house or in the garden. We may include, if we wish, under the heading of "the garden" much that some would regard as belonging to the house.

Almost all the accommodation I have been speaking of would be conceded by all as coming properly under the heading of "the garden" if it were provided in summer houses and garden temples. Tending as I do to place it under the main roof of the house because I find it is more used and more available there, I would still emphasize its garden qualities, and include it in the garden, drawing such line as I do between house and garden at the point at which indoor life may be said to give place to outdoor life.

Before passing on to the other "elements in garden design" we have yet to include under "protection and shelter" how provision for open-air life may be made in porches and summer-houses. But this must be left until a following chapter.

THE BIRCH TREE: BY KATHARINE M. BEALS

"Most Beautiful of Forest Trees, the Lady of the Woods."—*Coleridge.*

IT IS the Birch tree that Coleridge calls the "Lady of the Woods." Another writer calls it the "Queen of the Forest," and with its silvery white bark, its delicate green leaves and slender drooping branches, it seems a survival of the fabled days when every tree was the home of a dryad or a wood nymph. Although so slender in appearance, it braves the bleakest storms and thrives at a higher altitude than even the pine.

In Lapland it is known as the "Only Tree," and grows within two thousand feet of the line of perpetual snow. It figures largely in the mythology of all northern countries and is regarded as symbolical of the return of spring.

Among the Greeks and Romans it was not a popular tree, in spite of the fact that the sacred books of Numa Pompilius, who is revered as the author of the Roman ceremonial law, were said to have been inscribed on the bark of the birch tree. These books were written about seven hundred years before the Christian Era, and according to Plutarch they were twenty-four in number. In the first twelve were recorded all the rites and ceremonies prescribed by the Roman religion; the other twelve were of Greek philosophy. After the death of Numa these books were buried in a separate tomb near him, and were accidentally discovered four centuries later. The fasces, or bundles of rods, carried by the lictors who preceded the magistrates of ancient Rome, were made of cuttings from the birch tree. These rods were used to clear the way for the officers, and were also symbols of punishment, which may account for the unpopularity of the tree.

Among the Norsemen the birch was dedicated to Thor, the God of Thunder and Storm, and was held to be a potent charm against death by lightning. The people surrounded their dwellings with birch trees, and any one taking refuge under a birch during a thunder-storm felt safe from all injury.

In Russia especially, the tree was held in the greatest veneration. It was the special tree of St. John the Baptist, and on the eve of St. John all the doors were hung with birch boughs. As late as the middle of the last century, just before Whitsunday all the villages and towns in Russia were decked for a festival, rows of birch trees were set up along the streets, and the houses both inside and out were garlanded with wreaths and boughs of birch, even the carts and railway engines being hung with garlands of green birch leaves. On the Thursday before Whitsunday, the villagers would go into the woods, and cut a young birch tree which they

proceeded to dress in the garments of a woman, and adorn with many colored ribands. Games were then played, songs were sung, and the youths and maidens danced around the tree. After the revel the tree was taken to the village and set up in one of the homes, where it was cared for until the following Sunday, when it was carried to a stream and thrown in together with all the garlands. This was done to propitiate the water-spirit, so that the streams would not overflow their banks during the spring rains. The Russian maidens on Whitsunday tie pieces of red ribbon onto the birch trees, in the belief that this attention will gratify the tree-spirit, who in return will protect them from witchcraft during the ensuing year.

THE Count de Gubernatis writes that when the peasants in Russia wish to invoke the aid of the wood deities they lay young birch trees in a circle, the tops all pointing inward; the spokesman stands inside the circle and calls three times; he then presents the request, which is only granted on condition that the one who proffers the petition promises his soul to the *Lieschi* or Spirit.

In Sweden there is a dwarf birch called *Lang Fredags Ris* or Good Friday rod; there is a tradition that once it was a large tree, but the rods with which the Saviour was scourged were cut from it, and ever since it has grown dwarfed and stunted.

Although Evelyn styles the birch the least valuable of forest trees it has many economic uses. In Russia, torches are made from the boughs. A lubricant is made from the wood which is used to oil the wheels of vehicles and machinery. A preparation of birch is said to be efficacious in cases of fever and erysipelas, and is used in Russians baths to induce profuse perspiration. A liquor is procured, by incision in the bark, which has all the virtues of salt without its astringency, and is regarded as excellent in tuberculosis. A tar or oil is obtained from parts of the tree which is used in the preparation of Russian leather. The wood is used for furniture and for ship building, and from it are made the wooden shoes worn by the peasants of Northern Europe. These peasants also make use of the bark, instead of slates or tiles, for roofs of their houses.

In England the May-poles, the chief feature of the May-day festivals, were according to several authorities always made of the birch tree. Birch boughs were used to deck the signposts and tavern doorways at the celebration of Midsummer Eve. The Yule clog, or log, which was used to illuminate the house on Christmas Eve was always made of a birch log, which had been carefully stripped of the bark and thoroughly dried. In Scotland, where the birch, or

"berk," is very popular, the proverb "As bare as a birk at Jule e'en" is in common use in referring to one who is exceedingly poor, and sometimes in alluding to baldness. The county of Berkshire in England is supposed to have derived its name from the number and extent of its birch forests.

Among the various uses of the birch tree its educational properties must not be overlooked, in spite of the present-day tendency to ignore them. John Coles, an English schoolmaster of the seventeenth century, writes that in the education of children both at home and in school "it hath an admirable influence," and on this account it was often called "make-peace." "Birchen twigs break no bones" is an old proverb which refers to the slenderness of the rods and their suitability for instruments of chastisement.

There is a German legend that tells, as a legend should, of a beautiful young girl, whose cruel mistress gave her a quantity of yarn which she must have spun into cloth at the end of three days. The poor girl who had never learned to spin, despaired of accomplishing her task, and straying into a wood she sat down under a birch tree to weep. Suddenly a woman clothed in pale green appeared, and inquired why she wept. She informed the girl that she was the spirit of the birch tree, and that in return for the attentions which the girl had shown she would assist her. She then took the maiden's hand and began to dance. For three days, they danced from sunrise to sunset without any fatigue, and so lightly did they step that not even a blade of grass was bent. At the end of the third day they stopped and the woman, filling the girl's pockets with birch leaves, vanished. When the girl reached home she found the yarn all spun, and instead of birch leaves, her pockets were full of gold pieces which enabled her to escape from her wicked mistress.

TO THE North American Indian, the birch is as the palm to the Arab. The wood is fuel. Of the bark are made all sorts of vessels and utensils. The buckets and pans that are necessary in making maple sugar are often of birch bark. The deep receptacles called modocks, that are used for gathering wild rice, the shallow trays in which it is dried and the fans used for winnowing are all of the same material.

The code of moral laws that was given to the Indian by the Great Spirit, after the flood, is said to have been inscribed upon sheets of birch-bark. These records were given into the keeping of five wise men and were carefully concealed. Every fifteen years they were examined, and if any evidence of decay was observed a new copy was made.

THE BIRCH TREE

The great triumph of the birch tree is the canoe. John Burroughs has called it "the design of a savage and the thought of a poet." It is the lightest and most graceful of water craft. A canoe weighing forty or fifty pounds is capable of carrying four persons and supplies for several days. Before the white man came to America, when the Indian wandered at will through the forests, from time to time the tribes assembled at the Great Falls to worship Manitou, the Mighty, and to present to him their requests. Sometimes Manitou with thundering roar would demand sacrifice, and then to avert famine or disaster the braves would choose the fairest of their young maidens and placing her in a white canoe filled with flowers would push the canoe from the shore and allow it to drift over the Great Falls bearing the precious burden into the arms of the Great Spirit.

The Blackfoot Indians have a legend which accounts for the black seams and ridges which appear on the white of the birch tree. One day when the wise Elder Brother of the tribe was going from camp to village, looking after the welfare of his little brothers, a great wind suddenly came up and it blew so hard that the Elder Brother could not stand before it. He caught at the weeds and bushes as he flew along, but they all gave way before the strength of the wind. At last he grasped a young birch tree, and although it bent to the wind it held fast. Elder Brother was blown this way and that, and rolled over and tumbled down, but the tree held firm. At length the wind subsided and Elder Brother was able to proceed on his way, but before he left he said: "This is a beautiful tree, it has saved me from being blown to pieces. I will put my mark upon it." So he cut characters in the smooth light bark with his stone knife telling the story of how the birch tree saved the life of Elder Brother.

In literature and in art the birch tree holds an enviable place. Many of the greatest landscape painters have introduced it into their pictures, while writers of both prose and poetry from Dryden to Tennyson have paid tribute to its beauty. Burns mentions it in his poems no less than thirteen times, and it seems to be especially associated with memories of his *Highland Mary*. In his masterpiece "To Mary in Heaven" he refers to the "fragrant birch" and he meets his "ain kind dearie" "down by the burn, where scented birks, wi' dew are hanging clear." American authors are not behind their English brethren in admiration for the birch tree, Lowell's "Ode to the Birch Tree" and Longfellow's allusions to it in his "Hiawatha" being the most familiar.

ONE-STORY CRAFTSMAN BUNGALOWS: PRACTICAL, COMFORTABLE, INEXPENSIVE, WITH EFFECTIVE TRELLIS

THE two Craftsman houses shown this month are planned for small families, to be erected as inexpensively as possible and yet have them substantial, and are designed for narrow suburban lots. Both houses are of cement plaster with slate roof, though the same plans can be followed using shingle for both the sides and the roof. The initial cost of cement is, of course, much greater than that of wood, but the durability of the former material, which eliminates the constant cost of repairs and which ensures greater age, more than makes up the difference in price. A house built of cement with slate roof and all outside wood of cypress should last at least a hundred years with practically no expenditure for repairs. If built of wood in the usual method, with cedar shingles for sides and roof, the first cost is of course less, yet every few years a new roof must be put on. The porch floors must be painted every year, and they must be constantly watched and cared for or the heavy rains and wet ground will cause them to decay and necessitate replacing.

If the houses were made with concrete foundations and cypress shingles, hand-split, put on with copper or galvanized nails, the cost would be more than if made of cedar, but the construction would be almost as durable as if of concrete. The hand-split shingles come 7 inches in width, are put on with 12 inches to weather, take any stain desired, but grow old with the help of the sun and rain to a beautiful silver gray which can hardly be improved upon by any stain. Ordinary sawed shingles turn a dull brown and grow darker and gloomier as they get older, for the sawing leaves a nap that quickly turns rusty-looking.

But by far the most satisfactory way to build these two bungalows, both as to beauty and permanence, is to make them as shown of cement and slate. The cement stucco is applied to heavy truss-metal lath nailed directly to the studding, the cement being applied to both sides of the metal lath. This wall will not crack, is impervious to dampness and a century of service will not injure it.

The veranda floors of both cottages are also of concrete so that no water can penetrate them, and cause unwholesome dampness. The pillars can be of concrete or rough hand-hewn rustic, as individual taste dictates.

All outside wood is of cypress, which can be allowed to weather to the soft gray it naturally takes, or a waterproof stain can be applied of any color. An occasional coat of oil will be good and will help to define the beautiful grain of this wood.

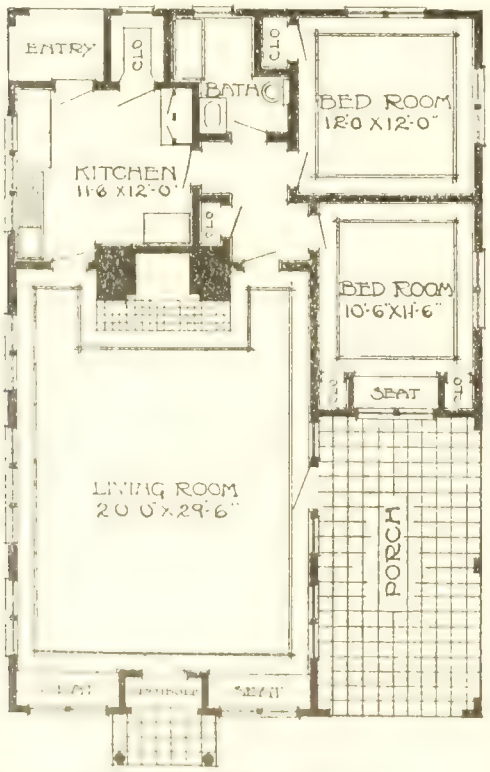
House No. 123 is shown with the gable of cypress, though it can all be made of cement if preferred.

A decorative note of simple charm is the trellis attached to the house itself, built in it rather than set up against it. These trellis strips are ornamental in themselves so that their effect is as an inherent part of the house, and they are pleasing even before vines have begun to grow, and

during the winter while the plants sleep they relieve the severity of the lines and give interest to the house. The very sight of the trellis against the house suggests vines, so though there are none in sight a homey sense is about the place such as is always associated with vine-clad cottages. The trellis effect can be carried out in a gateway entrance to the backyard: painted green, is most picturesque. Thus the need for privacy develops into a definite charm.

This permanent trelliswork is adapted with a pergola in a different way on each house. In No. 123 the pergola is small, merely a decorative entrance, but it changes the otherwise too abrupt approach to the door into a pleasant feature. When covered with vines which sway toward the trellis that is woven in and out with other vines, the whole front of the house is harmonious, and this trellis note follows around the side of the house and is emphasized again at the gateway.

In No. 124 the pergola extends across the whole front, making an outdoor room where a swinging seat can be suspended and where one can read or sew shielded from the street by heavy vines if desired. As to the vines to be planted for beauty or use, for annual or perennial growth, advice is given in the article on Pergolas on page 575 of this issue.



FLOOR PLAN OF BUNGALOW NO 123.

The floor plans of these two houses show a different arrangement of the same number of rooms, namely a large sitting room that is to be used as a dining room, also two bedrooms, a bathroom and kitchen. Ample closet space is allowed for both plans, and there are built-in bookcases and shelves and dressers in the kitchen.

The interior woodwork can be of cypress or chestnut if the house is to be as inexpensive as possible, though oak is far wiser because it will allow of better treatment. A satisfactory flooring is maple, for its durability is well proved and its texture is of great beauty. When stained with vinegar and iron rust the color also is permanent, for this finish sinks into the wood and does not wear off like ordinary stain. The tone of a maple floor treated with vinegar and iron rust is rich, restful and harmonious to an unusual degree. The maple flooring, like every product that holds permanency as one of its qualities, costs more than other flooring. The price of maple is $50.00 a thousand, the comb grained pine is $54.00 a thousand, but the cost of laying the maple floor is considerably more. It comes bored for 16-inch joists, with ends and sides matched.

The large living room should have the maple flooring, even though the rest of the house must be of cheaper wood, for this will stand heavy and continued use better than any other inexpensive floorings, will require very little effort to keep in perfect condition, with no unsightly worn places marring the doorways.

The walls can be treated in a number of interesting ways. All the walls are of sheathing covered with different materials. Heavy prepared straw board can be put on over the sheathing in panel form and painted any desired color. It can be of plain body color with a stenciled border, and if put on properly will be waterproof, and therefore easily kept clean and fresh.

The bedrooms can be charmingly furnished in this way, painted to carry out the color scheme of the rooms. Beaver board can be used as panels, and as it comes in white, can easily be made any shade desired.

There are also many cloth coverings that can be put on over the sheathing, producing effects of beauty and distinction. Many of

these cloth or imitation cloth wall coverings are rich and durable, and the latter are easily kept fresh and clean by wiping with a damp cloth. Art Ko-na, Tapestrolea, burlap, canvas, Oriental importations of many textures, weaves and colors, plain and figured, can be used in numerous charming and eminently satisfactory ways. Rooms finished in such materials, with draperies for couch, doorway, table of plain soft-hanging fabrics, with a simple pattern embroidered or appliquéd upon them create an effect of harmony, richness and beauty difficult to improve upon.

These bungalows, built of cement and tile, destined to last at least a hundred years, finished inside with materials that give the greatest beauty, and fitted with Craftsman No. 1 fireplace-furnaces, furnish perfect examples of modern house-building. The crowning feature of a good interior is a perfect heating plant, and these fireplace-furnaces, the outgrowth of much experiment, consultation and labor, provide the maximum of utility and beauty with the minimum of fuel and work.

A house without an open fireplace seems lacking in one of the chief charms of a home; yet as it is usually only an adjunct of a furnace or other heating plant, destined to be used but occasionally in spring or fall, or as a luxury for the eye and not to meet an actual need in supplying heat, it has not been installed in every house as it should be.

But now that perseverance and science have succeeded in making a fireplace that combines and in fact exceeds the usefulness of a furnace and the pleasures of an open fire, there is no longer a need for underground cellars and complicated heating systems.

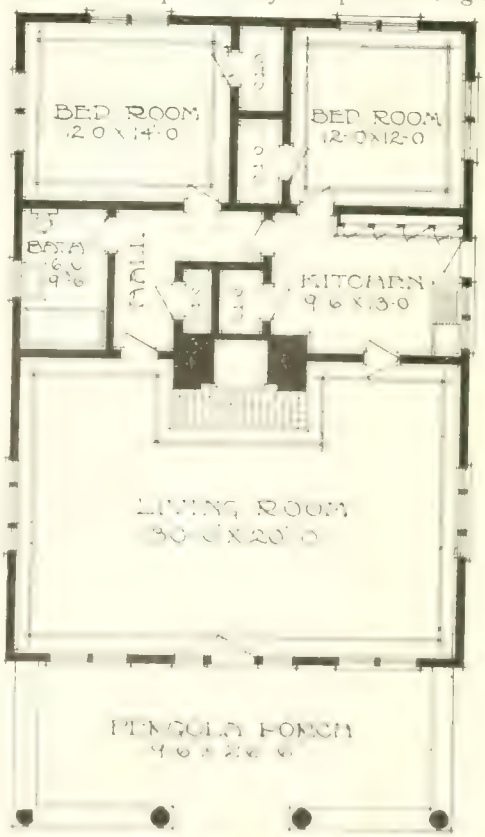
These fireplace-furnaces extract more heat from the fuel than is accomplished by any other method of heating, and are therefore a factor of home economy. Ninety-five per cent. of heat does *not* go up the chimney as waste as in ordinary fireplaces, and the same heat will warm several rooms instead of one.

Health authorities have long condemned the many hot water, steam and warm air systems that fail to furnish proper ventilation, as something too unhygienic. The Craftsman fireplace-furnace combines perfect ventilation and heating. No doors or windows need be opened to provide fresh air and thus create dangerous drafts, for the heating system itself furnishes full ventilation with doors and windows closed, automatically keeping an even temperature in all the rooms.

The capacity of fresh-air inlet of one of these fireplace-furnaces is 20,000 cubic feet per hour, and since the fresh air supply for each adult should be 3,000 cubic feet per hour it will readily be seen that fresh air is amply ensured for seven adults each hour. In the small houses planned this month the family is not supposed to consist of more than four or five people, so that there is more than enough fresh air constantly coming in, warmed and distributed throughout the house.

The question of economy is as thoroughly solved as that of ventilation, for there is no waste of fuel. Wood, hard or soft coal or coke will give out full heating possibilities, with no waste up the chimney, and the cost of installing the fireplace-furnace is less than many other forms of heating.

The design for such fireplace-furnaces can be as simple or elaborate as the purse or taste of the owner dictates. We have shown in the past many fireplace designs



FLOOR PLAN OF BUNGALOW NO. 124

[illegible] little adjustment could be [illegible] the fireplace-furnaces. The one [illegible] the mouth is of tapestry brick with the copper ventilator installed in the panel as decorative feature, though such ventilators can be put on the sides out of sight if preferred. This fireplace is designed to burn wood only, so andirons are shown, but it can be made with the hearth raised a little, with bars instead of andirons if coal or coke is to be burned. Such raised hearths will also burn wood as well as coal and a full description of each of these styles of fireplace-furnaces can be found on page 316 of THE CRAFTSMAN for June, 1911.

These two designs have several distinct qualities that should recommend them to small families who wish to build in suburban locations. They are long and narrow, therefore suitable for the usual suburban lot of 50 feet in width and 100 or 150 feet or more in depth.

They are constructed with a view to eliminate cost of repairs, which is a great item of yearly expense with the majority of householders. This is also an important item if the house is ever to be sold, for no expensive repairs need be indulged in before it is in suitable condition for advantageous sale.

The interest given to the exterior of the houses by the use of the lattice and the distinction given to the interior by the wall covering, the threefold benefit of the fireplace-furnace—ventilation, beauty and economy, the condensed arrangement of floor plan—no waste of entrance hall room, cellar—all these items, carefully considered in detail, combine to make as cozy, beautiful, homelike and convenient a little house as anyone could want.

Added to the advantage of the house itself will be the small space at the rear for kitchen garden. With some study of intensive gardening, vegetables and flowers to [illegible] can be grown in a very [illegible]

SCHOOLS OF INDUSTRIAL AND HOUSEHOLD ARTS

THE trend of modern education toward the practical training of boys and girls can no longer be denied. [illegible] universities of our country is offering curricula in industrial and commercial arts, teaching and supervision of household arts, dietetics, house decoration, dressmaking, household management. Teachers' College, Columbia University, has recently created two technical schools devoted to the practical training of the youth of our land. One is the School of Industrial Arts and the other the School of Household Arts and the prime purpose of these schools is the training of men and women as teachers along these practical lines that they may from this center go out into all the highways and byways of our land and extend these useful courses of education.

They are training women in such important fields as household management, house decoration, home cooking, dressmaking, costume design, millinery, dietetics, laundry management, nursery management, nursing, sanitary inspection. The young men receive careful training in cabinet and pattern making, wood carving, forge, foundry and metal work, drafting and design, ceramics, textiles, bookbinding, photography, etc.

Diplomas are not to be obtained by committing to memory and faultlessly reciting many chapters of textbooks upon these subjects. They are awarded for actual work accomplished with saw and hammer in shop, foundry, and forge, for proficiency in the cooking of meals, management of the home, knowledge of food values, skill in nursing.

Culture of mind was formerly the chief end of university life. A certain amount of familiarity with dead heroes and dead languages was acquired by the students; integral calculus offered no problems they could not solve; they were learned in the weight of planets and composition of the stars. But the problem of how to be of use on this planet, of how to become acquainted with the heroes of modern times, they knew nothing about. No weapons fitted for a battle with real life were put into their hands, no thesis on practical work had been prepared. They were graduated into the life of men and women with little knowledge of how to meet the demands of such a life.

Now, however, the training of body as well as mind is part of school life; a perfect all-round development of the students is accomplished. Boys and girls are sent out from the classroom well equipped for larger usefulness, and the well-trained hand and eye obey the command of a mind cognizant of the best that is known of old world and new.

BUNGALOW IN PASADENA, CAL., DESIGNED BY EDWARD E. SWEET

A CALIFORNIA BUNGALOW OF STONE AND SHINGLE WORTH STUDYING, BOTH IN DESIGN AND INTERIOR FINISH

THAT it is wise to put new wine in new bottles cannot be doubted, and that it is the part of wisdom to put new architecture in new lands is also true. The West is not as yet put to the sad necessity of building houses in perpendicular form, "standing room only," on tip-toe to catch a bit of sun and air! They can assume a comfortable horizontal position, lounging at ease in the midst of gardens! The long low-sweeping line of roof of these charming bungalow-houses permits a beauty such as is often obtained in the "sheer" of a boat.

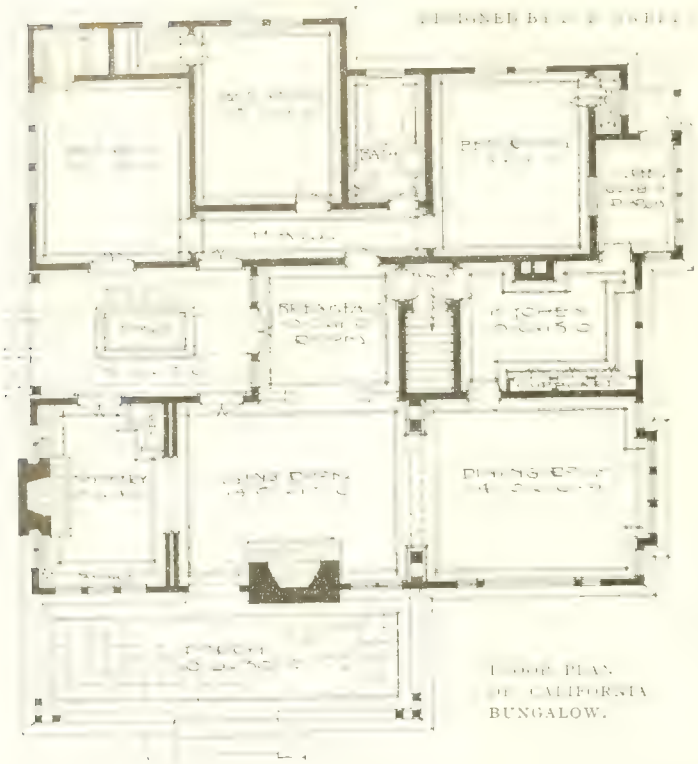
The accompanying photographs of a house built by Edward E. Sweet of Pasadena, California, at a cost of only $3,500.00 is an excellent type of the commodious, beautifully proportioned bungalows now becoming known as Californian—the new architecture of a new land. This building grows from a rock foundation quite as vegetation springs from the earth, the chimneys rising above it as large rocks occasionally lift their gray heads above the grass and flowers associated with them in the lawns of Nature's making.

DINING ROOM IN BUNGALOW

BUNGALOW LIVING ROOM

The use of shingles forms a distinct decorative note; the beams and cobbles are handled in a most interesting way; the windows are pleasant spots placed happily in the composition, and the roof completes the whole in a satisfactory manner. Nothing jars, but every feature unites in forming a house of exceptional beauty.

The arrangement of the interior is no less satisfying, combining comfort, convenience, privacy, simplicity, yet creating a luxurious sense of space. The large living room with its reading table within comfortable proximity to the fireplace, a smaller room joined in



FLOOR PLAN OF CALIFORNIA BUNGALOW.

social manner to the larger room, with no sense of lonesome separateness, yet giving certain seclusion to the smokers or perhaps the young students of the household, suggest hominess, joy of family life.

A large dining room for the formal dinner, a cozy breakfast room just off the patio where glimpse of a pond can be seen, where perhaps a fountain plays or water-lilies grow, provides perfect dining room facilities.

The three bedrooms at the rear give quiet seclusion to sleepers, are within convenient proximity to the bathroom and have easy access to the patio.

This patio provides another feature of great interest, in its endless possibilities for the enjoyment of outdoor teas, moonlight nights, flowers, vines, fountains, hammocks.

The picturesque use of beams throughout the whole house and the harmonious repetition of the curve of them at the windows appeals to one as a unifying note of exceptional charm. The built-in sideboard and china closets in the dining room show that compactness is a phase of beauty if rightly understood and used. The interior finish of woodwork, the method of lighting, the polished floors add their distinct characteristics to the general effect of substantiality and charm.

The color scheme of the exterior deserves especial consideration, for there are no sudden contrasts of positive color to disturb the eye. The concrete walk joins with the stone foundation, flows into it as one undivided tone. The green of the grass is caught again at the entrance palms and patio vines. The redwood beams and shingles are as one, and the glimpse of chimneys above the roof holds it all together with the foundation, binding the separate parts into a perfect whole.

The type of architecture is eminently suitable to the land, for it is low like the foot-hills about it, broad and substantial.

A SECOND VIEW OF $3,500.00 CALIFORNIA BUNGALOW

A STUDIO MADE CHARMING WITH STENCIL WORK: BY HARRIET JOOR

IT was just a big, dreary, barn-like room when Esther and Jeanette first entered it, altogether empty save for a quaint chest of drawers and a long, gaunt blackboard that stretched drearily across the north end between two doors. But

SCREEN STENCIL DESIGN OF DOGWOOD BLOSSOMS.

there were two beautiful large sunny windows, and though the gaunt expanse of blackboard daunted the young house hunters, these windows and the fascinating chest of drawers, won the day.

For this chamber was to be not studio only, but living room, library, and sometimes kitchen as well, for the two young teachers who were making a home together; and the light and air were their first consideration.

The blackboard, stretching its dreary expanse across the end of the sunny room, caused anxious thought, but it was finally covered with a straight strip of yard-wide cotton monk's cloth, in its natural gray color, and the cot-lounge, which in emergency also served as bed, was placed beneath, so that the pillows at the back reached up to the strip of monk's cloth. When some of Jeanette's flower sketches and pottery wall-pockets full of flowers and grasses were hung against the delicate tone of the gray cloth, the eye-sore was completely transformed into a comfortable, home-like nook.

As the walls were a dull yellow, the woodwork green, and the one piece of furniture painted black, the introduction of color into the room was a delicate problem. Dark blue was at last decided upon as the strong color that should be introduced in broken bits,—such as border designs for curtains and pillows,—while a soft, deep green was chosen for the other color note.

Then Jeanette designed a stencil-border of dogwood blossoms in a kind of lattice pattern, carrying the same thought out in three different widths, one measuring ten inches across its widest portion, one seven and one-half inches and one four inches.

As the two girls wanted all the light and air that was possible, sheer, cream-colored scrim was chosen to curtain the long windows,—the seven and one-half inch border being stenciled in a rich dark blue above the lower hem, while the four-inch border ran up the inner side and across the Dutch frill at the top. Oil paint mixed with benzine was used in stenciling these curtains to ensure their laundering.

STUDIO PORTIÈRE, WITH DOGWOOD STENCIL DESIGN.

DRAPERIES CARRYING STENCIL DECORATIONS

Cotton or domestic monk's cloth, fifty-two inches wide and in its natural color, was chosen for the couch cover, and across the front a two-inch hem was turned up on the right side and finished with a dark blue couching cord. The seven and one-half-inch dogwood border was then stenciled in dark blue above this hem. The ends of the couch cover were fringed to the depth of four inches and then finished with the blue mercerized cord.

For the four large square pillows, that stood in a row at the back of the couch, covers were made out of the square, loosely woven scrub-cloths that come in soft ivory shades, and can be bought for a few cents apiece. These Jeanette stenciled in a dogwood pattern, especially planned to carry out the lattice effect as they stood side by side against the wall.

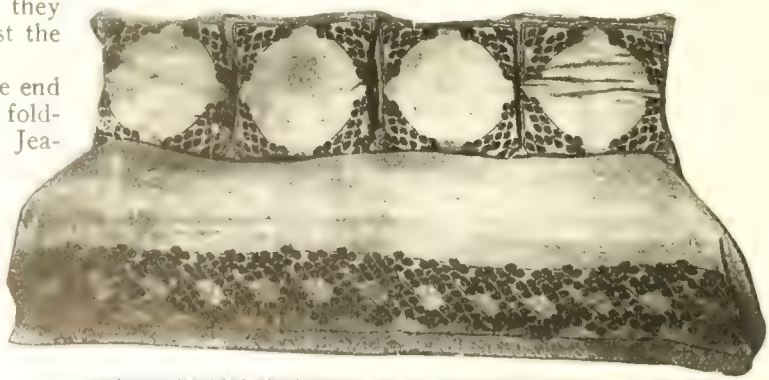
A doorless closet at one end of the room, where the folding chairs and tables of Jeanette's Saturday class were stored, was curtained away by a portière of natural colored burlap. Across the lower portion just above the eight-inch [illegible] ten-inch [illegible] dogwood was stenciled in dark blue, while a short distance from the top the seven and one-half-inch border was painted. Solid bands of dark blue, three-fourths of an inch wide, ran up each side of the portière, and these as well as the straight border lines of the design were outlined in green couching cord, while the blossom centres were all pricked out with green. A spasm of economy had led the girls to buy burlap for this portière instead of the more serviceable cotton monk's cloth; and they keenly regretted their short-sighted wisdom when the burlap began to grow limp and draggled.

A boy who was clever at cabinetwork made some little three-cornered hanging shelves for Jeanette in exchange for modeling lessons, and upon these Esther's cherished odd pieces were ranged, and Jeanette's blue and white china,—the cups swinging from brass hooks along the edge of the rounded shelves, and the little store of souvenir spoons twinkling along the lower edge where openings were cut for them.

But the piece of furniture of which the young householders were most proud was the cupboard for painting materials made of boxes.

Three Jonathan apple boxes, placed one above the other upon their sides, made the central section; while six other boxes of the same depth, but a trifle longer and broader than the apple boxes, were ranged three on each side, making the top of the cabinet a few inches higher at either end than it was in the centre.

After nailing them firmly together, and painting the whole thing black, Esther hung a green curtain before the improvised shelves, and when a big green and brown bowl full of pinky-brown hydrangea clus-



[illegible] PILLOW COVER WITH DOGWOOD STENCIL PATTERN.

ters was set in the sunken portion, and ginger-jars bristling with brushes crowned the higher level, the little cupboard had a decided charm.

This stood in the corner that Jeanette called her "kitchen,"—the corner where she brewed her dyes, and stored her gas-plate and agate saucepans, and huge covered jar of clay. A piece of moss-green linoleum, three yards square, carpeted this section of the room, and a folding screen formed the kitchen "wall."

A GLIMPSE OF ONE CORNER OF THE STUDIO

The frame of the screen had been found in a very dilapidated condition amid the debris of the lumber room in the basement, and the girls had strengthened it with screws, and rejuvenated it with a coat of black paint, and then made panels for it of linen crash. Each of the three divisions had the ten-inch dogwood border stenciled across the top; and as the crash was of the cheaper variety with a narrow white selvage, a half-inch band of the dark blue was stenciled along each selvage, running up and down the sides of the screen. The centers of the flowers were worked in satin-stitch in green mercerized cotton, and a green couching cord ran along the straight bordering lines and marked the long blue band at the sides.

A large green grass rug, as the cheapest thing that could be found in the right color, was bought for the central floor space. And as this rug could not be found without a border, and the stenciled decorations on curtain and cushion necessitated a plain, restful floor covering, the girls simply used it wrong side up, turning the painted border against the floor.

The long low set of drawers that had fascinated the young householders from the first, suggested, by its quaint proportions that a set of bookshelves be built above it, and at last after much searching a carpenter was found who made a roughly finished bookcase after Esther's plan.

The chest was twenty-seven inches high and fifty-six inches long, with a depth of twenty inches. The bookcase built above it extended across the entire length of the chest, and was forty-three inches high by nine inches deep. This left eleven inches of the top of the chest bare for a long, low shelf.

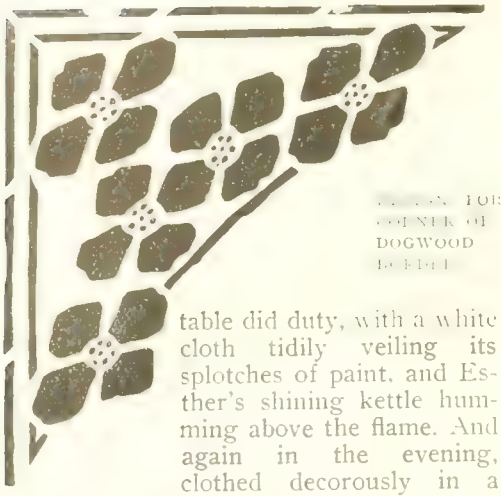
At the same time a twelve-inch double shelf, in which to store household supplies, was built from the southern window to the western wall,—and this as well as the bookcase Esther painted black to accord with the original set of drawers. Curtains of soft, deep green woolen stuff were then hung by tiny brass rings along slender brass rods before this long double shelf and before the bookcase.

Interesting jugs and vases, with their rich blues and greens and browns, were set above the bookcase, while a pair of quaint silver candlesticks were placed primly on the long low ledge, lifting slender tapers against the green drapery.

The shallow top shelf in the bookcase was also filled with little bowls of bright-hued pottery; but all the remaining space was given to books and magazines, and a warmer, sweeter atmosphere seemed to permeate their new home when the girls saw their old familiar books in red, and gold, and soft brown bindings, between the parted curtains.

A little later a strong chest was built for the studio, eighteen inches high by twenty inches wide, and forty-five inches long. This had a lid that lifted, and was designed to serve as a window seat, but was built sufficiently strong to stand, if need be, the wear and tear of a railroad journey, and was fitted with a lock and strong iron handles. Pillows, covered plainly with dark blue burlap and edged with a green couching cord, were heaped upon this improvised window seat.

For the hasty cup of tea when the girls came in wearied from teaching, the little square stand that held the tea-tray always served; but for more serious lunches and for Sunday morning breakfasts, the deal kitchen table that Jeanette used for a work



DESIGN FOR CORNER OF DOGWOOD BORDER

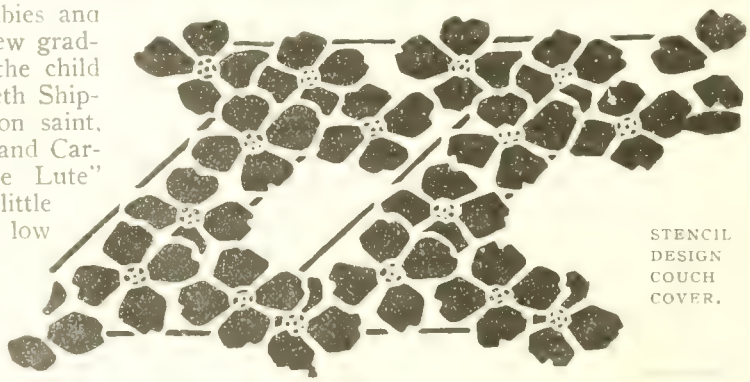
table did duty, with a white cloth tidily veiling its splotches of paint, and Esther's shining kettle humming above the flame. And again in the evening, clothed decorously in a cover of natural colored cotton monk's cloth, it served as reading and sewing table.

Esther's desk stood beside the eastern window, and above it were clustered the photographs and home-souvenirs that were most dear to the two pilgrims. But the corner that stretched beyond the desk was filled with pictures of babies and chubby little folk. It grew gradually to be known as "the child corner," of which Elizabeth Shippen Green was the patron saint, though the Baby Stuart and Carpaccio's "Angel with the Lute" shone out among the little ones of a later day. A low corner seat of boards nailed upon box-supports stood here, with a cushion and valance of green cloth. The pillows heaped upon it were left perfectly plain for the relief of an undecorated space between the two windows with their stenciled drapery. A stand covered with illustrated children's books stood temptingly near, and a few moments in the cosy nook, with Boutet de Monvel's "Joan of Arc," or Eugene Field's "Child Poems," was the coveted reward of merit for Jeanette's little pupils.

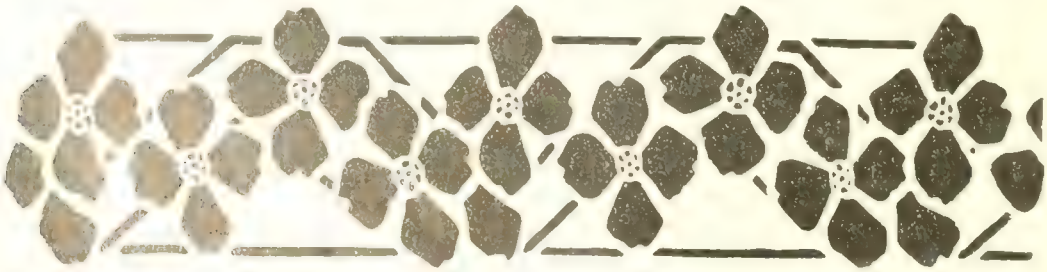
Both Esther and Jeanette were intensely fond of flowers, so the room was bright, from May to October, with wild flowers garnered on Sunday afternoon trips to the country; and when in autumn the flowers passed from the earth, seeding grasses and quaint seed-pods filled the big bowls and the pottery wall-pockets of Jeanette's making. Two of these hung above the couch, and one in each of the double windows, where the light could shine through the blossom petals or delicate swaying grasses.

Perhaps, after all, it was the gracious presence of books and flowers that gave the home-like touch to this simple studio.

WHAT form of furnishing has greater suggestive qualities than books and flowers? The very sight of them opens up new avenues of thought, new fields for the imagination to wander in, pleasant vistas into past or future with their joys of retrospect or anticipation. The familiar bindings with their magic titles remind one of the worlds of philosophy and romance that are always waiting with spiritual comfort and inspiration to invigorate or to charm; while the more fragile beauty of the flowers and grasses calls one with perhaps even more tempting invitation to turn the pages of the big nature-book outdoors whose fragrant old-new story is ever fresh to read.



STENCIL DESIGN COUCH COVER.



A WORD FROM THE FERN WORLD

"If you would make acquaintance with the ferns, you must forget your botany."

THOREAU.

DID you ever search through dim aisles of the woods or along the margins of brooklets for the magic fern seed that if found and carried in the pocket would, for some delightful, unknown reason, enable you to walk invisible upon the earth? If not, then you have lost a joy that you should now try to recover, and even though lacking faith you fail to find the tiny charmed seeds, you would at least have found a new circle of friends and increased the richness of your life. But be wary in your search or you will see so many wonderful things and hear so many siren voices that you will be betrayed into forgetting what you went out to find!

Ferns are so beautiful that they have the power of making you a new creature, for a time at least. You see visions, and associating with them even for a day is an experience worth a fatiguing trip to the woods; for a fern, as well as

"Every little hedgerow flower that grows
And every little brown bird that doth sing
Hath something greater than itself, and bears
A living word to every living thing,
Albeit it holds the message unawares."

If you wish to keep close watch for the magic fern seeds, better have a large colony of them growing as near your doorway as possible.

Ferns do not need shade as much as they need a good, loose, rich soil composed of leaf-mold, turf loam, a little sand and some large rocks about, to lower the temperature of the roots, keep them moist and provide them food in the form of disintegrating limestone or other minerals. Sandstone and calcareous rock, as moss-covered as possible and full of cracks for the rock-loving ferns to find footing in, should be the basis of your fernery, though ferns will thrive in a rich loose soil without rocks. Bits of brick or small pieces of decaying wood can be mixed to advantage in any soil where ferns are to grow. The large Osmundas should occupy the more exposed positions, for they can bear the brunt of wind and sun, and protect the frail, delicate ones hovering under their sheltering fronds. Bracken, which is widely distributed and easily grown, will also prove a delightful curtain, shutting away too ardent sun rays or boisterous winds. It grows, as everybody knows, from two to three feet high in delicately fingered fronds, light, clear, tender green when young, then darker as it grows older,

FERN ROAD THROUGH VERMONT WOODS

[illegible] WITH FERNS

FAIRY FERNS IN THE BEECH WOODS

forming perfect background for the other fresh light green ferns.

Ferns should be transplanted in the early spring if possible, and great care must be taken not to injure the fronds. They can be removed any time in July or August by cutting back the fronds and letting fronds and roots establish themselves together before the cold weather sets in.

An important item in fern culture is to see that the roots are well watered, but not the fronds—they must never be sprinkled. The best way is to let the water run gently from the hose placed close to the ground so that the soil slowly absorbs the water. Any application of water (except the rains which have prepared the atmosphere and therefore the ferns) will turn the fronds brown or wither them beyond repair.

In building the fern garden it is well to grade the ground a little so that the rock ferns can be a little above the others, as is the natural way of them, and if possible let a little rill find its way down the gentle slope. If there is a shady glen, no advice need be given, for such environment requires no special preparation, but if one has to start with a level, open plot of ground it is good to roll as many large rocks as possible at one end of it, then some smaller ones, and fill in the interstices with soil well packed in. Plant bushes or trees for a background and partial shade, start Polypodium upon the rocks and Spleenwort, Walking Leaf and Wallrue in the crevices, Osmundas, Bracken, Boston, Dicksonias on the outer edges, and Lady fern, Maidenhair, Sensitive Fern, Woodsias and many others, of which we will speak, in all the rest of the plot.

If it is not possible to have a fern garden you can at least cultivate a few of your favorites in boxes. The soil in boxes should be thoroughly sifted garden earth with a little sand and manure. A layer of small crumbling stones, cinders or bits of broken crocks or bricks must be put in the bottom of the box, then the soil pressed firmly down before placing the plants inside. Occasionally moisten the roots with manure water or soot tea. A little sun is good for them, though they will flourish well in a north window. Each spring the plants should be separated and other boxes started, other-

GLEN MEADOW—OVERGROWN WITH OSMUNDAS.

wise the root growth will become too dense and a luxurious growth of fronds be impossible.

It is doubtful if any fern can exceed the Dagger or Christmas fern (Polystichum acrostichoides) for all-round satisfaction. Its dark, shapely, polished fronds are evergreen, lending themselves charmingly to winter decoration. It is a hardy plant, easily cultivated, will thrive in sun or shade, in winter or summer. Picking a few fronds now and then for table decorations through the winter only helps its growth.

In gathering this fern, or in fact any fern, never pick a fertile frond. In the first place, it will not keep fresh; in the second, the vitality of the plant and the possibility of future plants will be ruined. Florists sell only sterile fronds because of their better enduring quality. Someone should write a glowing plea for the preservation of our native ferns, one that will keep them from being exterminated. We owe so much of the beauty of our woods, pastures, fields to them; they add so much to the pleasure of

THE FLOWERING FERN

our country walks that everyone should unite in protecting them. Thoughtless people gather great armfuls of them only to toss them aside carelessly when they begin to wither, or they tear the plants up by the roots intending to transplant them, abandoning them as impetuously as they snatched them from the ground.

Careful lifting of them from their native woods will not deplete their bower, and treasured in a city home they are a constant reminder of forest and stream. They silently utter "a living word" to every beholder that is good to hear. Nor does it injure them to gather many fronds to carry back to the city if only the sterile branches are taken. Examine each graceful leaf before picking and see if tiny brown seeds are

beading the under side of it. If you see the seed or spores, as they are called, or feel them with sensitive fingers, do not pick that frond, it will soon wither, be of no service or pleasure to you and will destroy the future plants. To exercise this care is a simple and a pleasant thing, and as a result a devastated trail is not left through the woods. It is the Christmas fern that has suffered most from thoughtless, ruthless hands, though the rule of saving the seed-bearing fronds applies to all ferns.

Next in the order of favorite ferns for cultivation is the Maidenhair (Adiantum pedatum in the East and A-emarginatum in the West). Perhaps no fern is more universally known and loved than this airy, delicately fingered fern of the fine, polished brown wire-like stem, and it is quite hardy, flourishing in garden or house, if a little understanding care be given it. The Maidenhair spleenwort (Asplenium trichomanes) grows well among the rocks of the garden fernery, as does the ebony and the green spleenwort (A-platyneuron and A-viride).

The climbing fern, a rarely beautiful plant growing by choice among the rocks, will stand transplanting, but because of its beauty it has been almost exterminated.

The Bladder ferns (Felix bulbifera and fragilis), the Walking Leaf (camptosorus rhizophyllus), several varieties of Woodsia's (Ilvensis and obtuso), Purple Cliff brake (Pellæa atropurpurea) all thrive well among the rocks of a garden and can be purchased from reliable florists or be transplanted from the hills.

The hayscented fern (Dicksonia pilosiuscula) so abundant in upland pastures throughout New England is the fern of which Thoreau says "Nature perfumes her garments with this essence.—She gives it to those who go a-barberrying and on dark autumnal walks."

It is dear to the memory of many men because when barefoot boys, as they brushed against it on misty evenings while driving home the cows through the pasture lot, it gave forth a perfume faint and sweet as if out of the dreamy haze of the evening itself.

The graceful, feathery, air-fronds of the Lady fern (A-Felix fœmina) with their clear green foliage and reddish stalks are [illegible] boyhood days, for they bordered the road to school, carpeted the [illegible] the trout stream [illegible] thrive according to their own exquisite

The bright green Polypody (Polypodium vulgare) that completely covers rocks or fallen logs with its velvety green mantle, is another universal favorite. Thoreau loved it and speaks of this cheerful little plant with charming appreciation. "The bare outline of the polypody thrills me strangely. Why is not this form copied by our sculptors instead of the foreign acanthus leaves and bays?"

It is hard to tell why it is so like a child, yet one cannot see a flourishing colony of them on some grim rock without smiling as one would smile if he saw merry children dancing and playing among the boulders. Yet in spite of this childlike tender appearance, it is a hardy little stoic, keeping its garments fresh and green throughout cold winter's reign and accommodating itself to little garden life as cheerfully as if in the wild forest of its choice.

The Osmundas must receive especial notice, for they are tall, vigorous, stately ferns suitable for almost any part of a garden. They are the showy ferns of summer pastures, where roots are kept moist in general cases by a luxurious growth of sphagnum through which the young, furry fronds or "fiddle-heads" have no difficulty in pushing up into the sunlight.

Ferns are cryptogamous (flowerless) plants, yet the Osmundas are often called flowering fern because the fertile frond is quite different in shape and color from the other leaves and is, therefore, wrongly referred to as the blossom. Its brown mass of spores have quite the appearance of a spike of rusty-colored composite flowers and add a fascinating decorative quality to the whole plant and also make it easy of identification. It is very satisfactory if used as a border for a walk or banked against the base of a porch or as background and shield for the more tender varieties of ferns and plants.

There are about forty kinds of ferns hardy enough to thrive in cultivated gardens that can be purchased at a florist's if one is not fortunate enough to be able to go through haunts of cliff, meadow or brook and transplant them.

Ferns are beautiful enough in themselves to warrant a fernshaw in every garden, yet a few of the delicate orchid, cloister-loving flowers that are to be found among ferns, set here and there and allowed to spread

laws of grace, fitness and beauty, will add much to the charm of the fernery.

The white star-like saxifrage would complete the delicate groups of the maidenhair, and the Mist Maidens are like the very spirit of them made manifest.

Partridge and wintergreen berries, oxalis, Yerba Buena, wood violets and countless similar flowers that keep close to the ground will make a carpet not only of suitable beauty but of great service, protecting them from the severity of winter and aiding materially in keeping in the moisture during the summer.

The orchid-like coloring and form of the Ladies' Slipper, Monk's Hood, Mission Bells, the individuality of the Pipsissewa, Indian Pipe, Beechdrops will add a distinct note of beauty and interest needless to dispense with.

Who can resist the poetical appeal of a harebell nodding its fair blue blossoms among the delicate fern fronds? Who would not be enriched by a few ragged true-blue fringed gentians? Flowers that will add cheerfully to the interest of the fernery are the white poppy and the yellow rock poppy that look like sun spots dappling the green. Columbines and Fairy Lanterns, the little Pyrola, wood-anemone, Wake-robins, Shooting-star should come and go in their unobtrusive way adding notes of grace to the large symphony that might be too severe without their sprightly presence.

THE MOTOR CAR FOR HYGIENE AND HUMANITY

IN these days of rapid scientific progress, all over the civilized world the old primitive giant, Horsepower, who for so many centuries has lifted the heavy burdens of his master, Man, is being steadily displaced by swifter and more efficient servants—Steam, Gasoline and Electricity. And with this change, more and more we find about us, instead of the horse, the omnipresent motor car.

Of the pleasure-giving qualities of the latter much has been said and written; its possibilities for the joys of country excursions and its significance in the development of rural life have given it a well-earned place in our affections. But there is another aspect of its usefulness which is surely of equal if not greater importance—and that is its value in the commercial and professional world.

Those of us who in the past have so often looked, pitying but helpless, upon some patient, long-suffering horse struggling under the heavy load which the march of civilization had condemned him to bear, cannot but feel thankful that the hauling of these huge wagons, drays and cars is at last being transferred to those natural mechanical forces which have been so skilfully harnessed to the chariot of the world. True, this happy substitution of power is by no means universal as yet, but it is steadily increasing, and when the reformation is complete we shall not only have scored a point for humanitarianism by relieving the beast of burden from his long-imposed slavery, but we shall also have gained along hygienic lines by the elimination of unpleasant stables and the establishing of more sanitary conditions in our city streets.

Then there is the usefulness of the motor car to the medical profession—for the physician as well as for the hospital. By these also, as private vehicle or as public ambulance, its value is becoming recognized and its use adopted. And surely many a citizen has been thankful for its service in cases of emergency, and many lives must have been saved by the swiftness of this modern steed.

Of course there will be cynical persons who point out that the motor car is of assistance to the doctor not only in bringing him to the aid of the sufferer but also in adding effectively to the number of his patients in the first place. But after all, are not practically all such accidents avoidable, the result of carelessness of chauffeur or pedestrian, or the reckless risk of the "speed maniac?" And is not this phase of modern mechanical achievement something which, rightly exercised and controlled, may contribute unlimited good to present and future communities?

In the history of every race and nation we find this gradual and inevitable transition from the use of human and animal power to that of mechanical forces. First we find primitive man using his own strength and ingenuity in his crude building and transportation; then, later, he tames and harnesses the wild beast for his own service,—horse, oxen, camel or elephant as the case may be; and now the third stage is reached, when the beast of burden gives place to the swift and powerful couriers of mechanical invention.

MAKING CANDLES AND CANDLESTICKS FOR RUSTIC INTERIORS

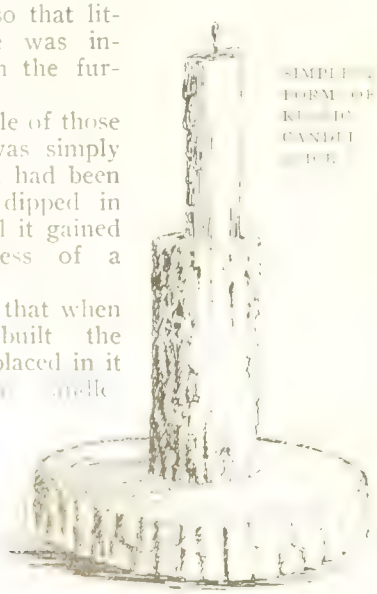
THE primitive form of candles was small strips of bark, sticks of wood or hardened tendrils of a vine dipped in wax or tallow. Sometimes they were tied together in small bundles to give greater light and fastened with twisted wire or iron against the wall.

Rush lights were for a long time in universal use in palace and cottage, supplemented on gala occasions by torches or the light of open fires. The method of making them was simple enough. The common rush of swampy ground was gathered in the summer season, peeled carefully, leaving the white pith with but a thin layer of outer skin to strengthen it, then set aside to dry. Later on these dry rushes were dipped in grease, any kind that was procurable (with the exception of grease containing much salt) and hung up to dry. The holders for these primitive lights were much like our candlesticks as far as the general proportion was concerned, but the rush was held by a spring or "jaw" which took the place of a candle socket. As the rush burned it had to be pulled up an inch or more, requiring, therefore, constant attention.

Sometimes the rush was carried about in the fingers, then laid upon table or chest with the lighted end extending over the edge. As soon as it burned to the wood it went out, so that little damage was inflicted upon the furniture.

The candle of those old days was simply a rush that had been repeatedly dipped in grease until it gained the thickness of a candle.

We read that when Solomon built the temple he placed in it [illegible] golden candle



SIMPLEST FORM OF RUSTIC CANDLE HOLDER

SCONCE OF BIRCH BARK AND TWIGS

sticks, "five on the north and five on the south of the Holy Place." And we know that the feast of the Presentation of Christ in the Temple is called Candlemas and that it is always celebrated with great pomp of lighted candles.

No form of lighting has ever been invented that exceeds the candle for soft mellow glow, and the brilliant, dazzling electric lamp cannot displace our use of it for fête occasions.

Part of the romance of camping is in going back to the general use of candles, putting away the glare of gas and electricity; then why not also go back to the romance of making them and also the candlesticks? Why resign such pleasure entirely to our great-great-grandparents?

It would be great fun to experiment with our native rushes and see if we have lost the homely art of making one that will burn evenly. We could make candles out of bayberries, and any effort expended in this direction is amply rewarded, for they far exceed the candle of wax or tallow in steadiness and brilliancy of light, and while burning give forth a faint, sweet perfume.

The berries should be gathered in the fall, thrown in briskly boiling water and as fast as the fatty substance from them comes to the surface, it should be skimmed off and set aside. When congealed this waxy material is of a muddy green color, which, being again melted and refined, becomes a transparent, soft, green tone almost olive in hue. If the bayberries are not as plentiful as you would like, a small proportion of tallow can be mixed with them and this

combination results in a candle which smokes very little, which burns much longer than the ordinary ones and which does not run or drip down the side so much in hot or windy weather.

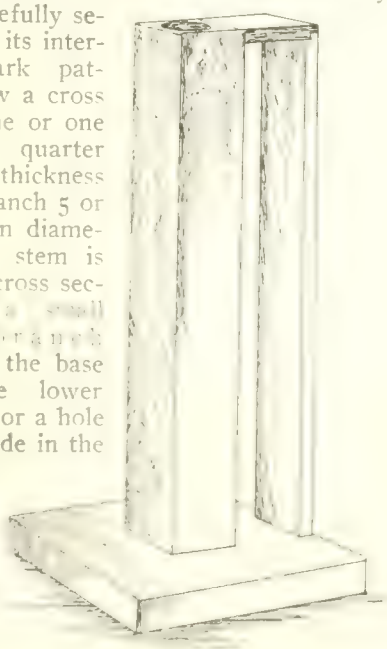
The wicks can be larger than the ones generally used in wax candles, and the dipping of them must be done by hand, shaping to a gradual taper with the fingers as they harden, twisting slightly if desired.

These candles make most acceptable Christmas gifts with the threefold value of inherent beauty, the fact that the hand of the giver is behind the gift, and that they can be made as a vacation pastime and laid away in advance of the exciting rush that always precedes this joyous celebration.

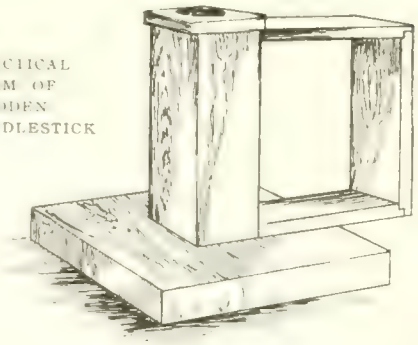
As to the candlesticks suitable for such home-made candles, which can also be made during the vacation, those of wood will perhaps be most satisfactory.

We are showing one of rustic, the proportions of which can be changed indefinitely to suit the size of wood obtainable or the taste of the maker. These can be made by the children and will prove to be suitable, useful and ornamental for the tents or bedrooms of camp life. They would look strange enough in a city house, but in the rough mountain camp fit in harmoniously with the surroundings and look much more at home than would elaborate ones of brass.

Candlesticks can be made of almost any wood, carefully selected for its interesting bark pattern. Saw a cross section one or one and a quarter inches in thickness from a branch 5 or 6 inches in diameter. The stem is simply a cross section of a small straight branch nailed on the base from the lower side of it, or a hole can be made in the base with an auger and the stem fitted snugly into it. A hole must also be made in the stem to hold the candle, using a bit the size of the candle. The edges must be cut or beveled a trifle, as shown in the illustration.



CANDLESTICK OF BURLED REDWOOD



PRACTICAL FORM OF WOODEN CANDLESTICK

Long slender stems set upon rather small flat bases make quite attractive table candlesticks, especially if the shades be made of golden brown foliose lichens, or if brilliant maple leaves are twisted in and out of an open wire frame. These are but temporary, to be sure, but are quickly woven in and serve most charmingly on gala occasions for a decorative note.

Another simple candlestick can be made of inch-square strips of wood cut into desired lengths and set on a 4-inch-square base that is ½ inch in thickness. The charm of the design is in the right placing of the handle.

Two illustrations are given of such candlesticks, one rather tall with the handle in continuous parallel line with the stem, which gives it something of a monastic appearance. The handle must be dovetailed, and held in place with glue and small finishing nails. The second is made with a shorter stem and with the handle extended beyond the base so that it can be easily grasped and carried about. The thin glass bobèches can be used or a grease plate made of wood. Almost any bit of wood with interesting grain or burled redwood or maple, or the root of the horse chestnut (which is a rich green), will answer as material for such candlesticks. The corners must be rounded a very little, softened just enough to save them from being sharp or crude, and finished with a stain or simply oil, or allowed to mellow in their own way.

The hard shell-like mushrooms found in all parts of our country upon the boles of oak, spruce, birch and many other trees, can

be converted into charming sconces by inverting them against a wall and placing a bit of partially curled bark (in place of the mirror plate) back of them, as shown in the illustration. Holes can be bored in them to hold one candle or more if desired, for sometimes these rich red or brown mushrooms grow large enough to hold several candles in a row. These fungi can be found in many shades of brown from a light cinnamon to dark reddish brown, and are sometimes tipped or fringed with rich red or cream color. In form they vary from a shallow saucer-like flare to a deep conical shape somewhat like the hoof of a horse, but with every variation of form or color come new suggestions for use.

THE LOVELY ALLEGHENY VINE: ITS VIRTUES AND FAULTS: BY ARTHUR HAY

WHEN we first moved in Jane said: "Whatever else we have, we must have maidenhair vine over the front porch."

"What's maidenhair vine?"

"Oh, it's the sweetest, most delicate thing you ever saw, with leaves like a maidenhair fern. Mrs. Morris has it and it runs on strings all over everything, and when the sun shines through it's just like lacy embroidery. It has the dearest little flowers you ever saw, too, something like lilies-of-the-valley. It dies down in the winter, but the seeds sow themselves, so new vines comes up every spring."

"But what's its real name? There isn't any such thing as maidenhair vine in the florists' catalogues."

"Oh that's for you to find out. I believe some people call it 'mountain fringe,' but pretty nearly everybody I know calls it maidenhair vine."

After a deal of trouble I did find out that what Jane wanted was Allegheny vine, *Adlumia Cirrhosa* according to the catalogues. So we got a little package of the wee black seed, fine almost as gunpowder, sowed it in a flat in February, and in May set out a score of sturdy little plants at the foot of the porch. With supreme confidence we stretched the strings and waited patiently for the little tendrils to take hold and [illegible]

But [illegible] that the obstinate little things wouldn't do. They grew and [illegible] their tender green tresses in every breeze, but climbing on strings was the last thing they had in mind, though we laboriously twined them up as far as they would reach. They remained as passive as Mark Twain's turnip vines. Summer ripened into fall and we resigned ourselves to having a ribbon-bed of maidenhair fern with a wind-swept lyre of white string above instead of the cool green curtain we had hoped for.

But next spring when the returning sun had set the lawn aglow with crocus, out of the heart of each sodden clump crept little green tendrils, seized upon the weather-beaten strings we had neglected to pull down and climbed. How they did climb! They climbed all night and they climbed all day. By the first of June they were at the top of the porch, waving little fingers, seeking more places to climb higher. Then they reached out here, there and everywhere, joined hands and wove a lacy net, which the ardent sun strove in vain to penetrate.

In July came the flowers—tiny little pale-pink bells, like lilies-of-the-valley as Jane said—with a faint elusive fragrance. Then the seeds in pods like tiny peas. Millions of them strewed the ground about the roots.

"What a lot we'll have next year!" we said; but to make sure we spent hours after the frost had struck our curtain down, in shelling out more.

This spring we watched closely every little green point that pushed through the ground to see it unfold the biparted leaves. "Nothing doing," as the boys say. All ragweed or wild morning glory or other useless intruders. In confidence we sowed our hoarded seed. Also "nothing doing." Not a seed germinated. From which we conclude—or as old Æsop has it, *haec fabula docet*—that Allegheny vine is a charmingly delicate thing, worthy of more extended use, but the reason it doesn't get it is that it is a biennial which doesn't and won't climb the first year, climbs beautifully the second, and that except under favorable conditions as to shade and moisture (which we didn't seem to have on our porch, exposed to the blazing afternoon sun) it will not reseed itself. Another time I should buy the seed from a reliable seedsman, grow it as a fern the first year and as a vine the second, setting new plants from purchased seed every year at the base of the vines.

This year we have hyacinth beans on our porch.

ART NOTES

FRITZ VON UHDE: GERMAN PAINTER

FRITZ von Uhde, who is best known, in America at least, as a painter of religious subjects in realistic manner has recently died. As we study a little into his biography we find that like most workers who have achieved in the world he went through long periods of difficulty in his youth. When he first turned his attention to art he went to the Gymnasium at Dresden to study. He was unsuccessful, and then in 1866 he went away to become a soldier. Apparently this was little to his liking, for a year later he sought the opportunity again to take up art, and strove to gain the knowledge which he desired from such well-known men as Piloty, Dietz and Lindenschmidt. Although he worked hard he felt failure at his hand, and so two years after this he set out for Paris and sought Munkacsy, whom he found possessed the gift of opening his mind and developing his hand. His early work consisted almost entirely of landscapes and battle pieces. In later years he developed the interest in religious subjects and also delighted in painting his own sunny garden in which his daughters loved to stroll.

In speaking of his art Fritz von Uhde always laid special stress upon the fact that his painting had grown to be a sort of religion with him. His presentations of the figure of Christ were at once artistic and eminently human. In fact one recalls these pictures as having so much simplicity and beauty that nothing better can serve to illustrate the finest of what he strove to accomplish. From the start in his work he made every effort to release himself from the formality of the *atelier*, and tried always to give his portraits the soul of the individual.

In the winter of 1883 and 1884 there appeared his first religious picture, "Suffer Little Children to Come Unto Me." This was recognized at once as something far beyond a mere realistic painting of a phase of religion. The picture though realistic in detail was imbued with a deep religious significance. The artist himself said: "Before commencing this work I had begun to realize *how children follow the Spirit.*" And so in his paintings of the figure of Christ, von Uhde laid hold of the great spiritual image of Christ. He never represented Him merely in historical type. "In studying the problem of the painting of Christ's figure," von Uhde said, "I found it to be the painting of the great problem of life. To me He was the bringer of light to the darkness of the world. Many of the French artists wished to find the light in Nature. I wished to find the light within the figure that I was presenting. In Christ I grasped the embodiment of the outward and the inward light. I wished to bring things out of the darkness, as Rembrandt found all things through light."

How seriously von Uhde took up this problem of light in his religious painting is shown in his work. From the French and younger Germans he received the impression that they worked from the opposite point of view, in order to solve the problem. "It seems to me," he said, "that they have gone no further than Velasquez and Manet. To me these pictures in white have nothing to do with light. The one whom I honor most of all is Rembrandt. Rubens and Velasquez painted better than Rembrandt, but he was the greatest of all painters because he was most powerful humanly. His grasp of all things was from within out. He had something that surpassed all other painters—a great humanity. He is perhaps the only one who could have painted the Christ."

We now realize that von Uhde not only was the forerunner of realistic religious painting but at the same time a conservative who was willing to respect the traditions of his predecessors. In his death we have lost a great man who has painted the Christ so tenderly and humanly and affectionately that his pictures have reached the religious heart of an entire world.

SUMMER LOAN EXHIBITION AT CARNEGIE INSTITUTE, PITTSBURGH

THE art lovers of Pittsburgh are fortunate this autumn in having an interesting loan exhibition comprising the private collection of Mr. Burton Mansfield of New Haven, Conn. Among the seventy-five paintings in oil, water color and pastel are works by Chase, Hassam, Ranger, La Farge, Whistler, J. Francis Murphy, Twachtman, Dessar, Abbey, Davis, Dewing, Homer, Inness and Sargent. Foreign art is represented by East, Mesdag, Clausen, Lenbach, Israels, Courbet, Stevens; the Barbizon school by Daubigny, Corot, Millet, and the early English landscape painters by Constable, Bonnington, Old Crome and Turner.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE GARDENS OF ENGLAND IN THE NORTHERN COUNTIES: EDITED BY CHARLES HOLME

[illegible] reproduced from "The Gardens of [illegible] Company

THOSE who are interested in landscape gardening as well as in the simpler phases of garden development will find a great deal to interest, much to [illegible] to criticise in this book of English gardens. Landscape treatment predominates, but even where the work is carried out on an extensive scale one can glean innumerable hints and suggestions for adaptation to gardens of a less pretentious nature.

Practically all the views have been gathered from broad ancestral estates, old English halls, country manors, wooded parks and castles of historic date, and this fact no doubt accounts for a certain haughtiness, a certain traditional austerity which characterize the majority of the gardens shown. In many of them, in fact, formality is carried to the extreme. There are straight walks, geometrical flower beds with unswerving border lines, and topiaries whose trimly clipped yews and beeches show nature tamed and civilized to an amazing and almost unrecognizable degree. No doubt these latter products of the landscape architect's skill are highly gratifying to those who delight in carrying formality to its final limit. But those who prefer more untrammeled methods are sometimes irritated by shrubs and hedges whose lines, contours and attitudes are so reminiscent of the fashionable French poodle, and we turn with relief from the achievements of eccentricity to gardens of a simpler and more friendly type.

THE "DEVIL'S BRIDGE" AT CASTLE EDEN, DURHAM, ENGLAND.

For after all, in spite of the many arguments that have been advanced in defence of the formal garden, who can really give it a genuine and lasting place in the affections? No matter how great our admiration for the originality of its conception, the cleverness of its execution, the seeming completeness of its mastery of nature, has it not always something of aloofness, of dignified severity, of self-conscious satisfaction which, while inspiring our respectful awe, maintains too chilly an air for tenderness or love to thrive in? Does not the simpler garden, where leaves and blossoms seem to have been coaxed rather than coerced into place, appeal more to our sympathies and find a warmer corner in our hearts? And instead of an imitation of the formal Italian landscape, with pedestals and busts and ballustrades, with rigid borders or topiaries clipped with geometric precision, would not most of us prefer around our homes a friendlier, sweeter garden, where the flowers breathe in greater freedom and the vines trail more at will, and the paths wind with more intimate com-

THE [illegible]

panionship through the shade of trees and bushes or beside the gleam of a little brook? And may there not, after all, be just as much skill and ingenuity required to work *with* nature and bring out all her possibilities of loveliness, as to force her into submission for the carrying out of some preconceived idea?

So we have chosen here for reproduction, from among these stately English gardens, four of a simpler and less conventional type. Of these, perhaps, the most romantic is the "Devil's Bridge" at Castle Eden, Durham, where the rustic bridge seems almost to have grown in place, in such perfect

STEPPING STONES AT SEFTON PARK, LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND

THE LAKE, LYTHAM HALL, LANCASHIRE

harmony is it with the trellised branches overhead. Very cool and picturesque is the miniature waterfall among the rocky ledges at "Sefton Park," Liverpool, while the island garden at "Lytham Hall," Lancashire, with the possibilities of the boathouse and the promise of the waterlily pads is equally delightful. And in the garden glimpse at "Bromborough Hall," Cheshire, we are reminded once more of the cleverness of the Japanese in their manipulation of small spaces with such charming results.

In spite of the prevailing note of formality, there are many other gardens in the book that are rich in suggestions for those who wish to beautify their own particular corner of the old, brown Earth. (Published by John Lane Company, New York. 136 plates. Price $3.00 net. 35 cents postage.)

RURAL HYGIENE: BY H. N. OGDEN, C. E.

IN dealing with this most important subject the author has presented the structural side of public hygiene rather than the medical, although not limiting his treatise to the health of the community at large. It is in no sense a medical work, rather it contains information which, if carried out, would do much to eliminate the need of medicine. The author concerns himself with the prevention of disease rather than with its cure. (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. 425 pages. Price $1.50 net.)

A BIG HORSE TO RIDE: BY E. B. DEWING

A very extraordinary tale is this recent book of E. B. Dewing's. It is written as though an autobiographical sketch of a famous dancer, and so vivid is the impression of the writer having gone through all these experiences and having found them of great interest to herself, that even where the book might lag in interest or seem overcrowded with detail, one unconsciously excuses the lapse from a realizing sense that after all the writer must be interested in what she herself has done.

There are times when the heroine of the story, *Rose Carson*, suggests something of the career of Isadora Duncan, both here in America and abroad, especially in the chapter where *Miss Carson* is summoned to St. Petersburg;—the only American dancer of

whom this episode is recorded being Miss Duncan. But the early days of her life as a little girl on Washington Square, with money of her own and ample opportunity for self-development, is a phase of the story which could never have been taken from Miss Duncan's early struggles in California and in New York.

Again, further along in the story *Rose Carson's* attitude toward life, a certain large, fine simplicity without self-consciousness, a definite purpose to adjust life to her own philosophy, brings to mind most vividly the quality of character which Miss Duncan has developed in the last decade during her life in Berlin and Paris. Also the attitude of both the hypothetical *Miss Carson* and Miss Duncan toward their art is almost identical, except that Miss Duncan's art seems worth her absolute, limitless devotion to it, whereas the accomplishment of *Miss Carson* seems rather trivial and not quite convincing. You feel her personality is great and that she should do great things, but when she gives chapters describing the sort of dancing which captivates the world, it is very difficult to understand either her public or herself.

Throughout the book there is a valiant frankness, fearlessness, which possibly would only be employed with such a subject as E. B. Dewing has selected for this story, and yet one feels it to be somewhat bigger than this, as though the fine courage of it were a characteristic of the author rather than the heroine.

It is a book so far removed from the usual novel, so captivating in style, so like an actual growth of human personality that it does not subject itself to any of the ordinary rules of criticism, and it never fails of interest through all of the five hundred and five pages which the author employs for its development. (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. 505 pages. Price.

WHITEST OF THE SCHOOL PLANT: BY CLARENCE ARTHUR PERRY.

AS Mr. Jacob A. Riis said recently, in speaking of settlement work, "its ultimate purpose is to develop the public school so that the teacher will take the place of the present settlement worker; so that the school will be a real democratic social center, a place devoted to the community of interests of the people."

Believing in this object, and having long regretted the widespread wasted opportunities of our public school buildings, it is immensely encouraging to us to learn from the facts set forth in the above volume that not only the educational authorities, but the children and parents themselves, are at last awakening to the possibilities for individual and social development through this long-neglected medium.

With the help of very interesting illustrations, statistics and other data, Mr. Perry has shown how wide and important in usefulness the school plant can be made, in addition to its regular functions. The utilization of the building for evening and vacation classes, for public lectures and entertainments, as an evening recreation and social center, for the development of school playgrounds, the organization of athletics, games and folk dancing—these are some of the aspect of the question which are presented.

It is worth noting, too, the increasing interest that seems to be accorded to technical subjects, the modern tendency toward the practical rather than the pedantic, toward studies that will fit growing boys and girls for the efficient performance of the particular trade, craft, or profession for which they seem to have most aptitude. For after all, it is only in this way that our educational system can hope to evolve happy and useful citizens.

The school extension movement is shown here only in its most successful aspects. There still remains much to be done, many latent possibilities to be developed, many disheartening difficulties to be conquered. But the present volume is a record of such significant accomplishments, such genuine progress, that it must surely serve, by its suggestions and facts, as an incentive to further efforts in a field of which the importance can hardly be overestimated. (Published by Charities Publication Committee, New York. 393 pages. Illustrated. Price, postpaid, $1.25.)

THE PRACTICAL FLOWER GARDEN BY HELENA RUTHERFURD ELY

EVERY book on gardening is of interest to one who wishes to make a garden, but the garden-maker cannot buy them all, much as he or she might wish to. In selecting, however, the necessary few, this book should not be omitted. It is full of practical advice, interestingly given, as to the raising of trees, as well as flowers, from

seed, and gives helpful suggestions as to bulbs of all kinds. It deals with "Some Green Things of the Earth," "Color Arrangements of Flowers," "Fertilizers," and there is one charming chapter on the "Wild Garden." It is profusely illustrated with photographs made from the author's own garden, which is ample proof that she writes from experience rather than theory. (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. 295 pages. Illustrated. $2.00 net.)

SOCIAL ADJUSTMENT: BY SCOTT NEARING, PH.D.

A glance through the table of contents of "Social Adjustment" would lead one to think that there was little in our whole complicated social relationship unknown to the author. He has left no aspect of this problem untouched, from child labor, low wages, dependence of woman, etc., to the decadence of American homes. And he has positive ideas upon educational remedies for "maladjustment," and legislative remedies for the same wrong condition. Though heavy with the statistics that seem necessary when dealing with such a subject, the book is full of interest and should do much toward clearing away the prevailing ignorance upon such vital subjects. (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. 377 pages. Price $1.50 net.)

THE DIGRESSIONS OF V: BY ELIHU VEDDER.

TO summarize the contents of this genial and portly volume, one can hardly do better than quote the author's own phraseology. Here we have, he informs us, "the quaint legends of his infancy, an account of his stay in Florence, the Garden of Lost Opportunities, return home on the track of Columbus, his struggle in New York in war-time coinciding with that of the nation, his prolonged stay in Rome, and likewise his prattlings upon art, tamperings with literature, struggles with verse, and many other things, being a portrait of himself from youth to age, with many illustrations by the author."

The book, which was written "for his own fun and that of his friends," has none of that solemn and dignified monotony which frightens most of us away from the average autobiography. On the contrary, it is told in a pleasant, chatty, reminiscent way, without any great pretense to literary merit or style and yet achieving a certain degree of both by the individuality of its expression. The kindly humor of it, the quaint touches of unexpected transitions from the serious to the trivial, the frequent anecdotes, the amusing sarcasm, the cheerful mingling of philosophy and wit, together with the variety and versatility of the illustrations, combine to produce a volume of friendly digressions which, especially to those who have known the author or followed his career, will prove full of interest and joy. (Published by Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston and New York. 507 pages. Profusely illustrated. Price $6.00 net.)

HOW TO UNDERSTAND SCULPTURE: BY MARGARET THOMAS.

SCULPTOR, student and critic should find much that is useful and interesting in this well-illustrated volume, which, as the author says, is "the production of an artist endeavoring to explain the technicalities of a beautiful and little understood art." And although a critical treatise rather than a history of sculpture, it will no doubt be a welcome addition to many a library as a book of reference as well as for general reading. (Published by G. Bell and Sons, Ltd., London. 168 pages. Illustrated. Price $2.00 net.)

THE CRUISE OF THE SNARK: BY JACK LONDON

HERE is real adventure! No dove-tailed plot is this, fashioned upon imagined waters. Some few years ago Jack London and his wife decided to pull up stakes, leave their California ranch to grow as it might please, and attempt a voyage around the world in a fifty-five foot schooner. In his untutored, jerky, pulsing style, the author tells us all the joys and tribulations of this voyage, of the things he saw and did and of what he thought of them.

"The adventure was our idea of a good time," he says in "The Voyage of the Snark," "and was done for the fun of it." And he dedicates the book to his wife, "To Charmian, the mate of the *Snark*, who took the wheel, night or day, when entering or leaving port or running a passage, who took the wheel in every emergency, and who wept after two years of sailing, when the voyage was discontinued."

On the way from San Francisco to Honolulu they turned far out of their course in search of flying fish, and it was twenty-seven days ere they reached port. Surf riding at Waikiki beach interested the au-

[illegible] The lepers of Molokai, the [illegible] Sun and stone fishing at Bora Bora he describes vividly. All the wild men of those parts he and his wife met and called "brother.'

Then to sea again, and no less an attempt than the Pacific from the Sandwich Islands to Tahiti, something that has gone unattempted since 1837. They sailed two thousand miles and were out of sight of land and ship for two months.

The Marqueses gave the Londons their share of excitement, and the Solomon Islands, inhabited by cannibals, did not daunt this little ship's crew, one of whom was a woman. But all things come to an end, and the Londons' voyage ended in Australia.

A real book—for the lover of travel and adventure—well recorded and set forth. (Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. 340 pages. Price $2.00 net.)

THE MATERIALS OF THE PAINTER'S CRAFT: BY A. P. LAURIE, M.A., D.Sc.

THIS ample volume with its several colored illustrations records the history and development of painters' materials "in Europe and Egypt from earliest times to the end of the seventeenth century, with some account of their preparation and use." Among the topics treated are Pigments and Vehicles in Egypt, Pigments in Classical Times, Encaustic or Wax Painting, The Other Classical Medium, Wall Painting, Fresco Painting, The MS. of Theophilus, Cennino Cennini's Treatise, Illuminated Manuscripts, Lakes Used by the old Masters, Nature and History of Varnishes and History of the Oil Medium. (Published by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. 385 pages. Illustrated. Price $2.00 net.)

CHATS ON OLD PEWTER: BY H. J. L. J. MASSÉ, M.A.

COLLECTORS of old pewter will no doubt find in this volume of Mr. Massé's much interesting and useful data. Not only does it include almost a hundred illustrations [illegible] candlesticks, eating and drinking vessels and other objects of general and household use, together with [illegible] historical and technical information, but it also contains a list of [illegible] from 1550 to 1824, compiled from various sources, intended to enable the collector to date work by any maker of repute. (Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. 415 pages. Profusely illustrated. Price $2.00 net.)

AMERICAN ART ANNUAL, 1910-1911: EDITED BY FLORENCE N. LEVY.

AS a bird's-eye view of the progress among the arts and crafts of America during the past year, and as a collection of data and statistics on the work and status of the principal art and industrial schools and societies, the eighth volume of the "American Art Annual" contains much that is of interest and value, both to the professional and to the casual observer. In addition to the various articles, notes, school reports and other items of general and technical information, the book contains many excellent illustrations, reproductions of students' work in painting, sculpture and design, in metal and wood working, pottery, embroidery and other handicrafts. (Published by American Art Annual, Incorporated, New York. Profusely illustrated. 488 pages. Price $5.00 net.)

UNIVERSAL PEACE—WAR IS MESMERISM: BY ARTHUR E. STILWEL.

THIS is a little book concerning itself with the subject of Peace and War, and "Your Majesties, George, William and Nicholas," to whom several of the chapters seem to be intended as an appeal, to judge from their invocations. There seems to be a smattering of statistics, allusions and quotations throughout the pages of this book, but its lack of logical conclusion can be determined by quoting one of its statements: "If Universal Peace were established . . . the money now wasted on war would make poverty unknown, if the world would look for its inspiration in principle and not in matter, and if the national honor were guarded by right motives and not by Dreadnoughts." While Universal Peace aims at the betterment of the world through the recognition of the morality of the Peace movement it scarcely expects a time to come when there shall or can be no poverty. (Published by The Banking Publishing Company, New York. 170 pages. Price $2.00.)

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